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THE MENACE OF NEW PRIVILEGE

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

HISTORY repeats itself when its lessons have been misunderstood. What the American people have to consider to-day is the return, in an entirely new and menacing form, of one of the outworn dogmas that were overthrown by the French Revolution — the doctrine of privileged classes. More precisely, it is the doctrine which in application purports to confer, by form of law, upon certain favored classes the right to perform with impunity acts expressly declared to be criminal if done by others not of the favored group. We have to consider it, moreover, not simply in the abstract, as the return of a once-hated feudal principle, but with respect to some of the already present concrete consequences of its adoption.

If history tells democracy anything, it is that the creation of privileged classes inevitably presages, not peace, but class-war. We have to deal with a crop of dragons' teeth, not sown merely, but now coming up.

At the very root of democracy lies the great principle of equality before the law. Its establishment has taken generations. It has required the shedding of blood, the wreck of feudalism, the pitiless destruction of a régime under which class- and caste-distinctions

had grown and thriven, under which unjust privileges, hoary with age, had made certain classes rich and powerful and had sapped the vitality of others. In its youth democracy declared itself against classes. It affirmed the equality of all men before the law, and tried to establish a system of justice in which neither rank, creed, nor class conferred privilege before the courts.

As we read history, no page is more inspiring than that which tells of the great day in France, in August, 1789, when the National Assembly adopted the Declaration of the Rights of Man; when, in an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm, the great nobles themselves moved the renunciation of the feudal privileges of their class and proposed that thereafter all citizens should submit to the same penalties and punishments; when, at a single session, on the memorable 4th of August, the hereditary privileges of individuals, of cities, of towns and provinces, disappeared; when even parliamentarians professed themselves willing to renounce hereditary judgeships; when the National Assembly demolished, by the voluntary offering of its beneficiaries, the entire feudal system, unshackled the land and the person of the citizen, and

left him free and equal before the law and with all careers open to him. 'The law,' declared the Assembly, 'is the expressed will of the community. It should act upon all alike. All should be equally restrained and protected; all should be equally eligible to honors, employment, and office.'

This was one of the high spots of history. Neither men nor nations, to be sure, retain continuously the elevation of special moments in their history. The special classes of the feudal period were minorities, small groups, favored individuals, privileged nobles. The principle of equality before the law, which abolished their ancient rights, did not proceed upon this fact alone. It was of a more general character. Its foundation was the foundation of democracy itself, the equality of all before one law, which recognized no special or privileged class, before which the noble, the peasant, the farmer, the artisan were alike. It proposed to set up a system of law before whose tribunals no man could answer, when charged with an offense against its decrees, 'I am a privileged person to whom the common law does not apply.'

It would indeed have amazed the members of that National Assembly if they could have foreseen a time when, in a democracy still purporting to be based upon this theory of equality before the law, not the noble, but the farmer could raise the plea of privilege, and could say in its courts of justice, when charged with an offense punishable if committed by others, 'I am of a privileged class.' The farmer, or artisan, of France, as pictured by La Bruyère or Arthur Young, could have imagined no such miracle. Even in his dreams, he could imagine only a state in which he should attain justice — equality before the law. That he would ever attain a state when he should seek for himself the feudal privileges of the

noble would have been beyond the realm of his imagination.

In my morning paper a few days ago I found the following announcement, dated Wichita, Kansas, under the heading: 'Growers urged to hold wheat after Oct. 25 for \$3 a bushel': —

The Wheat-Growers' Association of the United States, with a membership of 70,000 in Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Nebraska, and South Dakota, has issued from its office here a proclamation to all its members urging them to refrain from selling any wheat after 8 P.M., Oct. 25, until such time as the price of good wheat is raised to \$3 a bushel at the growers' terminal market. Agricultural colleges, farm bureaus, State Boards of Agriculture, and similar organizations are urged to cooperate.

This proclamation was signed by the National President and Secretary of the Wheat-Growers' Association.

If this announcement had been made by an association of steel manufacturers, urging the holding of structural steel for a rise of three dollars a ton over the current price, with Judge Gary's name at the bottom of it, asking the cooperation of members of the Iron and Steel Institute, indictment would have followed in a week. The Sherman Anti-Trust Act would instantly have been brought into operation.

Are artificial prices in bread less important to our people than artificial prices in steel? If people who produce steel cannot combine to create these prices, why should people who produce wheat be allowed to do so? The question raised is quite apart from the general problem involved in the Anti-Trust law. The problem of monopoly has many aspects. It is but one of these aspects that is here considered — the desirability and propriety of class-privilege and exemption from the operation of these statutes.

Our recent census returns show an enormous increase in the number of

city-dwellers, commonly, and quite inaccurately, classed as consumers. It shows a corresponding decline of farming or agricultural population, called, by an equally faulty description, producers. It is a common heresy that the man who works with his brain, or the man who, in the intricate processes of modern life, devotes his energies to the organization of industry, to the manufacture, distribution, marketing, storage, sale, or transportation of goods, is not a producer, and that his rights are subordinate to the rights of those who raise crops, or work in manufacturing processes, or labor with their hands and bodies. Class-war, indeed, based upon these distinctions, is one of the postulates of Russian Sovietism.

The falling-off of farm population is not, as many suppose, in all aspects an alarming thing. It represents, in large part, the improvement which has been made by the city-dweller and the manufacturer in the processes applicable to the farm. New forms of machinery adapted to farm use have been devised, which make it possible for far greater acreages to be handled by these machines, with far less human labor. This contribution made by the manufacturer to the improvement of the conditions of the farm renders unnecessary the continued employment there of human labor to the same extent as before. Farming sections that show a falling-off in number of inhabitants are very largely sections to which agricultural machinery has gone in large quantities. In the argument often made, therefore, that something drastic must be done to keep our farming population as large as before, this essential feature is overlooked — the contribution of intelligence from the city, and from the manufacturing plant located in or near it, to the solution of the problems of the farm. It only shows how artificial is the attempt to

classify our people into groups, on the Russian basis. It overlooks the essential healthful interrelation of these groups acting in economic concert rather than through strife, and producing results beneficial, not to one class, but to all.

Section 6 of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act of 1914, provides: —

The labor of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce. Nothing contained in the Anti-Trust laws shall be construed to forbid the existence and operation of labor, agricultural, or horticultural organizations, instituted for the purpose of mutual help and not having capital stock or conducted for profit, or to forbid or restrain individual members of such organizations from lawfully carrying out the legitimate objects thereof; nor shall such organizations, or the members thereof, be held or construed to be illegal combinations or conspiracies in restraint of trade under the Anti-Trust laws.

This somewhat cloudy language has not as yet received judicial construction by the United States Supreme Court. Efforts are now being made, in legislation pending before Congress, to clarify and extend the exemption of these classes from the Anti-Trust laws of the nation.

In the meantime, the words of the Clayton Act have been given a practical construction, which is well illustrated by the announcement of the Wheat-Growers' Association quoted above. Under this construction, accepted by the Department of Justice, any form of hoarding, pooling, price-fixing, or market manipulation is assumed to be lawful, if it is done or conducted by organizations which have no capital stock and whose profits accrue to the members in other forms than by way of dividends. The distinction between such corporations and capitalistic corporations with capital stock and dividends is ingenious but illusory. Corporations of either form are but the

means by which individuals who combine in them their money or their produce expect to make a profit in return, either by dividends or by an enhanced price for the produce contributed. An agricultural combination for mutual help means nothing more or less than one which produces a greater money return to its members by its corporate action.

Is the Russian distinction between peasants and workers and the rest of organized society consistent with the law of the land in a democracy which has not wholly abandoned its ancient conception of equality before the law? The question was answered eighteen years ago in the negative. Illinois had adopted an Anti-Trust law, which, after the usual penalties imposed upon those violating its provisions, made the following exception:—

The provisions of this Act shall not apply to agricultural products or livestock while in the hands of the producer or raiser.

In a decision concurred in by all members of the court who participated therein, with one exception, the Supreme Court of the United States, by Judge Harlan, declared the whole act unconstitutional, as a denial of the equal protection of the law. Judge Harlan says in this case, — *Connolly vs. Union Sewer-Pipe Company*:—

We conclude this part of the discussion by saying that to declare that some of the class engaged in domestic trade or commerce shall be deemed criminals if they violate the regulations prescribed by the state for the purpose of protecting the public against illegal combinations formed to destroy competition and to control prices, and that others of the same class shall not be bound to regard these regulations, but may combine their capital, skill or acts to destroy competition and to control prices for their special benefit, is so manifestly a denial of the equal protection of the law that further or extended argument to establish that position would seem to be unnecessary.¹

¹ 184 U.S., 540.

This was the law in 1902. The decision has never been overruled. Its authority has never been directly denied. But the theory of equality before the law, which, Judge Harlan declared, forbade such legislation, has not prevented subsequent enactments purporting to confer class-privilege of the same character. The Clayton Act amendment, which I have quoted, is only one type of this exception. If the reasoning of Judge Harlan's opinion is still good law, it is perhaps an open question whether the Sherman Act in its entirety has not been affected by this amendment, if the amendment in fact authorizes such concerted action as that proposed by the wheat pool proponents. The Illinois Anti-Trust law was, as stated above, declared to be wholly vitiated by the exemptions of 'producers and raisers' contained in it.

The Lever Act, enacted as a war-measure to prevent profiteering, expressly permitted profiteering, no matter how gross, provided it was done by farmers or laborers, and not by merchants. In several of the lower Federal courts, the act has been declared invalid because of this provision, and the United States Supreme Court has the question now before it for final consideration.

II

The question here considered, however, is not a mere abstract question of law. It is rather as a matter of public policy that it needs far wider consideration than it has yet received. The subject is one that exhibits the great temptation of the politician. Given a large class, of great voting strength, of distinct class-interests, and the temptation to win votes, from a constituency largely composed of such elements, by such enactments is one difficult to overcome. The Appropriation Act for the enforcement of the Federal anti-trust

laws is an interesting example of these enactments. It expresses an indirect and adroit form of this favoritism, in that it provides that no part of the appropriation shall be expended for the prosecution of farmers who coöperate to obtain fair and reasonable prices for their products. The Department of Justice would, therefore, proceed at its peril against any such organization; since, if it should fail in its efforts to prevent an unlawful conspiracy, all the money spent in such prosecution would be unauthorized expenditure. Plausible and highly ingenious arguments have been put forward, purporting to justify these class-privilege laws. The food-producer should be allowed the legal right to profiteer, forbidden by the Lever Act to all others, because, we are told, the class is so numerous that there is little danger that such profiteering will in actual practice result in serious injury to consumers. The labor union should be allowed to profiteer for the same reason, and also because of the peculiar character of labor: 'the labor of a human being is not a commodity,' and so forth.

One serious difficulty about this class-privilege legislation is that, once it begins, new privileges and exemptions follow and extend themselves. A few days after the wheat pool was projected, my morning paper contained another announcement. This time it was not wheat, but cotton. The headlines indicated that merchants in Southern states had been ordered to close their doors until the price of cotton returned to the forty-cent level; that night-riders were enforcing the closing of cotton gins by threats of the torch. Along with it came the suggestion that the cotton-farmers are bitterly blaming the Wilson administration and the Federal Reserve Bank for the decline in cotton, because the Secretary of the Treasury and the

Governor of the Reserve Board have not been willing to lend the banking resources of the Reserve banks to extend such credits as would enable cotton-producers to hold their cotton until the price had advanced to their satisfaction. The demand that the National Treasury should be used as an agency for a price-fixing pool of cotton-producers is analogous to the demand of the wheat-growers that the public institutions supported by tax-payers should coöperate with their efforts to raise the price of wheat. Their appeal was made to agricultural colleges, farm-bureaus, state boards of agriculture, to help their price-fixing propaganda. Where is the legitimate stopping-point, if we make a beginning in recognizing class-rights of this character, and permit things that are criminal if performed by manufacturers and merchants to be done with impunity by the exempted classes?

The time is coming, — and coming soon, unless the pressure of public opinion prevents it, — when our legislatures and Congress will be asked to finance these price-fixing coöperative ventures for the benefit of producers and at the expense of city tax-payers. The extent to which such movements can go without incurring legal obstacles is well evidenced by the Non-Partisan League legislation in North Dakota, which has successfully sustained all constitutional attacks upon it up to, and including, the United States Supreme Court. The growth of this legislation thus far has been rapid because of an almost complete absence of opposition. The city consumer has been greatly irritated at increases in the cost of living. He has been too readily convinced that the cause is the rapacity or inefficiency of the middleman, a personage for whom no civil word is ever said except at advertising rates. That he is simply registering for the

consumer increased costs, due to the coöperation of farmers in the country districts from which he buys, and the increased cost of labor coöperation in the city, through which he distributes, is a proposition to which the consumer has as yet given almost no thought.

Subsequent newspaper accounts show that the wheat-pooling plan was meeting with success, and that wheat had moved up from eighteen to twenty-three cents above the low point at which it stood when the announcement that I have quoted was made. With ninety-six million bushels of wheat in the bins and stacks of Kansas farmers, representing two thirds of the year's crops, with empty box-cars on nearly every railroad siding in that state, and with the country elevators ready to purchase the grain, there were just eighteen carloads of Kansas wheat on the Wichita market on the date fixed by the Wheat-Growers' Association in the notice I have quoted. In other words, we have a wheat strike against the consumer, followed by an announcement by the Secretary of the Growers' Association, that the strike was in effect, and that the farmers were 'in the fight to stay. Sixty days more,' he declared, 'will see the goal of \$3.00 wheat attained.'

These wheat-growers are dissatisfied also with the failure of the Federal Reserve Bank to finance their wheat boycott with public money.

As I write, the milk-farmers of six states, whose milk is sold for consumption in New York City, combined under the leadership of the Dairymen's League, a milk-producers' association with some eighty thousand members, are proposing a price-fixing pool under which milk to the value of many millions of dollars will be handled by one of these coöperative associations. This scheme provides that the Dairymen's League Coöperative Association shall

sell and receive the money for all this milk, shall fix separate prices for milk for various uses, — for the condenser one price, for the cheese-manufacturer another, and for the children of New York a much higher price, — and that the moneys received shall be put into one pool, and the same price be paid to all the participants. Under this plan the city consumer and the children of the poor are to pay artificially high prices, to enable corporate purchasers of milk to receive lower prices. This pool, whose illegality would be apparent if it were not operated by an exempted class and organization, is permitted by a recent amendment of the New York penal law, enacted after the Dairymen's League itself had been indicted as a conspiracy in restraint of trade. This provision, exempting coöperative associations from the State Anti-trust law, provides: —

Contracts, agreements, arrangements, or combinations, heretofore or hereafter made by such associations, or the members, officers or directors thereof, making such collective sales and marketing and prescribing terms and conditions thereof, are not conspiracies and shall not be construed to be injurious to trade or commerce.

Can anyone doubt that such a combination, if effective, as its proposers hope it will be, will *in fact* be injurious to trade or commerce, will be injurious to the consumers in the city, and will be unjust as well as injurious?

The latest public evidence of the growth of this price-fixing programme among producers is the deliverance of the National Grange, through its Master, at its recent annual meeting in November of this year, in which solemn warning is given to the consumer, to the bankers, manufacturers, railroads, and labor organizations, that, if no attention is now paid to the unrest and dissatisfaction of the farmer, and 'if the Government continues to use its great

power to import raw material, free of duty, to reduce costs, then the Grange will be the first to help organize nationwide selling organizations which shall fix the price of farm products.'

III

How far can a democracy go in the stratification of its social life into classes without danger to the very fabric of democracy itself? This is a pressing problem, which has received almost no consideration by the classes most immediately affected — those who dwell in cities, those persons outside of labor unions and farm organizations, who have not organized themselves, as they are doing in England, into a middle-class union. Must we have the further stratification of American society into a middle-class union for self-protection? Must this middle-class union be required to show by their votes, by their political action, that they too constitute a class, that they too have interests which need special nurture by special legislation?

That the farmer has many just causes of dissatisfaction with the return for his labor, no one can question. That many defects and some rankly fraudulent practices exist in the methods of distribution of his products is equally true. Much can be done, and should be done, to improve those distributive processes, of which the waste and injustice are injurious to farmer and consumer alike.

The trouble with the coöperative trust movement is that it adds confusion and discord, ill-will and passion, to the consideration of problems which need careful study and discriminative judgment and a spirit of fair play. To try to understand marketing conditions and rules, to try to meet market demands with a corresponding supply, to avoid, wherever possible, the

creation of glutted markets, and to try to organize a marketing system under which unnecessary losses are avoided and unnecessary costs eliminated, is a course which common sense imperatively demands. Such a programme, however, requires coöperation between the producer and the middleman, and an understanding of one another's problems, which need joint action for successful solution. The adoption in a friendly and constructive spirit of such a policy and programme would be of immense value.

The coöperative trust movement has no such plans or purposes. It proceeds upon the assumption that the laws of supply and demand need not be understood, but can be controlled; that prices can be fixed and maintained in conflict with these laws, provided a spirit of loyal obedience can be maintained among the rank and file of farmer producers. To produce this spirit of loyalty, under which these price-fixing plans can be promoted and carried on, there follows inevitably a form of propaganda which these officers feel themselves constrained to maintain in their own organization papers, in the country newspapers, and through press agents whose activities are increasingly evident in the city press — the constant purpose being to convince the producer member that any established form of distribution not immediately controlled by his organization is a method of extortion or oppression, to be dominated or destroyed. They insist that loyalty to the coöperative trust movement can be maintained on this postulate only.

This propaganda finds further support in political circles subservient to these class-organizations. Curiously enough, it also finds support, for other reasons, in the yellow journals in the cities. The general result is that organized systems of distribution, which

refuse to buy and sell commodities on terms so dictated, find themselves, both at Washington and in the several states, subject to an almost continuous attack. The meat-packing industry has long been pilloried. The movement for disintegrating these large meat-distributing systems is to-day as popular as was the movement for the destruction of the original Standard Oil Company, before subsequent experience taught us what the effect of disintegrating the trust into a series of separate oil companies would be. In the same fashion, continuous attacks are being made upon the grain and cotton marketing systems, under which values are found by the application of the law of supply and demand in the great exchanges. The milk-distributor finds himself under attack in all great American cities, notwithstanding the repeated investigations, which have almost uniformly found his profits surprisingly low, and the service by the larger companies such as to justify the finding of a recent legislative investigation in New York, which declares that

It can safely be said at this time that no product of the farm is more economically handled in distribution to the city consumer than the quart of milk to be had every morning at his doorstep.

One injurious collateral effect of this class-war propaganda, organized by the coöperative trust movement for purposes of price-fixing by producers, has been this: the organized and efficient systems of distribution are being obliged to spend thousands upon thousands of dollars in self-defense against legislation injurious to them, and are finding difficulty in maintaining the efficiency of their organizations. There is, however, an almost entire absence of a much-wanted critical attention, either in city or country, to grossly inefficient forms of distribution, which to-day waste millions of dollars' worth of

food and food-products through lack of adequate or intelligent distribution facilities. When we consider that, in New York alone, a fourth of the perishables received at the wholesale markets goes to the public dumps; that a third of the oranges and a fifth of the eggs received are rotten and unsalable; that, annually over seven million pounds of fruit and three million pounds of vegetables are carried by the dump-scows to the sea, we have but a partial and incomplete illustration of this waste, which goes on daily through uneconomic distribution, while economic and relatively efficient distribution alone seems to be subjected to unthinking criticism, political attack, and every form of discouragement injurious alike to producer and consumer. It is wholly against public policy that this should continue.

The basis of a great part of this continuous attack upon organizations for the distribution of farm-products is not understood by the consumer. That basis is found largely in the desire of those in control of these producers' organizations, now freed, or believing themselves to be free, from all restraint by law, to dominate what they do not understand, attempting to substitute crude forms of so-called coöperation for established forms of distribution, and to place a relatively small, and wholly inexperienced, group of farmer-officials in control of price-fixing pools in food-products of enormous value—products which must be handled efficiently and with due regard to market conditions, in order to avoid injury to the farmer as well as to the consumer. The effect of Russian Sovietism, to which it is a close parallel, on the methods of distribution is one of the most marked features of its failure. The repetition of anything like this failure in America by the development of the same class-war would be a public calamity.

What I have said should not be con-

sidered as a sweeping defense of all forms of so-called capitalistic distribution. There are many things that may be done, and must be done, to improve methods of production and distribution and to cheapen the cost of both. It is a singularly inviting, undeveloped field. To prevent unfair practice, to destroy opportunities for overreaching, extortion, and fraud, or market-control, is highly desirable. But to give to radical groups of any class the unlimited right of combination, to enable them thereby to control prices, to manipulate markets, to dominate or disrupt distribution, and often to coerce unwilling producers themselves into action that their own sound judgment disapproves, is quite another matter.

What the consuming public should be made to understand is that the animus of a large part of the current attacks upon present methods of distribution is consciously or unconsciously hostile to the consumer himself. With all their faults, the great existing instrumentalities of distribution are nevertheless, in the main, between producer and consumer, free agencies, which, because of their own interest, have some regard for the rights of both, these agencies being dependent for their success upon competition, upon the development of economies of operation, and upon conforming their efforts to the law of supply and demand. The thing sought by these new groups is the transformation of these systems of distribution into more passive instrumentalities, through which united producers express their price-fixing demands: their transformation into mere toll-gatherers for the producers from the consumer.

It is doubtless true that these crude and clumsy price-fixing pools, which have been previously discussed, will prove to be ineffectual in accomplishing their purpose. They can, however,

cause great harm in disorganizing distribution.¹ It is because of this latter fact, and because of the development of the spirit of class-war, actively engendered and promoted by their official representatives, both in public office and in control of the industrial politics of farm coöperative movements, that the public should be induced to reconsider the desirability of exempting these organizations from the applications of all laws, of permitting them to operate conspiracies in restraint of trade, which are forbidden to the manufacturer and the distributor.

Along constructive lines many things can be done to improve the welfare of our agricultural population, which is the backbone of American life. This paper is written in no spirit of hostility. The trouble with these measures is that they constitute a wrong start in the wrong direction, that they are crude, unjust, and unworkable substitutes for constructive legislation, helpful to the community as a whole, by which help and encouragement can and should be given to agriculture. It is because these laws tend to accentuate and increase the class-cleavage between the agricultural population and the country of which they are an essential part, that this legislation needs reconsideration, to the end that other legislation, conceived in a different spirit and with a different purpose, may take its place.

In the final analysis, the question resolves itself into whether we desire the development in America of class-war by recognizing class-distinctions, class-rights, and class-privileges, which make, not for peace, but for inevitable conflict. The time has arrived when

¹ Alarming results are becoming evident in another quarter—the closing of country banks. More than a score of these banks have been closed in North Dakota alone since this paper was written, and the movement is spreading to other sections.

this great question must receive a far more thorough and consistent study by the American people, not as classes, but as citizens; not as petitioners for special privileges, which the nobles of feudal-

ism surrendered, but as the willing participators in a system of law whose basis is equality, a system which can have no basis other than equality, if democracy is not to perish from the earth.

'TO COUNSEL THE DOUBTFUL'

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

In the *Colony Records* of Plymouth it is set down that a certain John Williams lived unhappily with his wife — a circumstance which was as conceivable in that austere community as in less godly towns. But the Puritan magistrate who, in the year 1666, undertook to settle this connubial quarrel, had no respect for that compelling word, incompatibility. The afflicted couple were admonished 'to apply themselves to such waies as might make for the recovery of peace and love betwixt them. And for that end the Court requested Isacke Bucke to bee officious therein.'

It is the delight and the despair of readers, especially of readers inclined to the intimacies of history, that they are so often told the beginnings of things, and left to conjecture the end. How did Isacke Bucke set about his difficult and delicate commission, and how did the contentious pair relish his officiousness? The Puritans were tolerably accustomed to proffering advice. It was part of their social code, as well as a civil and religious duty. They had a happy belief in the efficacy of expostulation. In 1635 it was proposed that the mag-

istrates of Boston should 'in tenderness and love admonish one another.' And many lively words must have come of it.

Roman Catholics who studied their catechism when they were children will always remember that the first of the 'Spiritual Works of Mercy' is 'To counsel the doubtful.' Taken in conjunction with the thirteen other works, it presents a compendium of holiness. Taken by itself, apart from less popular rulings, such as 'To forgive offenses,' and 'To bear wrongs patiently,' it is apt to be a trifle overbearing. Catholic theology has defined the difference between a precept and a counsel — when the Church speaks. A precept is binding, and obedience to it is an obligation. A counsel is suggestive, and obedience to it is a matter of volition. The same distinction holds good in civil and social life. A law must be obeyed; but it is in no despite of our counselors, moral or political, that we reserve the right of choice.

Three hundred years ago, Robert Burton, who was reflective rather than mandatory, commented upon the reluctance of heretics to be converted

from their errors. It seemed to him — a learned and detached onlooker — that one man's word, however well spoken, had no effect upon another man's views; and he marveled unconcernedly that this should be the case. The tolerance or the indifference of our day has disinclined most of us to meddle with our neighbor's beliefs. We are concerned about his tastes, his work, his politics, because at these points his life touches ours; but we have a decent regard for his spiritual freedom, and for the secret responsibility it entails.

There are, indeed, devout Christian communities which expend their time, money, and energy in extinguishing in the breasts of other Christians the faith which has sufficed and supported them. The methods of these propagandists are more genial than were those of the Inquisition; but their temerity is no less, and their animating principle is the same. They proffer their competing set of dogmas with absolute assurance, forgetting that man does not live by fractions of theology, but by the correspondence of his nature with spiritual influences moulded through the centuries to meet his needs. To counsel the doubtful is a Christian duty; but to create the doubts we counsel is nowhere recommended. It savors too closely of omniscience.

The counsels offered by age to youth are less expansive and less untrammelled than are the counsels offered by youth to age. Experience dulls the courageous and imaginative didacticism that is so heartening, because so sanguine, in the young. We have been told, both in England and in the United States, that youth is now somewhat displeased with age, as having made a mess of the world it was trying to run; and that the shrill defiance which meets criticism indicates this justifiable resentment. It is not an easy matter to run a world at the best of times, and

Germany's unfortunate ambition to control the running has put the job beyond man's power of immediate adjustment. The social lapses that have been so loudly lamented by British and American censors are the least serious symptoms of the general disintegration — the crumbling away of a cornice when the foundations are insecure.

It is interesting, however, to note the opposing methods employed by carping age to correct the excesses of youth. When a Western state disapproves of the behavior of its young people, it turns to the courts for relief. It asks and obtains laws regulating the length of a skirt, or the momentum of a dance. When a New England state disapproves of the behavior of its young people, it writes articles, or circulates and signs a remonstrance. Sometimes it confides its grievance to a Federation of Women's Clubs, hoping that the augustness of this assembly will overawe the spirit of revolt. I may add that when Canada (Province of Quebec) disapproves of the behavior of its young people, it appeals to the Church, which acts with commendable promptness and semi-occasional success.

All these torrents of disapproval have steeped society in an ebb-tide of rejected counsels. It would seem that none of us are conducting ourselves as properly as we should, and that few of us are satisfactory to our neighbors. In the rapid shifting of responsibility, we find ourselves accused when we thought we were accusers. We say that a girl's dress fails to cover a proper percentage of her body, and are told that it is the consequence of our inability to preserve peace. We pay a predatory grocer the price he asks for his goods, and are told that it is our fault he asks it. If we plead that hunger-striking — the only alternative — is incompatible with hard work, we are offered a varied assortment of substitutes for food.

There is nothing in which personal tastes are more assertive or less persuasive than in the devices of economy. Sooner or later they resolve themselves into the query of the famous and frugal Frenchman: 'Why should I pay twelve francs for an umbrella when I can buy a bock for six sous?'

II

The most hopeful symptom of our times (so fraught with sullenness and peril) is the violent hostility developed a few years ago between rival schools of verse. There have always been individual critics as sensitive to contrary points of view as are the men who organize raids on Carnegie Hall whenever they disagree with a speaker. Swinburne was a notable example of this tyranny of opinion. It was not enough for him to love Dickens and to hate Byron, thus neatly balancing his loss and gain. He was impelled by the terms of his nature ardently to proclaim his love and his hate, and intemperately to denounce those who loved and hated otherwise. That so keen and caustic a commentator as Mr. Chesterton should have been annoyed because he could not turn back the tide of popular enthusiasm which surged and broke at Rudyard Kipling's feet was natural enough. He confided to the British public that 'Recessional' was the work of a 'solemn cad'; and the British public — quite as if he had not spoken — took the poem to its heart, wept over it, prayed over it, and dilated generally with emotions which it is good for a public to feel. The looker-on was reminded a little of Horace Walpole fretfully explaining to Paris that a Salisbury Court printer could not possibly know anything about the habits of the English aristocracy; and of Paris replying to this ultimatum by reading *Clarissa Harlowe* with all its might and main, and shedding torrents

of tears over the printer's matchless heroine.

But the asperity of a solitary critic is far less impelling than the asperity of a whole school of writers and of their opponents. Just when the ways of the world seemed darkest, and its nations most distraught, the *literati* effected a welcome diversion by quarreling over rules of prosody. The lovers of rhyme were not content to read rhyme and to write it; the lovers of polyphonic prose were not content to read polyphonic prose and to write it; but both factions found their true joy in vivaciously criticizing and counseling their antagonists. Miss Amy Lowell was right when she said, with her customary insight and decision, that the beliefs and protests and hates of poets all go to prove the deathless vigor of the art. Unenlightened outsiders took up the quarrel with pleasure, finding relief in a dispute that threatened death and disaster to no one.

Few contentions are so innocent of ill-doing. The neighbors whom we counsel most assiduously are the nations of the world and their governments, which might well be doubtful, seeing that they stumble at every step; but which perhaps stand more in need of smooth roads than of direction. It is true that M. Stéphane Lauzanne, editor of *Le Matin*, assured us last autumn that France did not seek American gold, or ships, or guns, or soldiers — 'only counsels.' This sounded quite in our line, until the Frenchman, with that fatal tendency to the concrete which is typical of the Gallic mind, proceeded to explain his meaning: 'We ask of the country of Edison and of the Wrights that it will present us with a system for a league of nations that will work. If there were nothing needed but eloquence, the statesmen of old Europe would have been sufficient.'

Why did not M. Lauzanne ask for

the moon while he was about it? What does he suppose we Americans have been striving for since 1789 but systems that will work? Mr. Henry Adams, commenting upon the disastrous failure of Grant's administration, says just this thing: 'The world' (the American world) 'cared little for decency. What it wanted, it did not know. Probably a system that would work, and men who could work it. But it found neither.'

And still the search goes on. A system of taxation that will work. A system of wage-adjustment that will work. A system of prohibition that will work. A system of public education that will work. These are the bright phantoms we pursue; and now a Paris editor casually adds a system for a working league of nations. 'If France is in the right, let America give us her moral support. If France is in the wrong, let America show us the road to follow.'

III

To presume agreement where none exists is the most dangerous form of self-deception. When newspapers and orators tell us that to the United States has come 'the moral leadership of the world,' we must understand them to imply that foreign nations, with whom we have little in common, are of our way of thinking — provided always that they know what we think, and that we know ourselves. For the wide divergence of national aspirations they make scant allowance; for misunderstanding and ill-will they make no allowance at all. For several months before last November's elections, the spokesmen of both parties assured us with equal fervor that our country was destined to be the bulwark of the world's peace. Their prescriptions for peace differed radically in detail, but all agreed that ours was to be the administering hand. And all implied that Europe (and, if

need be, Asia and Africa) was ready for our restoratives. 'Want America to teach Turkey,' was the headline of a leading newspaper, which, in the autumn of 1920, deplored the general unteachableness of the Turk.

Perhaps the careless crudeness of headlines deceives a large class of hurried readers who rely too implicitly upon them. When the Conference at Versailles was plodding through its task, a New York paper announced in large type: 'Italy dissatisfied with territory assigned her by Colonel House.' It had a mirth-provoking sound; but, after all, the absurdity was in no way attributable to Colonel House; and, in the matter of dissatisfaction, not even a headline could go beyond the facts. What has ever impelled the *Tribuna* and the *Avanti* to express amicable agreement, save their mutual determination to repudiate the intervention of the United States?

When Mr. Wilson risked speaking directly to the Italian people, he paved the way for misunderstanding. To a government, words are words. It deals with them itself, and it makes allowance for the difficulty of translating them into action. 'Words are the daughters of earth. Deeds are the sons of Heaven.' But a proletariat is apt, not merely to attach significance to words, but to read an intensive meaning into them. We have not done badly by Italy. We spent a great deal of money upon her cold and hungry children. She is sending us shiploads of immigrants. Her resentment at our counsel seemed to us unwise and ungrateful, seeing that we must naturally know what is best for her. We cannot accept ill-will with the unconcern of Great Britain, which has been used to it, and has survived it, for centuries. We feel that we deserve well of the world, because we are immaculately free from coveting what we do not need.

If we aspire to moral leadership, we must go a step beyond this disinterestedness. We must forget our gold reserve, and disassociate from our counsels all lurking consciousness of strength and wealth. Foreign nations frankly recognize our numerical and financial superiority, and are prepared to pay it deference; but this deference is not in accord with a consistently ethical platform. Europe needs 'vision,' and Europe needs practical help. We may have both to offer; but we cannot make the giving of one depend upon the acceptance of the other. It is reasonable and right that we should be concerned about the ten billions owing to us; and while decency and self-interest conspire to make us a liberal creditor, the existence of the debt clogs our relations with our debtors. It gives us a reason — if not a right — to advise in practical matters; but it cannot promote us to the ranks of spiritual ascendancy. 'America shall in truth show the way' must mean the way to goodness and wisdom; not the way to getting back our money.

And yet one wonders now and then whether, if there had been four years of glorious and desolating war on this Western continent, and the United States had emerged triumphant, but spent, broken, and bankrupt, we should be so sure of our mission to regenerate. Would Congress blithely advise a powerful Great Britain, with her fighting power intact, and the gold reserve locked up in London, to put her house in order? We have always been singularly sensitive to foreign criticism, and quick to resent intrusion. No people in the world could less desire to be shown the way to righteousness. The sixty-six members of the Yale Faculty who sent a remonstrance to the Senate and the House of Representatives, protesting against our interference in the relations of Great Britain and Ire-

land, based their protest upon our unalterable determination to preserve inviolate our independence, and to manage our own affairs. They felt, and said, that we should be scrupulous to observe in our own case the propriety we exacted of others.

IV

The ingenious device of appointing an American committee, which in its turn appointed an American commission to sit as a court of appeal, and receive evidence touching the policies of Great Britain and Ireland, is a new move in international relations. The informality of the measure makes it an interesting experiment. Governors of Wyoming and North Dakota, mayors of Milwaukee and Anaconda, clergymen and college professors, ladies and gentlemen of unimpeachable respectability from all over the country responded to Mr. Villard's call, and placed their diplomacy at his disposal. Pains have been taken to convince the public that the object of the committee is to avert 'the greatest calamity which could befall the civilized world' — a war between Great Britain and the United States; and that its members are above all things anxious to avoid 'the charge of improper interference in the concerns of another nation.' Evidently they do not feel that summoning Ireland and England to appear as plaintiff and defendant before their self-constituted tribunal is in the nature of an interference. 'I meddle with no man's conscience,' said Cromwell broadly, when he closed the Catholic churches, and forbade the celebration of Mass.

A popular movement of this order, and one that addresses itself distinctly to a large and aggressive body of American voters, must have some logical issue in view. Behind a wealth of

words (its cable to the Archbishop of Canterbury, October twentieth, was in the nature of an essay) there must be a clearly defined purpose, which should be universally understood. Ulster and Catholic Ireland — like Mr. and Mrs. John Williams of Plymouth — are living unhappily together. Their quarrels have become disgracefully violent. England cannot keep the peace. A committee of Americans has been appointed by Mr. Villard to play the part of Isacke Bucke and 'bee officious' in reuniting the inharmonious pair. To effect this reconciliation, it invites both parties, and, in a general way, the British government, to travel three thousand miles, and have the case tried in Washington. The immediate purpose of such an unusual and expensive proceeding is plainly stated. 'The Commission desires to present an actual picture of the crisis to the American people, so that, with this background, constructive suggestions may arise as to a way out.'

This is the broadest bid for counsel ever made to an agitated public. Constructive suggestions have not been lacking at any stage of the controversy. The trouble is that there are two ways out, and that each party wants its own. There is no member of this committee so innocent as not to know that the logical outcome of their movement is war. While they are chasing 'nimble and retiring truth,' errors and distortions fill the public mind. And what if Great Britain persists in its refusal to be tried in the United States, as we should refuse with all our hearts and souls to be tried in England? Will the case then be suffered to go by default? What if Ulster, like Giles Corey, refuses to plead? Will it then, like Corey, be pressed to death by popular opinion? There is a sinister suggestion in the words, which announce a dangerous programme and deny the responsibility

thereof. 'The Commission will undertake to sift the evidence, and present the facts; then let those who ought take notice.'

There is only one way of taking effective notice, and that is by an appeal to arms. 'The libation of freedom,' observes Mr. Jefferson Brick, 'must sometimes be quaffed in blood.' That the same Americans who strove their utmost to avert a war with the world-marauder, Germany, should now strive their utmost to promote a war with Great Britain is a logical sequence of events. The immediate result of such hostility would be the restoration of German power. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

The humor of appointing a private commission in one corner of the world to settle public affairs in another is lost upon Americans, who, having been told that they are to 'show the way,' conceive themselves to be showing it. If it had ever occurred to them that there are phenomena upon which they are not all qualified to offer advice, they would perhaps have forborne to send a procession of little girls on the 12th of last October, to counsel the President of the United States. The banners carried by these innocents bore severely worded directions from their mothers as to how Mr. Wilson should conduct himself. The language used was of that reprehensible rudeness common to such counselors; the exhortations themselves appeared to be irrelevant. 'American women demand that anarchy in the White House be stopped!' puzzled the onlookers, who wondered what was happening in that sad abode of pain; what women these were who knew so much about it; and why a children's crusade should have been organized for the control of our foreign relations.

The last query is the easiest answered. Picketing is a survival of the childish instinct in the human heart. It is

the play-spirit, about which modern educators talk so glibly, and which we are bidden to cherish and preserve. A society of 'American Women Pickets' is out to enjoy itself, and its pleasures are as simple as they are satisfying. To walk the streets (not unobserved), to elude the law that seeks to abate public nuisances, and to counsel the doubtful who are not asking for instruction — what better game could be played, either by children, or by Peter Pans valiantly refusing to mature? The women who picketed the British Embassy in Washington, the British Consulate in New York, and the dock where British ships were unloading American imports, were merely offering to strangers the same attention that had been shown to Mr. Wilson as President, and to Mr. Harding as candidate for the presidency. Even the tomb at Mount Vernon has been surrounded by pickets, bearing banners with the inscription, 'Washington, Thou Art Truly Dead!' To which the mighty shade, who in his day had heard all too often the sound and fury of undigested counsels, and who, because he would not hearken, had been assailed as 'a Nero, a defaulter, and a pick-pocket,' might well have answered from the safety and dignity of the tomb, *'Deo gratias!'*

When a private citizen calls at the White House, to 'frankly advise' a modification of the German peace-treaty; when a private citizen writes to the American Bar Association, to 'frankly advise' this distinguished body of men to forbid any allusion to public affairs in their speaker's address to them on the 25th of last August; when a private citizeness writes to the Secretary of War, to 'frankly advise' that he should treat the slacker of to-day as he would treat the hero of to-morrow, we begin to realize how far the individual American is prepared to dry-nurse the

nation. Every land has its torch-bearers, but nowhere else do they all profess to carry the sacred fire. It is difficult to admonish Frenchmen. The mental ease that is essential to their intercourse debars an academic attitude. We can hardly conceive a delegation of little French girls sent to tell M. Millerand what their mothers think of him. Even England shows herself at times impatient of her monitors. 'Mr. Norman Angell is very cross with the war,' observed a British reviewer dryly. 'Europe is behaving in her old mad way without having previously consulted him.'

'Causes are the proper subject of history,' says Mr. Brownell, 'and characteristics are the proper subject of criticism.' It may be that much of our criticism is beside the mark, because we disregard the weight of history. Our fresh enthusiasm for small nations is dependent upon their docility, and upon their respect for boundary lines which the big nations have painstakingly defined. That a boundary which has been fought over for centuries should be more provocative of dispute than a claim staked off in Montana does not occur to an American who has little interest in events that antedate the Declaration of Independence. A world run by public opinion invites comment, and comment paves the way for propaganda. Countries, small, weak, and incredibly old, whose sons are untaught and unfed, appear to be eager for supplies, and insensible to moral leadership. We recognize these characteristics, and resent or deplore them according to our dispositions; but for an explanation of the causes — which might prove enlightening — we must go further back than Americans care to travel.

'I seldom consult others, and am seldom attended to; and I know no concern, either public or private, that

has been mended or bettered by my advice.' So wrote Montaigne placidly in the great days of disputation, when men counseled the doubtful with sword and gun, reasoning in platoons, and correcting theological errors with the all-powerful argument of arms. Few men were then guilty of tolerance, and fewer still understood with Montaigne and Burton the irreclaimable obstinacy of convictions. There reigned a profound confidence in intellectual and physical coercion. It was the opinion of John Donne, poet and pietist, that Satan was deeply indebted to the counsels of Saint Ignatius Loyola, which is a higher claim for the intelligence of that great churchman than Catholics have ever advanced. Milton, whose ardent and compelling mind could not conceive of tolerance, failed to comprehend that Puritanism was out of accord with the main currents of English thought and temper. He not only assumed that his enemies were in the wrong, says Sir Leslie Stephen, 'but he often seemed to expect that they would grant so obvious an assertion.'

This sounds modern. It even sounds American. We are so confident that we are showing the way, we have been told so repeatedly that what we show is the way, that we cannot understand the reluctance of our neighbors to follow it. There is a curious game played by educators, which consists in sending *ques-*

tionnaires to some hundreds, or some thousands, of school-children, and tabulating their replies for the enlightenment of the general public. The precise purport of this game has never been defined; but its popularity impels us to envy the leisure that educators seem to enjoy. A few years ago twelve hundred and fourteen little Californians were asked if they made collections of any kind, and if so, what did they collect? The answers were such as might have been expected, with one exception. A small and innocently ironic boy wrote that he collected 'bits of advice.' His hoard was the only one that piqued curiosity; but, as in the case of Isacke Bucke and the quarrelsome couple of Plymouth, we are left to our own conjectures.

The fourth 'Spiritual Work of Mercy' is 'To comfort the sorrowful.' How gentle and persuasive it sounds after its somewhat contentious predecessors; how sure its appeal; how gracious and reanimating its principle! The sorrowful are, after all, far in excess of the doubtful; they do not have to be assailed; their sad faces are turned toward us, their sad hearts beat responsively to ours. The eddy drifts of counsel are loud with disputation; but the great tides of human emotion ebb and flow in obedience to forces that work in silence.

The innocent moon, that nothing does but shine,
Moves all the laboring surges of the world.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NEW YORK?

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

NEW YORK is a great city. The horse is a noble animal. No one, not even in Boston, Chicago, or Denver, will dispute these two statements. Of course, the word 'noble' does not mean that the horse may not on occasion kick up his 'noble' heels and run away. Neither does the word 'great' mean that New York —

But, in the words of O. Henry, let us 'get on' with the story, having proceeded safely so far.

It was on the twenty-third of January, 1918, that I alighted on a bit of the United States called New York, after several months in Great Britain, and seven days in a Liverpool hotel. My steamer had been driven around the Isle of Man by a submarine menace, our gunners had sunk one submarine in plain view of the passengers, one of our gunner-boys had been lost overboard in a tremendous gale as we rounded the north of Ireland; and when at last the Philadelphia let us out at 1 A.M. on the dock at New York, it was a thankful cargo of passengers that hurried toward homes or hotels.

It was ten below zero, and I went into the first hotel I could find. It was full, and the rooming clerk said there was n't even standing room.

I have never learned how to sleep comfortably standing up in a hotel lobby, so I went and sat down in a bell-boy's chair and waited until a new clerk was behind the desk. It was then 2 A.M.

I went up to the desk, and the clerk said they had one room left. It was a

double room, he explained; and when I asked the price, he said it would be, and was, eight dollars.

That was two figures less than ten below zero, so I took it and went up to it.

I don't know to this day why it was called a 'double' room, unless because the charge was double what it was worth; but I was too tired to go down and ask the clerk questions. In the morning, however, I saw a card on the table which read as follows:—

'The Manager of this hotel will welcome criticism and suggestions from his patrons. We do not want our guests to go away dissatisfied. Do not hesitate to prefer criticism of the management, if you have any.'

Not being quite sure from the language whether the Manager referred to my having 'criticism' or 'management,' I hesitated about seeing him; but the frank friendliness of his little card prevailed, and after breakfast I went to his office, where the following little dialogue came off. I use the words 'came off' with some reservation.

THE GUEST. — I have not come to criticize but to ask some questions. Your printed card invited them.

THE MANAGER. — I shall be glad to hear them.

THE GUEST. — My first question is this. You charged me eight dollars for six hours' sleep in your hotel. I have never paid that much for sleep before, and I have just come from one of the best hotels in Europe, the Adelphi, in Liverpool, where I paid only \$1.78 for

a night's sleep in a better room than yours. The question I want to ask is this: can you tell me why you charge me eight dollars for one night's sleep in your hotel?

THE MANAGER (after the proper dramatic pause). — The reason is that we have to pay war prices for everything. We burn fifty tons of coal a day in this hotel. Food of all kinds is three times as expensive as it was before the war. Wages are four times what they were.

(And he gave several other reasons, some of which I did not try to remember. I have never been good at figures.)

THE GUEST. — And now, will you kindly tell me the real reason for charging me eight dollars for six hours' sleep in your hotel?

THE MANAGER. — The real reason is that the guests are willing to pay it. You are the first man who ever raised a question about the price of a room in this hotel.

THE GUEST. — I must be like that man in a Far West hotel who asked the landlord for a clean towel in the wash-room. The landlord replied with some feeling, 'Over one hundred men have used that towel and you are the first man to complain.'

THE MANAGER. — Never heard the story. But if you don't want the room at eight dollars, there are a hundred men in line behind you who would pay ten dollars a night for that room and never ask a question.

THE GUEST. — I don't doubt it. But I was thinking of starting for home before you raise the price. Your answer to my question is frank and satisfactory. Thank you. Good-day.

THE MANAGER. — Wait a minute. We don't want our guests to go away dissatisfied. We aim to please — that is, generally. Come with me to the cashier's window.

He led me out and started in the direction of the hotel treasury. I fol-

lowed him, wondering if this was a movie scene or an advertisement.

But to my bewilderment (for it had never happened to me in New York before), the Manager said to the cashier lady, 'You may cut this gentleman's account in two and make it four dollars instead of eight dollars.'

And then he turned to me and said courteously, 'We don't want our guests to go away dissatisfied.'

I was looking around to see the movie operator, and when I recovered sufficiently to speak I was unkind enough to say to the Manager, 'Thank you, sir; I appreciate your courtesy, but even now you have charged me twice what I paid in Liverpool.'

He received the blow standing and in silence; but as he turned to go, I ventured to ask another question.

THE GUEST. — May I ask one more question?

THE MANAGER. — You may. But make it brief.

THE GUEST. — As brief as the breakfast. For example, my breakfast in this hotel this morning consisted of two boiled eggs, 50 cents; three small slices of bacon, 70 cents; two slices (small ones) of toast, 25 cents; a tip to the waiter, who was waiting for it, 25 cents; and for the charge 'per cover,' or privilege of sitting down to the breakfast table, 25 cents. Total, \$2.30.

THE MANAGER. — Well —

THE GUEST. — My question is this: In Liverpool I paid 72 cents for a satisfying breakfast. Most of the food came from America. England has her back to the wall. War prices prevail. But I have to pay three times as much for breakfast in New York as I paid in Liverpool. Do you think 25 cents a piece for eggs is a fair price?

THE MANAGER. — We do.

THE GUEST. — But eggs are quoted in the market this morning at 73 cents a dozen. You charge me at the rate of

three dollars a dozen. Do you call that fair?

THE MANAGER. — It is due to overhead charges.

THE GUEST. — I don't even know what is meant by the term, but I wonder if it is like charity.

THE MANAGER. — What is that?

THE GUEST. — You just showed some to me. But sometimes it covers a multitude of profiteers.

At this point I discovered an atmosphere of coldness in the hotel lobby (it was still ten below), and I thanked the Manager for his kindness and checked out.

Scene changes to two years later, year 1920. Same hotel, different manager. Same room, nine dollars this time instead of eight dollars for a night's sleep. Same card on the table inviting criticism. Same breakfast, eggs two (2) for 50 cents; although the hens have been laying in two years' supply for the cold (fresh) storage. Everything the same, except that bars have gone out under national prohibition.

After breakfast I ventured to accept the invitation from the hotel management to criticize, so that I would not go away dissatisfied, with the following result.

THE GUEST. — Acting on the printed card which greeted me like a 'God Bless Our Home' motto in my bedroom, I would like to ask a question or two, so that I will not go away dissatisfied.

THE MANAGER. — We will welcome it.

THE GUEST. — My question is this. I was charged eight dollars for a night's sleep here two years ago, and sleep has gone up one dollar. I paid 50 cents for two boiled eggs, 35 cents for a cup of coffee, 70 cents for three small slices of bacon, and 25 cents for two pieces of toast, and 25 cents 'per cover,' the same as two years ago. My question is this: do you consider 25 cents each

for eggs a fair price for a guest to pay?

THE MANAGER. — Due to overhead charges. Since the war, labor, food, coal, linen, everything, are all double in price.

THE GUEST. — But the hens are not on a strike at present. And the quotation on eggs this morning is 65 cents a dozen. Yet you charge me three dollars.

THE MANAGER. — Overhead charges.

THE GUEST. — You have a wonderful echo here. It lasts for two (2) years.

THE MANAGER. — ?

THE GUEST. — Never mind about that. But what are some of the other reasons besides 'overhead charges' for your prices?

THE MANAGER. — Since the bars were taken out of this hotel under prohibition, we have lost a great income.

THE GUEST. — Are you willing to tell me what was the profit of your bars in this hotel?

THE MANAGER. — This is for private consumption: but our net profit from the sale of liquor was 22 per cent. (Actually said by the manager of a big hotel in New York to the author.)

THE GUEST. — So in paying 25 cents for a boiled egg, I am really getting two glasses of beer thrown in?

THE MANAGER. — Just so.

THE GUEST. — Now I understand what you mean by the 'overhead charges.' Only you might change it to *inner* head.

THE MANAGER. — Any more questions? We don't want you to go away dissatisfied.

THE GUEST. — It would break my heart to leave New York in a dissatisfied mood. My other question is, perhaps, personal. But do you consider 25 cents apiece for eggs a fair profit?

THE MANAGER. — We do.

THE GUEST. — How do you define the words 'fair profit'?

THE MANAGER. — A fair profit is a *reasonable* profit.

THE GUEST. — Pardon me, but what do you consider *reasonable*?

But at that point his hotel mind broke down, like a tax assessor's when you ask him what the state means when it requires you to give, under oath, the value of your library. And I went away without an answer.

Scene changes from the hotel to the office of a New York film company. A year before this scene, the author had been asked to allow a little story of his, entitled 'In His Steps,' to be put into the motion-picture form. The scenario was now all completed and the film ready for production. The following dialogue 'comes off' (again the phrase is used advisedly) between the Author and the Producer.

THE AUTHOR. — I have gone over your scenario and I have been greatly interested in it. But may I ask a question?

THE PRODUCER. — Certainly.

THE AUTHOR. — I feel a little reluctant about it, but I think perhaps you gave me the wrong scenario.

THE PRODUCER. — That is the scenario of your book.

THE AUTHOR. — I am glad to know it. But as I remember my story, written twenty-five years ago, there was no League of Nations in existence. I see notice of one here in this scenario.

THE PRODUCER. — Sure! I had to put that in, to bring your story up to date.

THE AUTHOR. — That was kind of you. And I noticed a few other little changes as I read the scenario over. When the story was written, there was no wireless, no radium, no automobiles, no San Francisco earthquake, no Great War. I find some of all these in your scenario. Your description of the Battle of the Somme is realistic in the extreme. But you know it seemed to me a little premature —

THE PRODUCER. — You do not under-

stand the film business apparently. In order to put your story over with the trade here in New York and get your story on to Broadway, the religious teaching of your story must be enlivened by action — dramatic action. What better action is there than a battle? That battle-scene of the Somme will take thousands of people and cost thousands of dollars.

THE AUTHOR. — But the Battle of the Somme is not in my story. It was an oversight on my part, of course, not to work it in. At the same time, don't you think it seems a little — well, a little strange to — to take a story written twenty-five years ago and put into it things, even as incidental as this Battle of the Somme, which had not happened when the author wrote the story?

THE PRODUCER. — The trade here in New York demands such adaptation. Your story would n't go at all without adaptation. It must be brought up to date or you can't put it over with the trade.

THE AUTHOR. — Then, in order to adapt the story of Moses or David or Solomon to meet the demands of the film trade of New York, would you — er, pardon me — introduce a fight between two submarines, an international airship race around the globe, and a debate between Samuel Gompers and Hiram Johnson?

THE PRODUCER. — Sure! It would add dramatic action to the story. It would put it over. Whatever else you do, my dear sir, you must not let your feelings as an author get in the way of the practical presentation of your story. That is the main thing, of course.

THE AUTHOR. — But — this scenario is not — well — it is not the story I wrote.

THE PRODUCER (with a smile). — Better, I hope.

THE AUTHOR (handing the scenario

overt to the Producer).—Take it, my son, and may it be one of the twenty-six best reels. I would n't think for a moment of stealing your story. It's a great story. Full of fire and blood. Add a few more fights to it, and I am sure it will more than satisfy the trade. It will go over the top with a whoop. Never mind my feelings. After reading your scenario I have n't any. (Neither feelings, nor scenario.) Put in plenty of red fire. And don't forget to add a mob scene between Colonel Harvey and Mark Sullivan. Bless you, my son. Bless you!

Scene changes again, this time to Broadway. Time 8 P.M., any day. Distance, between 42d and 69th Streets. Offerings to the man from Kansas, Oshkosh, Phoenix (Georgia), Keokuk, Ashtabula, and Montana—electric signs advertising Chewing-Gum, Trusses, Doughnuts, Pancakes, Diamonds, Orange-Juice, and Shows.

Out of one hundred and fifty-seven different shows, the man from Kansas concluded, from the titles displayed, that sex-questions, human emotions made common, primitive caveman passions, and freedom from obedience to the Ten Commandments, especially the Seventh, were the subjects best calculated to separate some fools from their money. According to the testimony of several who were willing to talk, the best patronized amusements in New York are of the sort that the newspaper critics tell you not to take your sister to see. On one evening, according to theatrical reports, \$350,000 passed out of the pockets of the people into the pockets of the showmen. The night happened to be Sunday, and the rain interfered with the church attendance on Fifth Avenue. That might account for it.

It was not on that particular night, but on another like it, that I went to see

what a friend of mine from Montana said was the greatest show in New York. I did not doubt his word, I simply wanted to see for myself; so I joined the procession of wise (and other) fools, and went.

It was all that the man from Montana said it was—and more. The story was of real human interest; it was true pathos, delightfully clean humor, wonderful acting, and it made me want to be a better man. There was not a single gun fired, no one was held up, there were no breathless situations, no one fell downstairs carrying a large part of the hall with him, there was not a single mob scene, no woman put corrosive sublimate into her husband's coffee in order to make it less embarrassing to marry or go off with his dearest college friend—but it was a picture that, almost without a flaw, 'found me,' as Coleridge said of the Bible; and when it ended, I was wiping tears from my cheeks, and no more ashamed of it than a bigger man than I who sat next to me.

I was getting ready to go out and be kind to the first stranger I met, when, without any interval on the part of the Union operator, there flashed on the curtain a most extraordinary thing, which kept me in my seat out of sheer curiosity. The reader will have to believe this statement, as I cannot prove it. But what I saw for the next twenty minutes was a tremendously vulgar travesty (if a travesty is not vulgar to start with) of the Bible story of King Herod and John Baptist. It was doubly horrible because of the chorus-girls who took turns in embracing Herod and John Baptist. This may seem like fiction, but it is a New York fact and enters into the possible answer to the question at the head of this article.

I stayed in that show-place long enough to lose all the virtue I had gained from the first half of the evening,

and then I came away. As I went out, I seemed to be attracting attention because I was the only person who left before John Baptist's head, made of *papier maché*, was brought in on the hood of an automobile. At least, that was on the poster I noticed as I went out of the door. I had not observed it as I went in.

Under the impression left by the 'Greatest Show in New York,' as my friend from Montana truly called it, I was so depressed that I dropped into a subway.

Before I was aware, I found myself in the human whirlpool that makes Poe's Maelstrom look like a cup of coffee being stirred by a customer in a Fourth Street restaurant, where sugar and milk go with the cup.

The price of a ride in a New York subway is a nickel, and it is worth it. The ride begins just as the front end of the train begins to show at the end of the tunnel. The human whirlpool makes it unnecessary for the traveler to walk into the car, and the guards (if that is their official name) do the rest with their elbows, fists, and language.

When I came to the top, I found myself clinging to one of four beautifully enameled white posts, which decorated the middle of the car. Next to me was an old lady hysterically crying; and although I knew it was not proper to speak to a New York lady without an introduction, I felt compelled to say to her, 'Do not be afraid of fainting,

madam. You cannot possibly fall down if you do.'

I had intended to get out at Union Square, but circumstances and a mass of beings who looked almost human, flung into the doors at every stop, made it seem expedient for me to keep going as far as the Battery. On getting out there I ventured to ask the guard (if that is his name) if the train stopped at Assault.

'Assault!' he said. 'What d'ye mean?'

'Why,' I said, 'I never heard of Battery without Assault. They go together.'

'Not in New York,' he said.

I went away, walked up to Washington Square, climbed to the top of a bus, and paid ten cents to be jerked up to 199th Street, and for ten cents more back to Union Square, at which point the driver let me get off after I had been carried as far as the hotel where eggs were, and are, two (2) for 50 cents.

There are numbers of other things in New York that made an impression on me after I had said good-bye to the bus man; but the price of sleep per hour, the overhead charges, the 22 per cent profit on the cost of eggs, the adaptation of human emotions, especially religion, to the demands of the film trade, the friendliness of New Yorkers to strangers and to one another in the subway cars, the —

But, as I was saying, New York is a great city.

PLANTATION PICTURES

BY HOWARD SNYDER

I. CERTAIN NORTHERN NOTIONS

[THIS is a gloomy picture, and not the bright one we should like to publish. It is printed as a rudely awakening account of conditions which point to schools and more schools as the single road to salvation. It deals with extreme conditions, but it is the honest recital of a man born to other surroundings, who has not inherited an understanding of the negro, yet has studied him at first hand, in the section where the problem is singularly perplexing, and, to a not unsympathetic stranger, often seems quite hopeless. Our readers must remember that Mississippi is far beyond the extreme limit of the meliorative influence of Hampton and Tuskegee, and that the negroes here described are practically all tenant farm-hands. — THE EDITOR.]

I

In this paper it is my purpose neither to run down nor to boost up the negro. My only hope is to give a true picture of what I see with my own eyes on my own plantation. I am not here speaking of the negro in general, but of my little family of tenants in particular. It should also be kept in mind that I am not so much concerned with the old-time darkey as with the younger negroes. Many learned to love the old-time negro, so humble, so courteous, and, many times, so faithful. But he is gone, and it is well; for were not his virtues those

of a slave? And slavery is not a thing to love.

Let me say a few words about some of the common misconceptions of the Northerner. The first of them is that the negro is overworked. Nothing could be further from the truth. Of downright hard work, no negro that I have yet come in contact with in these parts knows anything. Rather than put his shoulder to the wheel, he will eat a straight diet of cracked corn, baked into bread with no seasoning save salt; he will go about in cold and rain, with barely enough dirty rags to conceal his nakedness; and he will live in a filthy hut that offers scarcely more shelter than a hogpen. And all this while his white landlord pleads with him to work, at good wages.

All told, throughout the year, the average tenant of my plantation works from ninety to one hundred and twenty days. And such work! moping — dragging — trifling! No Yankee farmer in Illinois would tolerate it for a moment. About ten acres of corn and six of cotton is his capacity. Of course, if his family is large, he can handle more. He has no garden to speak of, no meadow, no potato-patch, no poultry; and all this for the simple reason that he is too shiftless and indolent to care for such. One to three cows and a calf or two, together with his mule or work-horse and half a dozen 'pine-rooter' pigs, constitute his live-stock. So we see that almost no time is required for care of his

stock. In winter, his cows, hogs, horses, and mule are turned out, to live or die. One wonders how he ever reached such consummate skill in killing time.

Regular, methodic work is utterly beyond any negro I have yet had on my plantation. At no price can any of my negroes be hired to work, rain or shine, hot or cold, for, say, ninety consecutive days. To be sure, many of them, if on the verge of starvation, and if the wage is sufficiently high, will promise and begin. But a week or ten days at the outset is the limit. In all likelihood, at the end of three days they will begin to play 'possum: they will have urgent business in town, or dangerous illness will be scented across the creek. Invariably, they will invent some smooth lie, on the strength of which they hope to get their pay in advance. They will need medicine, or the family will need meal, or they will have a pressing debt which they must pay before they can go on with their work. Always they practise a low, barbarous cunning. They will deceive you when it cannot possibly be of any advantage to them to do it.

But to get back to the matter of wage-hands—I have had day wage-hands begin to whine for their day's wage before the afternoon was half gone. Once a negro is paid in advance, I would like to see the man who can get a passable day's work out of him in three days' endeavor. None of my neighbors can do it, and it is needless to say that more authority than I possess is needed to do it. If I come down on him too hard, he slips out from under me, 'snucks off,' as he says, to the branch, for a drink, and then skulks to his cabin or the woods.

With all my efforts in the past four years I have failed to get an honest fair, square day's work for an honest wage. Leave him for half an hour, and, as surely as the sun shines, he will sit down on you. To send him to the field

alone is beyond the most exalted hope of your Southerner; as well send a five-year-old child. Not one field-hand have I had that I could trust.

In times of pressing need, our road commissioner has offered double wages for a day's work, but he tells me that this does no good; for the negro will then work but half as much. If a negro wants a pistol, a pair of shoes, a saddle, or a rifle, he will work long enough to earn money with which to buy the coveted article. Once it is bought, he is then and there done with work for a long time to come. If he wants a quarter or half a dollar for his lodge dues, he will come and work just long enough to earn this, but not an hour longer.

A few times I have been foolish enough to employ negroes without the ready cash with which to make immediate settlement on completion of the work. In such cases they will hound one to distraction. I have been awakened in the middle of the night by negroes to whom I owed a quarter. Many times I have been awakened an hour before sun-up by creditors to whom I owed a dime. I have purposely put off men to whom I owed a dollar, to see how many times they would come for it. One old fellow came eleven times, and each time it cost him half a day and the invention of a new chain of lies. He might have earned five and a half dollars while hounding me for one.

I am told that, in parts of Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana, and in the more fertile parts of my own state, field-hands are bound by contracts that virtually amount to peonage. If one jumps his contract, he is brought back by force—not the force of law, however, but that of his employer's buggy-whip. Beyond doubt, such inhuman methods are practised, or have been practised until quite recently. I am also fully aware that shameful horsewhippings with a buggy whip or trace have

been resorted to in some places as a means of forcing a negro to work, once he was in the field. But this was before the late war and the great exodus of negroes to the North. Whether this is still the practice on large plantations, I cannot say. At no time since we have owned this plantation, — that is, in the past ten years, — has it been practised in this part of the state — Central Mississippi. I have my first negro-flogging to see, and I suspect that I shall never see it. Neither do planters in these parts bring back their runaway negroes with whip and pistol, or in any other way. I have known several negroes to sneak off in the middle of the cotton season; but none of the landlords sought to bring them back, although the negroes owed them considerable sums of money which had been spent for provisions, and notwithstanding the fact that the runaways' cotton would be lost for want of labor.

II

A second misconception of the Yankee is that the negro is woefully cowed and maltreated in general. Not in this part of the state. There are a score of lawyers in Canton, our county seat, to defend him at law and uphold his rights. If it were not for the white bosses, the negroes would suffer immensely more than they do at present. It is to his white boss that the negro goes when in need of a physician. If I do not guarantee the local physician his fee, he will not visit the negroes on my place, for they would invariably seek some loophole of escape when his bills were presented. It is the white man who must arbitrate differences, protect one negro from other negroes, protect his crop from poor white farmers and pilfering negroes, supply ready cash to him for a multiplicity of exigencies which flash up during the year — aid in the erection of churches, in case of fire

(which, let me say, is very frequent), give provisions and household necessities; of course, erect a new house; and, last of all, give advice each and every day in the year. Never a day passes without some negro coming for advice, and many times it must be given before he comes. When in trouble at the courthouse, that is, when sued or arrested, he goes to his white man; when starvation kicks so hard that he must seek work, he again goes to his white man; and lastly, when he wants credit he always goes to his landlord or some white man — and credit he must always have. If Uncle Albert has a balance of two hundred dollars, or four hundred for that matter, in the fall, when settlements are made, he will spend it in the most childish way imaginable, as will nine out of ten of my negroes. It will last only a few weeks. If I give him two months' provisions in one lot, he will carry the greater part of them to the neighborhood girls, or sell them and spend the money. I have known him to come for a sack of flour, and carry it off to a mulatto girl, and the next day come back to me with a chain of cunning lies, on the strength of which he hoped to get more flour.

A plantation negro must have a stipulated allowance handed out weekly, or, in some cases, monthly. It must be charged against his future crop. The negroes themselves are the authors of the slavish credit system of the South. Foresight, as a white man practises it, is no virtue of theirs. No negro with whom I have come in contact in the past four years, with the exception of Uncle Charlie, has the power to save. Only in rare cases do we find field-negroes who can do this, and they very frequently become landowners. The average negro is in this matter, as he is in hundreds of others, like a child that has been freely pampered and coddled.

The *now* appeals more to a field

negro than the *to-morrow*. Nothing can hold him if he wants to walk about, as he says, visit the neighborhood girls, or just bask in the sun. Hundreds of big stout men can be seen on the streets of the county seat and of the numerous villages throughout the county, each and every day, Sunday excepted. And all these idle, pilfering negroes are hopelessly in debt. The landlord's corn rots in the field, his silo remains unfilled, his meadow wasting, and not a man can be hired. I pastured my meadow this year (1919), because I knew I could not hire a single man to help me put it up. Yet it is the landlord or some other white man who must advance the provisions regularly each year. It hardly looks as if the negro got the worst of it.

In some ways the negro is shamefully mistreated — mistreated through leniency. Ironclad laws and strict enforcement, such as some of them knew in the army, would be a blessing to the poor, improvident, suffering negro. Yet I know of no part of the United States where the laws are looser than here in Mississippi. The negro does almost as he likes, a few crimes of violence excepted.

It was once my good fortune to live for a short time in Regina, Saskatchewan. I was filled with admiration of the laws and of their enforcement, and of the respect of the people for law. I have often thought that, if we had a few labor laws in operation down here in my corner of the South, things would take on a different color. In the county in which I live no one even knows what a labor law is. To force a negro to work is utterly beyond their most exalted hope. They let starvation do this.

We should remember also that this leniency is practised in relation to their crimes as well as their shiftlessness. In November, 1919, Sandy, a young negro of this plantation, shot and killed Frankie, a young negro woman, the mother and sole support of three little

girls. Sandy was fined one hundred dollars and sentenced to thirty days' work on the streets of the county seat; but, on reconsideration, his sentence was commuted to seven days. Last winter (1918), Joshua Nichols waylaid and shot through the legs a harmless old mulatto, beat him over the head with a pistol, and left him to die in a chilling winter storm. For this atrocious crime, Joshua was given three years on the state farm.

For stealing, the penalty is very slight, generally nothing at all; for perjury, wife-beating, fighting, desertion of family, seduction of negro girls and women, generally nothing whatever is done in such out-of-the-way sections as this in which I live. Only in case of the gravest crimes does the law extend to such outlying districts as mine.

In another sense, the negro is gravely mistreated — through the efforts to get control of the money he makes from his crop. Very frequently the landlords lay out some bait to catch the negro's money. This, together with the widespread indifference of the white man toward the negroes' school, I consider among the worst charges against him in his relations with the negroes of to-day.

III

A third erroneous notion is that the negro is habitually good-natured and kind. I am told by aged Southerners that, during slavery, and for a number of years after the war, the meekness and lack of resentment of the negro toward the white man was proverbial. This is all changed with the younger generation. The average field negro of to-day is likely to be something of a brute in his own family, and sullen and surly in his relations with his own people, and with his landlord. It was only a few days ago that Bertha, a negro woman who lives just across the road from me, whipped her ten-year-old

son to death. Down on the ground she held him, and with a doubled plough-line (small cotton rope) she beat and beat. Within an hour after the last whipping the boy died in a nervous fit. I was not at home when it happened; but my mother relates the case in much detail, having gone twice that day and stopped the woman from whipping her child.

My reader may ask why I did not prosecute her. I could not. Fifty negroes would have appeared in court to swear that she never touched the child, to say nothing of her white boss, who might likewise have sworn for her. Here again it is the landlord's greed for a few paltry dollars that determines his conduct. She would not even have gone to jail, for her white man would have put up a thousand-dollar bond for her, and thus have saved her little crop and secured his rent fee of seventy-five or a hundred dollars. And here again the white man mistreats the negro by upholding him in his crimes.

Not a few times have I seen such attempted prosecutions come to naught. Perjury is no crime down here, and a negro will swear to anything under heaven if he thinks it to his advantage. A lawsuit with a plantation negro is an impossibility. Also, it must be remembered that little interest is awakened at the county seat by such crimes.

The question naturally presents itself: what do we see when we hold Bertha's atrocious crime up to the light? I should answer, paroxysms of unrestrained rage. None of the negroes on my plantation try to restrain themselves in many instances where a white man thinks restraint imperious. Bertha was furiously mad, mad beyond any hint of restraint. Her fury had to spend itself, and it did.

We should not, however, say that the negro is unrestrained in all things, as so many casual observers do. The point is that he thinks self-restraint neces-

sary only under very few circumstances.

As the women are often cruel to their children, so are their men often cruel to them. The negro woman gets her full quota of whippings. She must obey her man, or, as he says, 'take the timber.' And such despotic authority as he exercises! If she wishes to go across the plantation on a neighborly visit, she must seek his permission. I have seen Bertha's husband, Bavon, follow her about their premises, carrying a hickory stick, and swearing he would whip her if she did not do thus and so; and he did it, too. And still more brutal is the treatment of the old and feeble men and women who are beyond work. They too must 'mind.' Not long ago, I asked Uncle Will, an old, feeble tenant of mine, how he managed to live harmoniously with his aged and feeble mother, since her mind had failed and she had become so childish. His answer was ready. 'Mr. Snyders, I'ze hab ter whip her; she just hab ter be fetched down.' Likewise do they whip the insane. Since I came down, two negro girls in this neighborhood have gone insane. The parents of both girls whip them shamefully, saying they are too 'hard-headed.'

Not only is our negro cruel in a direct way: he is cruel indirectly, as well. For example, Uncle Handy recently dug and sold most, if not all, of the potatoes his feeble old Martha raised. This was the only vegetable they cultivated during the year, and of course was much needed. Aunt Martha managed to raise some forty chickens — a very rare and remarkable thing. Handy sold the last one of them. He will spend every cent of the money from these sales on himself. I heard only a few days ago that he had set his mind on selling his hogs, thus depriving his family of their winter's meat. Yet my reader should not forget that it was feeble old Martha and a fourteen-year-old girl who put out and

cultivated the whole of Handy's corn and cotton. Handy boasts that he turned not a shovelful of dirt during the year, and I think he is honest in his boast, for, so far as I know, he has not worked a single day during the year. Even if he does not sell his winter's meat, once it is butchered, cured, and put away, he will carry the key of the meat-box; his family will have meat only at his pleasure. Just so they act in hundreds of instances; a generous deed, judged by our standards of culture, one seldom sees in a field negro.

Let me give a few more examples of negro customs, which seem to us cruelly selfish, but which a negro thinks nothing about. During the first year of the influenza epidemic, my man, John Bradshaw, a widower without children, was taken ill while visiting some relatives three or four miles away. Word came to John that the neighborhood hogs, which are always turned out to range where they will in the winter, were destroying his baled cotton. John then sent word to his nearest neighbor, who lived no more than a stone's throw from the old stable in which John had stored his cotton, asking him to go out and nail up the door. Not a foot would that neighbor stir. 'Was n't my cotton; ain't my fault if de hogs eat hit up.' A few months later the only cow of an old invalid negro, who lives about a quarter of a mile from John's cabin, got tangled up in the briars within fifty yards of John's front door. Do you think John would go out and release that cow, or even tell his neighbor about her? Not he. She died in his own door-yard.

Jealousy is a common variety of the negro's selfishness. Last winter (1918-1919) I bought rubber boots for Uncle Albert and George, paying for the boots myself and giving the negroes an opportunity to work for me and return the purchase price. Robert, my old widower, wanted boots, but he had

good shoes, so I thought he might work for his five dollars before I sent for the boots. This he would not do, offering one smooth lie and then another by way of excuse. Not until late in the spring did I learn of the refusal to work. A fit of rage opened the gates of his mind, and he told me that I had bought boots for the other negroes, and had let them wear them while working out the purchase price; but as I had refused to do as much for him, he thought his rights neglected. Needless to say, he waded through the snow and slush all winter rather than curb his child-like jealousy.

IV

A fourth misconception of the Northerner is that the negro can be readily taught. After reaching maturity, he is well-nigh hopeless. Experience seems to teach him almost nothing. For example, he will buy a horse, starve it, run it, overwork it, and expose it to the storms of winter. It gets poor, weak, and, in a few months, dies. He sees his white man's horse well-kept and serviceable for a number of years. Yet, neither by his own experience, by observation of his landlord's methods, nor by any process of reasoning on the part of his white man, can he be brought to see that his method is wrong. Obstinate set in his ways, and fearful of any change, he offers a problem that certainly is difficult of solution. He farms his little patch of land precisely as his parents and grandparents did; his children grow up in a striking likeness of himself; custom rules with an iron hand.

A reasoning man lays aside the conclusions of his ancestors and seeks conclusions from the facts before him. But this is not the way of primitive man. He reverses the process by holding fast to all the traditions handed down by his ancestors, and fails to draw inferences from the existing facts before him. It is

the hand of the past that stands in the way of logical conclusions in my dusky brothers. My man, George, will under no condition carry fresh meat while riding his mare, saying it invariably causes her to lose her colt. I tell him that I have often carried fresh meat while riding my saddle mares; but, of course, to no avail. My assertions meet a long line of traditions, and traditions are not easily overcome. When a new condition presents itself, my negroes seem to go backward and associate it with whatever of personal and traditional experience they may have. To make of a man a reasoning being is to overcome the traditional associations of his mind.

V

Although my Northern friends believe our Southern negroes to be maltreated, cowed, and overworked, yet they also believe them to be cheerful, contented, and happy. A strange paradox seems this last of the misconceptions of which I shall speak. First, let me remind my reader that this is a land of barren hills and worn-out bottoms. The negroes in these parts farm land that was exhausted of anything like fertility forty years ago. Ten to fifteen bushels of corn is a good yield. Even in these days of high prices, eighty to a hundred dollars is an average allowance for six months' provisions for a family of three or four. This is only fifteen to eighteen dollars per month. During my first year, not a few of the old and feeble begged at my door for meat-rinds. But however near the verge of starvation, they will not cultivate a garden, care for poultry, preserve vegetables or wild fruits, or milk a cow with anything like regularity.

They are almost invariably debt-ridden. I have but one on my place who does not have to be supplied with provisions. This is a land of deeds of trust.

Everything the negro owns must be put up with the landlord, merchant, or banker, as security for his provisions. And the provisions are nearly always doled out in small allowances—a little sugar, a few pounds of lard compound, a few cans of green coffee, and now and then a five-pound piece of salt pork, are all the negro may hope for.

Notoriously poor, debt-ridden, underfed—yes, this is right; now add to this the darkness of densest ignorance. No Northerner who has not studied conditions in the South, or among primitive people elsewhere, can by the wildest flights of imagination conceive an idea of the enormity of the negro's ignorance. Of all the negroes on this place, I think of but one who can read and write. And writing among the educated runs something like this: 'Hab yar pol shar har' (Have your plough sharpened here). I happened to notice this on the side of a little blacksmith shop the other day. Few of them can add, subtract, or multiply. None of them know how old they are, and few know where they were born.

The average plantation negro knows almost nothing about the care of his body. He eats at any hour of the day or night, and when he eats, he gorges until it hurts. He is a fiend for snuff and cigarettes, and always has a mania for whiskey. His sleep is irregular, and his clothing almost never sufficient to protect him from rain and cold. He knows nothing of drugs. About a month ago, one of the negroes on my own plantation gave birth to a child. The custom is to summon no physician unless things go badly. Well, she did not recover as readily as she should; so about a week after the child was born, the doctor was summoned. He left some camphor with the instructions, 'Add a few drops of camphor to half a glass of water and take every three hours.' The girl thought it read, 'Add a few drops

of water to half a glass of camphor.' She took a few doses according to this theory, and died from the effects.

The negro's ignorance of the outside world is that of a little child. Cotton they believe to grow the world over. Washington and Florida, Maine and California, are only other Mississippis. To talk to them about the outside world is to talk in a foreign language, for about it they know nothing whatsoever.

Likewise are they ignorant of measurement. Throughout the whole of their lives my tenants have been renters, yet none of them can measure off an acre of land. None of them know how many acres they rent. They would not believe me if I told them. Last fall, Robert Southerland wanted to rent just forty acres, even. I offered him a piece of land which measured exactly eighty acres, but 'Hit hain't half 'nuff, boss.' A negro knows his boundary as such and such a ditch, a big elm tree, or a sassafras thicket. But more than this he neither knows nor cares to know.

Again, the younger negroes are ignorant of the mechanical arts. They can neither mend their shoes with any degree of neatness, build a passable fireplace, nor repair or replace a broken spring in a pistol. About the history of the United States, none of them, old or young, know anything. No negro on this place can tell me one thing about George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, or Abraham Lincoln.

Now, add to the negro's poverty, his debts, and his ignorance another common burden, that of being filthy, and we have, in a vague way, a picture of the happy negro in the sunny South! How filthy he is, no Northerner can imagine. His bedclothes he will use for months, and even years, without washing, and this in a notoriously sweaty climate, where both whites and blacks are liquefied daily for six months in the

year. The dogs, chickens, hogs, and myriads of flies come and go about the house at their leisure. Very likely a sow or two and the smaller pigs will sleep under the house; for a certainty the dogs will. Such filth as may be found in negro cabins, I have nowhere seen the like of.

So we see that, from our standard, he lives a wretched life. But from his standard it is different. We must not think that he feels the weight of his ignorance, poverty, and squalor, as he would had he ever known anything different, or as a cultured person, be he black or white, would feel it. A field negro lives in a kind of perpetual doze, a dreamy haze. He is never very anxious for anything. I know of nothing that will stir him up to any marked degree except whiskey and a revival. Of the former he gets none, save a little moonshine, and the latter comes but once a year and lasts but a week or two. So his life moves on, year after year, with the greatest uniformity. Nothing disturbs for any length of time the uniform and listless torpor of his existence. The climate is a kind of natural anæsthetic to all kinds of acute pain. Life moves at a low pressure; at times the wheels can barely be seen to turn. Add to this his inevitable cigarette and omnipresent snuff, and some idea may be had of the sluggishness of a plantation negro.

To the average white man, the mind of a field negro seems to be a strange mixture of callousness and stagnancy. Of spiritual suffering he knows little. If his children die, he soon forgets it. Life is held cheap. Of all the graves in the old graveyard here on my plantation, only one is marked with head- and foot-stone. There is not a single monument in the graveyard. Ask any of my negroes where his departed ones are buried, and he can only answer, 'Ouder somewha; I'ze da kna just wha.' His

sorrows soon slip away, and for his pleasures he never gets very anxious. Despondency is not for him; he is too indifferent to life for this. Suicide one never hears of in these parts; I know of not a single case. His wife may leave him and go to St. Louis with a neighbor's son; his children may die of neglect, exposure, or disease; yet all this will not sadden his days. Like all primitive peoples, he cries and moans dreadfully for a few days, or weeks at most, then takes up with another mate and goes on reproducing his kind.

He is never long detached from life — a few days, or weeks, at most, cover the period of mourning. No catastrophe, however great, can long estrange him from his fellows. A negro hermit I have

never seen. Solitude is unknown to any negro with whom I have yet become acquainted. He always wants to go, as he says, in a crowd.

So it behooves us to consider the mind of the negro, as well as his environment, before we say he is happy or miserable. Possibly he is neither happy nor miserable, as we conceive happiness and misery. He is primitive. We do not bemoan ourselves about the misery of the primitive Indians, and they live much like our primitive negroes. Yet somehow or other my Northern friends are given to a long tale of woe about the poor negro. The truth is that his conditions are those of the primitive man, with a good deal of the white man's civilization mixed in.

AMENITIES OF BOOKSELLING

BY H. C. PORTER

To readers of Mr. Newton's alluring portrayal of the 'Amenities of Book-Collecting' it would seem very daring to assert that, on the other hand, there are amenities in bookselling other than those of the baser sort presumably associated with any profitable financial transaction. Yet, were there not such counterbalancing amenities, my work as a book-clerk would, indeed, have been barren of its most pleasurable experiences. Moments of depression, too, for that matter, there were, as no doubt also to Mr. Newton himself; but, in listing the amenities of life, it is wiser to follow his example and make no attempt to strike a credit balance.

The almost envious exclamations of

customers, on the joy it must be to live in such intimate contact with books, are of such frequent occurrence that I could not, if I had not already realized it, be unaware that the mere opportunity of working in a bookstore might be regarded, in itself, as a privilege. If there is pleasure in possession, it will be admitted that that pleasure, even if but a transitory one, has been mine — possession of many books; of books with an aristocratic lineage both of authorship and binding. Then, too, the joy of discovery I have had in feeling, for some unaccountable reason, a personal response in some book of no known reputation, whose praises have been sung by no blatant critic! It has

awaited modestly the recognition of its idiosyncrasies by some temperamental customer with tastes equally bizarre.

The pangs of parting with some of my transitory treasures assume the character of an actual pleasure if, in selling them, I can feel, as sometimes one instinctively does, that this transfer of possession assures them permanently the fond care and appreciation that I feel they deserve, removed from the soiled hands and meticulous gaze of the merely idle curious. One soon has favorites, and is fearful lest some other salesman, unappreciative of their peculiarly appealing virtues, may dispose of them to some customer whose only interest is to spend a goodly sum of money in the purchase of an obligatory present.

Not to be overlooked, either, is the charm of the chance acquaintance that, growing into quick, even if brief, blossom, at times accompanies some peculiarly personal transfer of ownership: a momentary sympathetic recognition of similar tastes. Springing out of that desire, common to all, to share our appreciation, there develops an exhilarating sense of intimacy. It is as if a newly made acquaintance had passed the test of introduction to older friends.

In recommending books to customers unaccustomed to selecting books, timidly aware of their own limitations, but with an instinctive desire for things worth while, my pleasure is like that of a Socrates in opening the eyes of his pupils to a perception of the good and beautiful. The assumption that I must be an undisputed authority, fitted to guide and advise because I live surrounded by such evidences of knowledge, though naïve, gives to my words an almost sacrosanct character. I forget that I am only a clerk, whose sole purpose in life is to sell books for the profit of another. I rise to higher levels; I am no longer merely a worker for hire; I

become, to myself, a factor in the great advance of civilization. I have the feeling that, through my efforts, I may be able, perhaps, to add something to the life-happiness of another. Moreover, if I suggest wisely, I may put a straw in the way of the selfish exploitation now practised by the purveyors of ideas and amusements. I shall then have an extra reason for self-congratulation, and be spurred on to continue my private warfare against those profaners of the standards of good taste.

Incidentally, I learn much of the inward character and hopes, and even of the mode of living, of my quasi-pupils. Through chance spontaneous outbursts of confidence, to which even the most reserved are at times forced to yield, I find myself suddenly transferred to the position of financial, as well as moral, adviser. Will the continued possession of a ten-dollar bill, or even a Liberty bond, be of more value to the children than the acquisition of the book under consideration? Questions of school-advancement, staying at home evenings, and similar weighty problems, are involved. In the solution, my advice is sought as that of one who has been through it all and so must know.

Since so evidently to be accounted the chiefest of the amenities of a book-clerk's life, it is almost superfluous to allude to those less frequent occasions when my work brings me in mental touch with a genuine book-lover, a connoisseur of all that is included in the word book. Instead of being the position of imparting, mine becomes the reverse one. What a wealth of information I seem to myself to be absorbing! I feel my own horizon of appreciation bursting its narrow store-limitations, under the kindly stimulus of inciting talks about books. Impelled by his own enthusiastic love of them, my quondam customer now becomes transformed into my preceptor. With

pitying regret for my incomprehensible inability to feel and appreciate as he does, he insists on elevating me to his plane. He will not be content until I too share his peculiar delight in some special feature of a book. In running critical comments on the characteristics of its author, his comparative points of excellence or inferiority will be so illustrated and magnified, that one must, for the time being, at least, both feel and realize them. In addition, moreover, one needs but listen, to acquire, willy-nilly, not only a glimmering understanding of the intricacies of special or rare editions, but, incidentally, a properly chastened taste in respect to book-bindings, as well as a knowledge of the names of noted binders. There is, however, as an offset to such pleasurable experiences, the drawback of an underlying fear of my ability to remember and fully assimilate, when so much more has been intimated than actually said. If one could but read what will never be written!

In the matter of selecting presents, a sympathetic interest requires that I should understand the difficulties of making a proper selection, while, at the same time, I must be able to feel, in anticipation, the surprised pleasure of the recipient. The number of *Rubaiyats* I have helped on their way, in the first gush of a giver's desire to give something, looms overwhelmingly in my conscience, hardened as it has become by many similar transactions.

When a specific request for a book is made, my position is merely that of a receiver of cash and wrapper of parcels. Although it may be that I know the book is not the one for the special purposes desired, it is of course my business to supply it. My pride in the responsibility of my position is somewhat hurt if I feel instinctively that this particular book, although otherwise commendable, is not the right book at

this particular time, for this particular person: a feeling, however, that by its poignancy serves only to accentuate my awareness that this transaction of selling has lost something of its sordid character of merely enhancing the sum-total of my day's sales.

But in the majority of cases, the selection of a book is more or less in the hands of the seller. To so great an extent is this true, that I have always claimed that, if booksellers would, they could materially lessen the sale of such books as those of Messrs. — and —, now seemingly so popular; and this, too, in spite of the customary advertising propaganda. In my experience, the demand is not for a definite title but for 'a good book.' By this is meant, I soon discover from the reply to my interested questioning, perhaps a detective story, or 'any good book not a war-book,' or, perhaps, a 'funny book.' But in any case, when the book is not distinctly specified, it is always easy, while satisfying the purchaser, to avoid suggesting books of the exaggerated type. I do not refer to books of questionable morality, but to those whose bad taste would be condemned by all whose sense of discrimination had not been vitiated by too much reading of only that sort, or by the financial profit of their sale. The standard of taste of one conscious of a lack of critical ability, is, at bottom, based on what he has been led to believe has the approval of those who, he thinks, are in a position to know.

In bookstores where extra bonuses or commissions are given for getting rid of dead stock at reduced rates, a clerk may still exercise his discretion. When, as is often the case, the unsaleability of a work is not due to bad quality of its contents, a clerk may not only enrich himself but have the satisfaction of benefiting a customer, by persuading him to take the chance thus offered to acquire a good book at a reduced price.

With incidents interesting from the side-lights they afford on the *comédie humaine*, a book-clerk is abundantly supplied: husbands whose fondness for books has to be curbed by a wife's watchfulness; the circumventing ruses employed; the whispered hint, the confiding glance, — or, shall I say, wink, — sufficient to suggest to one the desire that the book be laid aside until the fates should be more kind. Often, when the wife is not present, without a spoken word that might savor even of an implication of disloyalty to the marital bond, I am directed to send the books to the office, with the superadded nervous caution to be sure that the bill is similarly addressed. This direction is natural enough, and would arouse no suspicion, were it not for that nervous caution and the furtive look of daring that accompanies it. A determination to commit a crime would scarcely require more courage. How the books are finally smuggled from office to home, I can only guess. Perhaps when the wife is conveniently away for a day or so; or it may be along with the business papers that the 'poor dear' has to toil over in the lonely hours of night — 'he is so overworked.'

Sometimes these inner glimpses call up a pitying feeling of revolt against the limitations that an early lack of education imposes on one struggling for mental growth: the hard, crusted soil that the growing seed has to break before reaching the light. A request for a copy of the 'Sanskrit' made me hesitate long, fearing that my own perfunctory acquaintance with the titles of books was at fault. Finally, however, it came out that a statement in a footnote, to the effect that a puzzling passage was different in the Sanskrit, had aroused the praiseworthy desire to possess the book with that supposed title.

The pathos, occasionally, of the motive for a purchase checks a too curious speculative interest in life's history and converts it into a real active sympathy. This was particularly so in war-time — the hesitating purchase of a book for an errant beloved one, in the doubting hope that it would be read and would implant the seed of a desire for better living. The overmastering urge felt by some natures to confide their joys and sorrows may not always be withstood, nor may the clerk, whose best asset must be his quality of sympathetic responsiveness, repel such confidences, even if he have neither the time nor the inclination to receive them.

Such incidents of daily occurrence furnish material for speculative thought to a book-clerk who feels that acquaintance with life as it is, is its chief amenity. Probably any clerk whose work brings him into direct personal contact with his customers has similar opportunities for becoming acquainted with life in its varying shades and aspects: but the questions and conversations about books tend necessarily to reveal modes of thought and ideas, thus putting a book-clerk more peculiarly into direct touch with the real inner personality of his customers.

The desire to find in my own life something that would, if only in imagination, lift it out of its merely money-making, bread-and-butter aspect has possibly tinged my mental vision with an unwarranted roseate hue. Still, if the amenities I recount would not be such to others; if I have fooled myself, and have not been so helpful an influence on the lives of my customers as I like to think I may have been, I have, at least, succeeded in glossing over the humdrum, monotonously depressing moments incident to a life of otherwise limited responsibility.

WASTE

THE STORY OF A SWEET LITTLE GIRL

BY AN ELDERLY SPINSTER

I

I COULD tell many stories about Ayshan's childhood; for she was a pupil in my first love among schools, in the days when no child on earth seemed to me common. I had not yet grown unappreciative of the quaint ways which the girls of that group had of showing their child-love for me. Every day, charming me, they increased my vocabulary. I remember the very hour I learned from them the Punjabi equivalent of 'wee 'uns' — a word which my ignorance interpreted as 'little chunks.' I liked the idea of the expression so much that I used to amuse myself and them by calling them carefully thought-out variations of it. 'Come on, now, wee bits,' I would say to them, 'let's do it this way!' Or, 'How many times, little pieces of life, have I to ask you not to leave your needles on the floor — for your little bare feet?' Or, 'Stop quarreling, small scraps; love each other.'

One day I heard Ayshan exclaim with spirit to a newcomer who was scorning my unidiomatic endearments, '*Of course* no one else talks that way! She makes those names up for us. She pulls them right out of the love in her heart.' Anyone who could have heard her tone, without staying awake nights to compose new names, would have been, indeed, a poor stick.

I shall always cherish one Christmas day she immortalized for me. When

one is just as many miles away from home as it is possible to get on this globe, Christmas is apt to be, for the sentimental, a bitter occasion. In the middle of the morning of Ayshan's day, one hundred small, tinkling girls were seated cross-legged on the brick pavement of the school court, golden sunlight flowing round them like a blinding sea, parrots screaming in the trees beyond the wall. I had just finished distributing to the gaudy little rainbows a hundred dolls ordered with a grand disregard for expense accounts, when I became sickeningly aware that joy had turned to tragedy. In a flash I saw my terrible mistake: only half the dolls were fair-haired! The girls with the yellow-haired children were marveling over them, glowing, caressing them with mother-ecstasy; while those who had been given dark-haired children were blinking to keep back tears.

Surely no blunder but Balaclava equalled mine! I might have known that every child would want a fair baby, like the lovely English children who are occasionally carefully conducted through our street! The second I perceived this, one small child threw down her heart-breaking gift and stretched out on the floor, sobbing. Ayshan was nearest me; so, inspired verbally for once, I picked up her rejected child.

'What a nice baby she is!' I said to

her. 'Don't you think she looks like me?'

Almost before I had finished, her thin little face grew gay and proud.

'Oh!' she cried out to the girl next her, 'I don't think much of your faded doll. Look at mine! She's the color of the Miss Sahib!'

Instantly the sun burst out over the mourners. Mourners, did I say? Triumphant boasters, rather! They hugged their children with perfect satisfaction. But Ayshan gloried most. Did anyone dare to suggest before her loyal little face that the Miss Sahib had not the most beautiful hair in the world? She tolerated no such suggestion. The Anglo-Saxon mothers were so overcome by the sudden desirability of my complexion, that I had to defend them from her vaunting. If the dark-haired dolls were like me now, the fair-haired ones were exactly like me when I was a baby. And so, having restored hilarity to the heart of each parent, I sat down among the cooing little things, and taught their dolls tricks. It was a lovely morning that we had.

That night in bed I lay thinking of a place where very pleasant voices would be saying to children rehearsing the glories of the day, 'This is n't a *real* Christmas, you remember. It is n't *really* Christmas till Auntie gets home. And then — !' That was pain. Ayshan was its healing. I remembered her earnest little face. I heard her saying, 'I don't care. I love a doll like the Miss Sahib better than any other kind there is. I would n't have any other kind if they gave it to me!' After all, I meditated, where there are lovers like Ayshan, there are compensations for anything.

She must have been about ten at that time. During the next two years, being busy with foolish necessary things, I had far too little time to play in my school, and I saw her only occasionally. She

was always shabbily dressed, thin-faced, hollow-eyed, proud — much like the rest of the girls, except that she responded more eagerly to tenderness than any of them. I had only to say, in a certain tone, 'Well, Ayshan?' to make her face glow like a candle lighted. The third summer she left school because she was too big to come any longer, her family said; and anyway, they were making wedding arrangements for her.

I heard more of their plans for her, one day, when I was talking with an old woman who lived in one of the great windowless houses adjoining the hospital. Very seldom indeed she condescended to come to the clinic, but that morning she had slipped in to tell the doctor about the distressing symptoms of her pregnant daughter-in-law. 'Come over to see her,' she said to me, veiling herself as securely for the few steps to her home as if she had been going a day's journey. 'Her husband is marrying again, and she is very sad.'

So I went home with her, and we found the son's wife sitting on a low stool, embroidering. She started heavily to get up before I could beg her not to, and then had my chair put close by her side. When I was seated, she laid her arm on my knee and for a moment leaned against me. That was her only complaint. From a woman with a face like hers, so finely meagre in line, so perfectly controlled, there could be no common outcry. Then, because her hand on my knee said more than I could answer, I reached for the silk thing on her lap, and began, —

'How perfectly beautiful! Let me see it.'

Stretching it out before me, she showed me a *kurta* — a woman's garment, with a hole cut for the neck and an opening about eighteen inches deep down the front. Around this opening, which was faced with pale green, and around the bottom of the garment, she

had embroidered an exquisite pattern in gold and a little black.

'For his new wife,' she informed me, in a perfectly even voice.

'It's splendid of you, feeling as you do,' I said calmly. If her voice could hide its sorrow, mine could surely hide its pity. And, still looking closely at her work, I noticed that, on either side of the conventionalized pattern down the front, there were scattered irregularly, here and there, small gold flowers. I had seen something like this on garments before, and I said, — to speak safely, — 'This part of the design I never quite understood. What do you call it?' Each pattern has a lovely name in our town.

'Oh,' she said, in the same tone, 'if tears fall while you work, you cover the stains with that sort of little flowers.'

Thus does one stumble into tragedy. I was afraid to speak again, and I had no need to, for she went on, —

'You know her, I believe. She was in your school. Ayshan, the daughter of Khuda Baksh Khan — the one who lives in the quarter of the foreign well. She's quite young.'

'It's a perfectly senseless marriage,' exclaimed the mother-in-law. 'I never heard of anything so silly. No money in it, even.'

'The family sent me these,' the sad woman went on, showing me a pair of thick gold bracelets she was wearing, 'so I would be kind to her. They need not have troubled! Have I not daughters of my own? They say she's rather plain. What do you think?'

'She's just a little thing,' I assured her; 'just a nice little child, not especially good-looking. She's quiet. I don't think you'll have trouble with her.'

'I'm sure I won't,' she replied; 'very sure.'

For a long time she kept on sitting there, while the old woman scolded away about her son's folly.

I knew that as a young man he had been famous in the city for his business ability. When the first doctor was building the hospital, she turned to him repeatedly for help in difficulties, and for years he had bought her supply of fuel for the whole institution. But by the time the new doctor had come, he had drunk himself, not only useless, but perfectly disgusting. He was now perhaps sixty, and fat, with a red, leering face, and white hair and beard dyed red with henna — this gentleman who had bargained for Ayshan.

II

During the week of festivities which preceded the wedding, I was asked, one evening, to have dinner with Ayshan. Why her mother invited me, I don't know. Certainly she liked me no more than I liked her. She was a hard-faced woman with a mocking tongue. Perhaps she thought that, as her daughter was to live very near me, it was well to be civil. I accepted the invitation only because I knew it would make the children happy. And as I sat at dusk in the narrow verandah off the busy courtyard, and, remembering the sage who said that love digesteth all things, ate rich and spicy meats and rice, rich and sweet puddings, and suicidal sweets which the little girls set before me with disputing ceremony and excited laughter, I was very glad I had come. The virgins who rioted through the wedding gayety were all from my school — more than ten of them, all very foolish and giggling. We played together for a while as it grew darker, until, all at once, the women who had gathered on the roof above struck their little drums into throbbing life, and began their wedding songs.

We rushed upstairs — it would of course have been tragic to miss the music! The guests were seated on a

heavy carpet, in the starlight, and they made a place for me and the girls who crowded around me. Only a few of the women knew me, for which reason I noticed one after another stop and ask her neighbor who I was and why I was there. The musician was playing a little drum so unlike any I had seen, that for a little while I sat watching her as she thrummed out the tune on it.

When my eyes turned away from it, they met those of a little eight-year-old sitting by me, who shivered, and turned quietly away from me. Her expression aroused me. I began listening to the song, getting it word for word from the woman next to me. The more I understood, the angrier I got. I looked around at the small bits, and I saw at once that they had had no difficulty in understanding it. One by one they turned the thoughts in their eyes away from mine, in shame. It was a perfectly naked song, too hot and heavy for childhood, and it went on and on, to the crude and primitive passion of its rhythm, getting ranker all the time. I sat helplessly reflecting that this, and more like it, had been the only food for the small girls' minds for the week, and the cruelty of it made me boil. Was n't life ultimately to be complicated enough for these little women, without darkening them now, in their childhood, by its questions beyond solution? Ought they not to have a few days of innocence — of unconsciousness of its devastating satisfaction?

After what seemed like a long time, the singers came to the gross and noisy climax, and Ayshan's mother asked me how I liked the song — because she knew I did not like it.

I shrugged my shoulders.

'In my country,' I began, — a magic phrase, 'in my country,' — 'they do things differently.'

With one voice they exclaimed, 'Tell us how they marry in your country.'

'Well,' I said, 'where there is the religion of Jesus, there are no marriage-songs like that for little children. He forbids it. He said one day when there were children about him that it would be better to have a millstone tied about your neck' — in the room below there were two exhausting millstones — 'and to be cast into the river in flood than to teach songs like that to little girls.'

In the stillness that followed we could hear, from the swollen river a few steps away, great logs floated down from Himalayan forests thunder and boom as they crashed into one another in the whirling torrent.

Ayshan's mother shrugged her shoulders in return, and looked at the girls.

'Oh, well, anyway,' she said, 'they are n't children. All of them that are n't married this year, will be, next.'

This was not true. Some of them — the eight-year-old — might escape four, five, even six years yet.

Then another woman, sighing, uttered their wisdom thus: 'They must be made ready.'

After all, this was their feminine mercy. Since the prowling lust of the world made it impossible for their daughters to remain unmarried, it was the mothers' part to see that marriage was made, if not desirable, at least tolerable. I got their only possible point of view. It made me sick.

We talked for a while about American marriages — of grown women (just fancy!); of a country where grown girls dare to remain unmarried; and of strong babies. This was a mild diet for small brides after what they had been having.

Ayshan led me down to the door when I came away, and there she seized upon me.

'Miss Sahib,' she cried, 'take me with you. Let me go away! I will work like your servants — I will be a sweeper — an outcast — a Christian. Take me away — I am afraid! Let me go with you —'

Oh, I wish one of the wise women of the world might have had to stand there — one of those who, knowing her way so perfectly through life, lives unperplexed. What could I say to the child? There was no way by which she could escape this marriage, since Indian girls are not old enough to decide whether or not they will marry until long after they are married; such is the wisdom of that blind nation now raving about self-government. If I had argued with her that the marriage to this drunken old man she had never seen was unnatural, it would only have added to her terror.

I said, comforting her, 'My dear, it will be all right. Don't worry about the other wife. She is a kind woman. And such a lovely house — you will live just near me —'

She cried out, 'Oh, I thought English people never told lies!'

After that, she never trusted me again.

Without much noise or many lights, or feasts and singing, they brought her at once to her husband's home to live, a month after the other wife's fourth baby was born. It scarcely could have been a joyful home-coming, for the house was filled with women who slipped sadly out and in the room where the prostrate mother lay dying. I have often wondered how the two women met — whether the watchers decked out the shrunken one in shining veils, and bolstered her up to see the new wife; whether with her last gasps she gave the child the silk garment embroidered with the pattern of tears. I only know what the women said and what Ayshan heard on every hand every day until the long mourning was over. They believed what I believed, and what I think the doctor believed, although she never would say so — that the woman died of a broken heart. She was not the first woman I have seen sicken and die because she wanted

to die. The girl knew that the husband said it was a stubborn and inconsiderate death, interrupting his honeymoon. She knew that every accent of the death-song, every tear shed by her friends, all the deep sighs, cried out against the world's injustice to women. They all said, — some bitterly, some with resignation, — 'It's our luck. We're only women.' She understood now exactly how much she was worth to the man, and how little.

She had almost nothing to do when the mourning was over. The old mother-in-law cared for the baby till it died, and managed the large household. The family consisted normally of the husband, Ayshan, and the mother-in-law, two half-grown sons of the dead wife — his second one — and her little daughter, two decrepit aunts, and two woman servants. Besides these, the husband had a son and a daughter by his first wife, both of whom were married and away from home.

Once, after her marriage, I saw her playing dolls happily with her little step-daughter. She had put a new cloth head on a doll she had got in school, and she had made it yarn hair, and plaited it wonderfully. But after that day, although I dare say she often played, I never happened to see her happy in that little-girl way again. I watched her grow up without one of those things girls need to make them beautiful. She was shut within four walls, with nothing to do, nothing to learn, no one to admire — all the treasures of her tenderness locked away. She grew sullen and pert.

One morning, when I was trying to induce her to go on studying, her husband called to her from a doorway, 'Get me my coat.'

He was a gurgling old beast.

She replied without moving, 'Get it yourself.'

I had never heard an Indian woman

speak to a husband in that tone of voice. She saw my surprise. 'Don't worry,' she said bitterly. 'He won't strike me. He's not that kind. He's loving —' And that morning, as we talked, she cried scornfully, 'Yes! Scarcely as much prized as an old pair of shoes are we women. When we're scuffed a bit — throw them away — get a new pair —'

Common talk, that, in our city. She could not escape it, I suppose. She was bored beyond words with life. She would learn nothing.

III

Then, suddenly, the summer she was sixteen, she woke up.

She sent for me and gayly demanded to be taught English. I got her a teacher and she learned eagerly. I took it for granted that it was the company in the house that was arousing her, because her oldest step-daughter, with her two little boys, was home for a long visit, and her oldest step-son's wife, a very charming girl, was there too, with a baby. Besides, the oldest son of the second wife was soon to be married. Naturally, all this excitement made her happy, I thought, really thinking very little about it.

Now it happened that about ten o'clock one hot summer evening, as I was coming home with an old watchman from a teacher's whose baby was ill, I passed the house in which Ayshan lived, and met in front of it an extraordinary old cross-eyed servant of hers, wheeling the visiting grandchildren of the house back and forth in a rather dilapidated baby-carriage. She was an irresistible old thing. I had to stop to exchange greetings with her.

'Go on into the house a while,' she said. 'They want to see you.'

'Likely,' I said, 'at this time of night.'

She continued to urge me. 'The men are all away, every one. There's a great party to-night at Rajah Inayat Uhlah Khan's. They won't be home for hours.'

So, impulsively, I went in. I ought not to have gone. It is n't done at that hour. However, I found the old mother in the first-floor court, massaging her married granddaughter.

'She's had fever all day,' she explained to me. 'And so have I.'

I saw she was feeling wretched.

'Are the others on the roof?' I asked.

She answered earnestly, excitedly, 'Ayshan's there. Do go up.'

So I climbed the steep stairs — to a very great surprise.

Through the open door at the top of the stairway, I saw Ayshan, sitting on a cot, cuddled down in the arms of a man.

They saw me, and rose; and speaking most deferentially in English, he passed me and disappeared down the stairs. It was her husband's oldest son. There she stood; at least, there stood someone — I was n't sure it was Ayshan. It must all have been a trick of the moonlight, and the mist — only there was no mist. Anyway, there was shining around her white draperies a light, a great halo.

'Come in, Miss Sahib,' she cried. 'Oh, come in!'

Her voice, too, was strange. It had its halo.

She came up to me. I turned her toward the moon. I saw it was Ayshan, but her face was new — I can't describe its glory. Even the jasmine at her ears and throat was shining. She hid her head on my shoulder, and said, — in that voice, — 'O Miss Sahib!'

I was too amazed to know what to say. I stammered out, —

'Why, Ayshan, my dear child, are you perfectly crazy? Who is that?'

She answered — her words dancing, 'Oh, that's my son — my son.'

I stood staring at her, and she said, 'Oh, I did n't know there was anything in the world like this. I wanted someone to tell it to!'

I burst out, — from the depths of my fear for her, — 'You need n't bother to tell anyone. They must all know. Your mother-in-law might have come up instead of me. She would have come more quietly. His wife might have come — anyone might have! They will find out and tell your husband. He'll kill you for this, Ayshan, and you know it. He'll take no explanation.'

'It's safe enough,' she answered, glowing. 'Is he not my son? And anyway, we've never been caught yet.'

'Why is n't he at the party with the others?' I demanded, hating the abominable lithe beauty of his youth.

'He was n't well enough,' she answered. Then, dazzling me, she cried, 'And I used to hate being a woman. But it's sweet now, since he has come.'

'Oh!' I exclaimed, 'he *tells* you it's safe. *He* won't be the one who will die for it. Don't you remember what happened to Phul — of your own caste? This house so full of people!'

Her manner changed, and she said with a sort of desperation, —

'I don't care for a minute whether it's dangerous or not. I don't care a bit if I do die for it. It's worth dying for. Ah, he loves me so! No one else loved me like that. I say to you that in his very voice there is love when he speaks to me.'

'I have no doubt he loves generally,' I retorted. 'Oh, my dear, he is not worth this!'

'He never loves anyone but me,' she replied, delighting even in the sound of the words. 'Oh, I am going away with him — I am going to be with him forever — forever!'

I was so sorry that joy had come to her in this fatal way that I felt as if I could die to make her happy. Some-

times dying for others seems easy. I was so sure of what she was going to pay for this that I smelled pools of blood. I could see her, lying kicked into a corner — crushed, broken. But I might as well have tried frightening a spring morning.

When I saw I could not appeal to her fear, I tried to appeal to her honor. I had not done this at first, because I had not thought of it. Where all things are so fundamentally wrong as they are in our city, the idea of honor can be only an afterthought or an accident. I sat down beside her, and told her a story. It moved her through and through. When I had finished, she cried, —

'Oh, but that's not true! Nobody ever did that — to give her love up because it wronged someone else. Why, we would *die* doing that.'

'Some people never cease dying,' I told her. 'For some the world arranges it so that the only choice left them is continual unconquered dying, and rotting life. That's the way life is. Dying with honor — or living with rottenness. Think of his wife, Ayshan. She's your friend. She's your guest. Where is she now?'

'She's gone home,' she answered. 'She need n't mind. What did she expect when she married him? If it was n't me, it would be someone else.'

'And honor lasts so long,' I told her. 'As long as you lived, you would remember, in your heart, alone, that even though it cost you your happiness, you chose the high way of living — for some unknown reason you chose right. You'd have a fountain of amazement within you that you could do the beautiful thing; you would be proud of yourself.'

But she chanted, 'Oh, no, I would n't do that for *my* sake. Nothing for *my* sake. It's for him. He needs me. If I should go home to my mother's,

as you suggest, he would be lonely. I could n't make him lonely. You don't understand. It is for him!'

I had finally to come away, in a rage of helplessness, and leave her to her fate. And she was only sixteen — sixteen!

I was unable to get to sleep that night. In the hot, still moonlight, I lay on my bed on the roof, and thought about the girl. I knew now why she had waked up. I understood how naturally it had all come about — that perfect young animal confined to the house, ill, or feigning illness, and Ayshan serving him unveiled, because in the eyes of the law she was his mother. How differently the eyes of youth see things! How amused he must have been, if he was at all an artist, to see her pale little face transformed by his glances, grateful, no doubt, at first, then admiring, confessing, confusing, entreating glances, wooing a girl who had been appropriated but not wooed before, compelled, but not entreated. Could anyone expect a girl brought up on wedding songs to resist such an appeal?

I remembered, smiling, the summer I was seventeen — a beloved long white dimity, covered with little white ruffles; all the men I had loved that summer, — the one who read me Whitman would never lend me the book; it was a long time before I knew why, — a group of lads who stopped their story suddenly when I joined them and grasped about for new subjects. I remembered that, from Ayshan's babyhood, no one had ever refrained from saying anything in her presence because she was a girl. I recalled with benediction many things about the men of that summer. The only reason I did not pray all that night for blessings on them was because I could not think of anything good enough for God to give them.

Very late at night the returning revelers came singing down the street. They stood shouting to Ayshan's husband after he had turned into his street to go home. Would he learn the secret of his house that night? Would he purge his shame away before morning? I listened to every sound. Had the servant insisted on my going in because she knew where Ayshan was just then? Did the old mother for that reason urge me to go to the roof? Why had his wife gone home? Because she knew? Did the big stepsons know? How could they help knowing? Which one, being angry with the little wife, would call down death upon her? I listened and listened.

Every night that summer when I went to sleep, I expected to be wakened suddenly by the death-wail from that house. Every time I wakened, startled, I listened in that direction. One night there was a shrill cry down the street. I thought the watchman would never come back with his report about it. It was only another little child dead of the heat. I went on dreading.

IV

Even then I never imagined how horrible her fate was to be. The weeks wore into months and I heard no news from that house. I shrank from going near it. One grows tired hovering forever upon the outskirts of murder.

Then, one day, when I was giving a knitting lesson to a woman in that street, I heard Ayshan's little stepdaughter telling a story to two women who sat in a verandah near me. This child was so young that her baby teeth had fallen out, and her second teeth had not yet come in. There she sat, a round-faced little thing in a vividly red veil. She was saying, —

'They quarreled terribly and my father ordered him out of the house.

Of course, she belonged to my father first, and that's why brother did it. They're always fighting anyway — about his mother's money—'

'Are n't you ashamed to tell such things about your own people — a little thing like you?' chided one of the women. 'But go on. Did she go with him?'

'Of course!' said the child pertly. 'That's why my father was so furious. My brother — Well, you know, I suppose he thought it was time for a new woman.'

'Do I purl now?' asked my pupil.

I scarcely could tell. I wanted to know how Ayshan had gone away with her 'son,' and when, and where. How had I not known it before? I waited a long time, till the child went home, and then I carelessly asked the women.

They told me it was a Pathan dancing-girl the son had stolen away from his father. About her the fight had waxed hot.

Ayshan — so soon rejected — they had not even quarreled about! Ayshan, the fashion of whose countenance love had transfigured. Her dream was over. With her face, at least, the moon would never again be able to do *that* trick. After all, a very common story, not even deserving exclamation points.

I was puzzled at the time that the intrigue was never uncovered to the master of the house. Since then I have known of more perilous secrets kept, of swords hung by stretched hairs for years.

Naturally I stayed away from that house for months, not being able to endure the sight of her humiliation. After I had been repeatedly sent for, I did go, because I was sure she was visiting her mother. But she was not. It was all as painful as it could possibly be, because the old mother, seemingly so guileless, either through chance or through maliciousness, would talk of nothing but her grandson. It appeared he and his father had been estranged for a long time, about a woman, — had I heard of it? — but now the son was making offers of peace. He had sent gifts to all the family.

'Show her the veils he sent us,' she said to Ayshan.

'What's the use?' she inquired. Every mention of his name made her flinch — she was thinking of that night.

'Do as I tell you,' ordered the head of the house.

Ayshan got up and went to a chest in an adjoining room. She brought them back and tossed them down on a cot beside me.

'Cheap stuff,' she said.

I unfolded the lovely things of jade and rose and budding violet. The old mother lifted her eyebrows to say to me, 'Of course, she was used to better ones in her own home.'

I glanced covertly at the girl. She was faded and sullen and untidy and hard. For the first time I noticed how like her mother she was. Her love was all plundered, her loyalty outraged.

'Cheap stuff,' she repeated.

AN ECHO FROM HORACE

*Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est.*

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

TAKE away the dancing-girls, quench the lights, remove
Golden cups and garlands sere, all the feast; away
Lutes and lyres and Lalage; close the gates, above
Write upon the lintel this: *Time is done for play!*
Thou hast had thy fill of love, eaten, drunk; the show
Ends at last, — 't was long enough, — time it is to go.

Thou hast played—ah! heart, how long! Past all count were they—
Girls of gold and ivory, bosomed deep, all snow,
Leopard-swift, and velvet-loined, bronze for hair, mild clay
Turning at a touch to flame, tense as a strung bow;
Cruel as the circling hawk, tame at last as dove:
Thou hast had thy fill and more than enough of love.

Thou hast eaten peacocks' tongues, fed thy carp with slaves,
Nests of Asiatic birds, brought from far Cathay,
Umbrian boars, and mullet roes, snatched from stormy waves,
Half thy father's lands have gone one strange meal to pay;
For a morsel on thy plate ravished sea and shore;
Thou hast eaten, 't is enough — thou shalt eat no more.

Thou hast drunk—how hast thou drunk! mighty vats, whole seas,
Vineyards purpling half a world turned to gold thy throat,
Falernian, true Massic, the gods' own vintages,
Lakes thou swallowed, deep enough galleys tall to float;
Wildness, wonder, wisdom, all, drunkenness divine,
All that dreams within the grape, madness, too, were thine.

Time it is to go and sleep — draw the curtains close —

Tender strings shall lure thee still — mellow flutes be blown,

Still the spring shall shower down on thy couch the rose,

Still the laurels crown your head where you dream alone.

Thou didst play, and thou didst eat, thou hast drunken deep:

Time at last it is to go, time it is to sleep.

THE FUEL PROBLEM

BY ARTHUR D. LITTLE

I

IN its recent and personal aspect the fuel problem presents itself to most of us in two equally difficult phases: first, how to obtain the coal we need; and, second, how to pay for it after we get it. No longer may we rely upon the woodlot behind the barn for adequate reserves of fuel; the driftwood fire 'built of the wrecks of stranded ships' has become only a poetic memory.

We now depend on coal, and the poetry has departed. No author has descried the cricket on the register, nor has even *vers libre* as yet identified itself with the gas-log or the radiator.

'For altar and hearth' was the cry of the Roman legions; but the home-fires that our own soldiers urged us in song to keep burning are of a very different sort. The ancient civilizations were based upon slavery, or sustained, like that of Rome, by conquest and resulting tribute. The many labored to no other end than to provide leisure and luxury for the few. For power they relied on human muscles; but wheat or corn or bacon burned in the human

engine is an expensive form of fuel. Our civilization is built on coal. It has much of coal's murkiness and grime. It has, nevertheless, developed a complex industrialism based on power, which, utilized through the agency of machines, multiplies many times the productive capacity of the individual. Whether a coal civilization is upon the whole better than the man-power civilization, which Thomas Jefferson so ardently prayed might persist in America, is perhaps more open to question than we realize; it is certainly more debatable than we admit; but, for better, for worse, here it is, and it is here to stay. We have long passed the time when, as Dr. Johnson said, 'Four good wants ought to last a man a year.' The industries that we created to meet our relatively simple wants feed and develop on the new wants which they themselves create. They have thus grown, until they dominate our civilization; but, as pointed out by Gilbert, it is a curious and pathetic anomaly that the two most basic industries in the United

States, food-production and the coal industry, are the most inefficiently organized of them all.

In the United States the enormous increase within our memory in the production of basic products gives spectacular testimony of the rate of our industrial growth. In 1870, we produced 1,600,000 tons of iron; in 1919, 30,000,000 tons. Our coal output, which was then 33,000,000 tons, is now approaching 700,000,000. We mined, in 1870, 28,000,000 pounds of copper; in 1919, 1,289,000,000; while our per-capita consumption of petroleum, which was .016 barrel in 1860 and only .83 in 1900, has, during twenty years, jumped to three-and-a-half barrels.

These figures are significant only as one is able to visualize the ramifications of industry into which these basic products enter. The textile and paper mills, the steel works, the electrical manufactures and the diversified distribution and influence of their products, the gas-works, the automobile industry, the countless factories which pour their product into the market — to each and every one of these the fuel problem is a problem of the first magnitude; for without fuel, or its equivalent in energy, they cannot turn a wheel.

With more than half of the world's coal reserves within the area of the United States, we have permitted a situation to develop which has involved shortage at the mines, with the miners on strike or 'on vacation,' famine at consuming points, embargoes, priority rulings, and the complexities and inhibitions of fuel administration by the state.

Nor are we alone in our difficulties: the problem is world-wide. The industries of France are starving for coal, while Germany resists all efforts to compel promised deliveries. Italy finds her national life imperiled; Portugal is on the verge of a coal-famine; Scandina-

via and the Argentine bid frantically; while Britain, exporting at outrageous prices, is threatened with a general strike and nationalization of the mines. A recent news item states that at Blantyre, near Glasgow, the officials have been bluntly told that seizure of the coal-pits is imminent, and that the men propose to establish a soviet system of mine-control. Meanwhile the British coal output has shrunk 47,000,000 tons, or 16 per cent.

The situation is due, of course, to the converging influence of many factors, not all of which find their origin in the war. There is a noticeable shortage of men at the bituminous mines, and there is a serious shortage of coal-cars. The men work little more than half the time. They show a broad catholicity in the observance of church holy days, whether it is their own church that celebrates, or some other. With winter upon us the anthracite miners take a vacation, and this curtails output by 3,500,000 tons. Water-shipments to New England have been hampered, or interrupted, during most of the summer by labor troubles at the piers, which may have had no nearer cause than a hunger strike in Brixton prison or the failure of an archbishop to land in Ireland.

Concurrently with the gradual and general breakdown of rail-transportation services has come the building up of an enormous increase in the demand for power, which, nevertheless, is so inefficiently distributed and utilized that, in the densest industrial section of the country, the average load-factor is only 15 per cent, where it might well be 60. We may expect no cessation in the development of this demand for power, because only by rendering available to the individual worker larger and larger units of power, may we hope measurably to satisfy the insistent demands of labor.

The increased cost of coal has probably imposed an annual tax upon the American householder of not less than \$600,000,000 in direct charges, and has been the cause of much acute suffering in the households of the poor. An indeterminate, but probably far greater, additional burden has resulted from higher manufacturing costs, and delayed production due to failures in coal-deliveries. The industries consume more than 30 per cent of all the coal we mine, and in many cases of bulk-production the amount of coal consumed is greater than the weight of product. A ton of paper, for example, requires for its manufacture two tons of coal. Moreover, the fuel problem bears a very direct relation to the housing problem, since great quantities of coal are required for burning lime, cement, and brick, and for smelting and working the iron and steel that enter so largely into construction. In other important industries, like the manufacture of gas and coke, calcium carbide for acetylene, and for the nitrogenous fertilizer cyanamide, as also in many metallurgical operations, coal functions as an essential raw material, which enters directly, or as coke, into the reactions of the process.

About a quarter of our total coal-production, or 153,000,000 tons, is used, and used wastefully, by our railroads. The steam locomotive, with its varying load and frequent periods of idleness, is not an efficient unit of power-generation. Moreover, about a third of the freight tonnage of the railroads consists of coal. Obviously, therefore, a very pressing phase of the fuel problem is that which concerns the railroads. It can be met only by lifting the general load-factor of our industrial communities, while at the same time, wherever possible, transmitting electrical energy or distributing high-pressure gas, instead of transporting coal.

Sir William Crookes, toward the close of a phenomenally long life, summed up his experience by saying, 'Whatever happens makes for progress.' If we can accept his conclusion, we may even reconcile ourselves to the present high level of coal prices, since they seem altogether likely to lead to the adoption of methods long in common practice abroad for the utilization of low-grade fuels; the far wider use of producer gas from coke, peat, lignite, and high-ash mine refuse; the expansion of the coal-gas industry with recovery of chemical values; and, finally, to the production and general use for city fuel of artificial anthracite, which permits the same recovery. We commonly think first of coal in terms of its heating values, and some of us stop there. Most of us recognize that its energy values as applied to power-development are of at least equal importance, but comparatively few realize the significance of the chemical values in coal.

Obviously, there should be a way for the home to get its fuel more cheaply, when a ton of coal, costing in 1915 about one dollar at the mine, contains about fifteen dollars' worth (at 1915 prices) of commodities useful to society. These are, —

1400 pounds of smokeless fuel . . .	\$4.67
10000 cubic feet of gas, at 90c . . .	9.00
25 pounds ammonia sulphate, at 2.8c . . .	.70
1½ gallons benzol, at 26c . . .	.39
9 gallons tar, at 2.6c . . .	.23
	\$14.99

The way to get these values generally out of coal lies, according to Gilbert, in the development of artificial anthracite. Another way would seem to be through the establishment of great super-gas plants, and the distribution, over a considerable radius, of high-pressure gas for industrial purposes. Such distribution does not seem to lend itself to domestic heating, by reason

of the enormous fluctuation in the demand, with temperature variations.

The smallness of the anthracite field, which, by the way, now contains only about 190 tons per capita, has favored a closeness of control under which effective mining methods have been developed in spite of laws opposing the means to that end. Bituminous coal, of which we have vast reserves estimated at 15,000 tons for each inhabitant of our country, fails, nevertheless, to meet its obligations, because of the competitive manner in which it is mined, the unnecessary extent to which it is transported, and the improper way in which it is used. It is a necessity, which cannot be produced advantageously under competitive operation. Integrated mining will reduce waste, stabilize production, and hold the centres of production longer than otherwise to their present spots, to the advantage of distribution; but to reduce the price to the consumer, we must change our methods of use and recover other values than mere heat value. As it is, we have a public policy hostile to combination, and no methods of storage; so that we can mine only when cars are available. The companies are scattered and unorganized, while many are small and financially weak. The price at the mine has in the past been so low that only thick seams could be worked. The industry is hampered by the restrictions of the miners, and subject to the derangements resulting from a fluctuating demand and seasonal variation.

These conclusions, which have been strikingly emphasized by Gilbert and Pogue, and many other facts and tendencies, point to a very real danger of the ultimate nationalization of coal, petroleum, and perhaps other basic resources. Such a prospect can be regarded with equanimity only when we have been able to secure a far higher level of efficiency in the conduct of pub-

lic affairs. Not only must we demand vision in our public men, but we must demand a public policy based on vision and directed toward the coördinated development of the resources of our estate.

The present spectacular boom in oil; the feverish search throughout the world for new producing fields; the immediate shortage in our own supply and the impending exhaustion of our oil reserves; the new oil-burning navies and merchant fleets; the extending use of fuel oil by railroads and the industries; the enforced economy in the employment of gas-oil for carburetting water-gas; the flood of gasoline required to drive automobiles, trucks, tractors, power-boats, and aeroplanes, and its soaring price — all bear witness that the fuel problem is not confined to coal. The internal-combustion engine, by reason of its efficiency, convenience, and compactness, has brought us to the verge of another industrial revolution, which may yet prove to be as far-reaching in its effects as the one which derived so much of its impetus from coal. Already it has resulted in the development of a new and most pervasive system of transportation, dependent upon petroleum and insistent in its demand for better roads. It supports scores of new industries, drains the labor market, profoundly affects real-estate values, upsets the economy of households, and conducts its operations on such a scale of magnitude that two per cent of the American people are said to be dependent upon the activities of a single manufacturer of motor-cars.

Our aspirations for an over-seas commerce under the American flag involve the assurance of a supply of fuel oil, since four ships burning oil will do the work of five propelled by coal. Fuel oil, according to Lord Fisher, increases the strength of the British Navy 33 per cent; and, partly because of

its remarkable adaptability to service, partly because of its greater efficiency, it is generally recognized as far superior to coal as fuel. It generates in practice nearly double the British thermal unit per pound consumed. None the less, its general use as fuel can be regarded only as an economic crime, in view of its other and greater potential values and the limitation of supply. Its price is bound to rise to a point prohibitive for ordinary fuel uses. In the Diesel engine its capacity for doing work is multiplied by three, and one ton of oil is equivalent in effective power to four tons of coal.

Meanwhile, the demand for fuel oil is increasing at an unprecedented rate, under the stimulus of an aggressive campaign by the oil companies, whose stocks had begun to accumulate in disconcerting volume with the termination of the war. The programme of the Shipping Board will soon require an annual supply of 60,000,000 barrels, for much of which we must depend on Mexico. Already the price has reached a point that has led the navy, in several instances, to seize supplies held at figures that it refused to pay.

More than 90 per cent of all the automobiles in the world are in the United States. It is estimated that their number in 1921 will reach 10,000,000, without including motor-trucks or tractors. We consume to-day about 120,000,000 barrels of gasoline and 7,200,000 barrels of motor-oil a year, and are called upon to contemplate a requirement of 250,000,000 barrels of gasoline, by the automobile industry alone, within fifteen years. There is small justification for the hope that we can get it. There is no general substitute in sight that promises to be available in adequate amount, although both alcohol and benzol function admirably as motor-fuel. The Geological Survey estimates that the oil resources

of the country are more than 40 per cent exhausted. In 1870 we mined 5,000,000 barrels. In 1919 our production was 378,000,000. The 60 per cent reserves represent what is left in spite of our utmost endeavors to get it out. It totals something like six and a half billion barrels, on which we may hope to draw at our present rate of consumption for about sixteen years. That is a short time in which to develop a substitute for 250,000,000 barrels of gasoline, even if the possibility and means of such development were in sight. Requa foresees a demand for 900,000,000 barrels of petroleum in 1930; and it is not surprising that he regards it as a quantity which the oil territory of the United States is probably incapable of supplying.

With our domestic yield representing two thirds of the entire petroleum output, and with a consumption within the United States of one half of all petroleum values produced, it is not surprising that nations, corporations, and individuals are engaged in a desperate search for petroleum, which extends to the remotest corners of the earth. It is indeed the Day of Petroleum, but no one knows the time o' day.

Vast quantities of gasoline have in the past been allowed to escape with natural gas, the waste of which has been as high as a billion feet a day. In 1900, in West Virginia, in only two counties, over half a billion feet were lost every twenty-four hours. Several ingenious processes are now employed to recover gasoline at the casing head of gas-wells. The quantity obtained from this source was about 12,000,000 barrels in 1919. It is an important contribution, but without real bearing on the general situation; and our reserves of gas are failing.

These wastes of natural gas, which is an ideal fuel, and the losses and maladjustments which attend the orgy of

petroleum production, again afford glaring examples of the need of a constructive national policy for the development of our resources; but no such policy was outlined by either presidential candidate in the late campaign. So long as ownership of portions of a common reservoir of oil is determined by vertical boundaries, each owner can hope to secure his own only by getting it before his neighbor. The result is necessarily hurried, unregulated, and wasteful production.

The hope has been held out that, as our oil reserves fail to meet the increasing demands upon them, the burden can be shifted to the vast deposits of oil-shale in the Middle West, notably in Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, and southwestern Indiana. These deposits in Colorado alone are estimated to contain not less than twenty billion tons of shale, much of which yields upon distillation a barrel of oil per ton. Much leaner shales have been profitably treated for many years in Scotland, though the industry is now said to be jeopardized by the competition of Persian and Egyptian oil. Unfortunately, the Scotch methods of operation do not seem to lend themselves to the treatment of our American shales, from which the large-scale production of oil presents industrial problems of the first magnitude. These problems are in fact so great, and so remote from solution, that no relief from shale in the near future can reasonably be expected. We shall undoubtedly some day have an oil-shale industry of vast proportions; but it is well to realize that, before it can carry the burden of responsibility now borne by oil, we must develop mining operations upon a scale at least equal to our present effort in mining coal, and must superimpose upon these operations a great transportation system, and a refinery capacity of the order of that now serving

petroleum. It may well employ a million men, and its operations will build up mountains of waste beside which the anthracite culm piles will look like hillocks.

In peat and lignite we have other great reserves of fuel, as yet untouched. The peat deposits of the country are estimated at fourteen billion tons, most of which is in the eastern states along the Atlantic seaboard. New England, which is now dependent upon the delays and hazards of rail and water transportation for its fuel, is especially rich in peat, which it does not know how to use. In Boston we shivered through the rigors of last winter, and endured the hardships of a protracted coal-famine, while great beds of peat remained untouched around us. The basic problem of peat-production remains that of harvesting, which is often complicated by a mass of interweaving roots in the overburden; and there is still the difficulty, due to its colloidal character, of drying peat, which commonly contains from 80 to 90 per cent of water. Much admirable work has been done, nevertheless, in the direction of peat-utilization. On the dry basis it has rather more than half the heating power of the best coal (8500 B.t.u.), and in some instances has equaled coal in economy when burned under boilers. As amply demonstrated in Germany and Canada, it yields its best return in gas-producers, with recovery of ammonia as sulphate. With beds averaging 2 per cent in nitrogen, power-gas has been produced from peat at nominal or negligible cost.

Our supply of lignitic coals exceeds our total bituminous reserves by 33 per cent, and amounts to some 20,000 tons per capita. It is far more available at once than peat. The Bureau of Mines has shown that one ton of dry lignite yields from 8000 to 10,000 feet of gas, 17 pounds of ammonium sulphate,

one gallon of oil, 50 gallons of tar, and one half to two thirds of a ton of carbon residue, convertible into briquettes approaching the value of anthracite. Lignite, when mined, has the disadvantage of powdering in the process of drying and weathering; but used as powdered coal, it undergoes very complete combustion and gives high efficiencies. For domestic and general purposes it needs only to be briquetted after carbonizing, with recovery of by-products, and is thus potentially one of our most valuable fuel reserves and one upon which we are likely soon to draw. There are, for example, great lignite deposits in Texas, which, like the whole of the Southwest, is now entirely dependent on a failing oil-supply for fuel.

A shocking proportion of the values in our fuel is now lost through preventable wastes. We have wasted more natural gas than we have used. A recent British critic estimated that indiscriminate drilling and inefficient work has resulted in the loss of over 50 per cent of our potential petroleum production. The wastes, not all of them preventable, in our mining of coal approach the same order of proportionate magnitude. The absurdly low average load-factor carried in our industries, the great excess of air commonly supplied in burning coal, and the inefficiency of the locomotive as a 24-hour power-plant, all add heavily to the burden of waste we carry.

For metallurgical purposes we coke about 80,000,000 tons of coal a year; but only half of this is coked in by-product ovens, in spite of the stimulus to their development afforded by the war. The other 40,000,000 tons are still coked in crude beehive ovens, with complete loss of gas and chemical values. Thus we still waste prodigally the ammonia required by our agriculture; tar and oils available for waterproofing, road-mak-

ing, and wood-preservation; benzol, toluol, aniline, anthracene, and naphthaline, the basic raw materials for dye-stuffs and explosives industries, and for countless synthetic products of widely diversified usefulness.

Anyone who has seen a great battery of boilers fired by natural gas must have been impressed by the ease and flexibility of control, the steady maintenance of steam-pressure, the absence of smoke, the cleanliness of the equipment and surroundings, and the minimum of manual effort required for these results. This remarkable adaptability to the requirements of service makes gas an ideal fuel for most industrial and domestic purposes. Our annual consumption of natural gas is around six hundred billion cubic feet, which is probably twice the volume produced by all the gas-works and coke-ovens in the country. This includes coal-gas from the destructive distillation of coal, water-gas made by the reaction of steam on incandescent coke, and producer-gas, which is the result of the complete gasification of coal under the action of a mixture of air and steam. In our development of the gas industry we may still learn from the British, with whom coal-gas originated, and who are now demonstrating the economic advantages of lower heating values. Our smaller municipal gas-plants are too often antiquated organizations, without vision, and far from realizing, either in their present practice or in their preparation for the future, the possibilities of the industry. They are, therefore, not likely to initiate, and are poorly equipped to meet the revolutionary developments which seem to be impending. They are confronted with higher manufacturing costs, due to dearer coal, labor, and money. They are being rapidly shut off from the supplies of gas-oil required for the enrichment of the relatively cheap water-gas.

A forced return to coal-gas seems inevitable, if present standards of quality are to be maintained, though the immediate tendency is toward combination processes involving the complete gasification of the coal. Meanwhile, a general advance in rates is in effect.

Looking to the future, there is obvious need of a more flexible method of manufacture and a wider range of products. The utilization of the gas itself is still relatively undeveloped, but the gas-engine, the new methods of surface-combustion, the range and convenience of high-pressure gas, and many other factors, point to a great expansion in the industrial use of gas. Similarly, the progress made in the low-temperature distillation of coal and the remarkable results already attained point to the ultimate city gas-plant as one designed to receive the raw coal required by the community, and to produce therefrom gas, artificial anthracite, oils, motor-fuels, and alcohol from ethylene, concurrently with the recovery of the benzol, tar, and ammonia now lost when the community burns raw coal. In fact, coal is the only resource in sight available in sufficient quantity to serve as raw material on which to base a method for the production of fuel-oils and motor-fuel in quantities adequate to meet the ultimate demand. It devolves upon chemistry to develop such a method, and, when developed, the place for the method is in the gas-works. Very significantly, the yields of oils obtainable from coal by carbonization have almost doubled since 1918.

But the gas-works are not alone involved in the impending revolution in our use of fuel. Powdered coal combines many of the advantages of gas with many of those of oil. It is highly efficient, easily controlled, and, perhaps best of all, permits the effective use of low-grade coals, culm, and lig-

nite. A more recent development is colloidal fuel, composed of an emulsion of powdered coal and fuel-oil. The usual proportions are 40 per cent coal, 59 per cent oil, and one per cent of a *fixateur* to ensure the stability of the emulsion. Colloidal fuel remains in the liquid state, can be stored and pumped like oil, and burned in the usual oil-burners. Its chief present importance lies in the fact that it conserves and extends the supply of fuel-oil.

III

We sometimes call the period in which we are living the Age of Electricity, whereas it is really the adolescence of electricity. We mine, transport, and distribute nearly 700,000,000 tons of coal, when what we really want at the delivery points are heat and light and power. We ask for energy and are given a stone. The transportation of energy and its delivery to our homes and factories and along our railroad lines have just begun. In its extension on a scale vastly greater than anything we have known lies the hope of solving our fuel problem. We have come to the day of super-gas-works and super-power-plants, high-pressure distribution of gas, and common-carrier transmission lines for electric energy.

Electricity has already become the most effective servant in the house. At the turning of a button, it floods our rooms with light; it is not above doing a little cooking; it runs the vacuum cleaner, the sewing-machine, the dumb waiter, and the pianola. It heats the curling tongs and the flatiron, and may even be persuaded to replace the iceman at the refrigerator door. It is a prompt and willing messenger. The farmer who, in response to the revolt of mother, installs an electric pump, soon finds that mother's labor at the old pump-handle was worth only one

half-cent an hour. Some indication of what these integrated services cost in power may be found in a recent order for one million electric washing-machines, each of one kilowatt capacity. A million kilowatts is interesting to any central-station manager.

The well-recognized relation of water power to fuel is expressed in the popular phrase, 'white coal.' The present production of hydro-electric power in the United States is roughly equivalent to 40,000,000 tons of coal; whereas nearly ten times that amount is used in the generation of steam power and carbo-electric power. In densely populated districts as much as one quarter of the coal-fired power is often devoted to the generation of electricity. Generally speaking, however, our public electrical utilities even now probably consume not more than 7 per cent of our total output of coal. The large unit applications of electricity to the industries are, nevertheless, rapidly extending. These applications involve not only the turning of wheels. More and more generally are great installations being devoted to the processes of electro-chemistry and electro-metallurgy, to the production of bleach and alkali, carbide and acetylene, fertilizer, abrasives, aluminum, magnesium, special steels, and other basic products of the decomposing cell and the electric furnace. We have hardly begun to make electric steel, but the world already devotes some nine hundred million kilowatt hours of energy to its production.

The results obtained through the complete or partial electrification of a few of our railroads have amply demonstrated that the electric locomotive, in every variety of railroad service, does its work always as well as, and in most cases better than, the steam locomotive, while the latter as a prime generator of power is of course hope-

lessly behind the great turbo-electric generator.

These converging factors, which are quite general in their bearing, have already developed in England a strong trend toward the concentration of fuel-consumption in super-power-plants as a step toward the ultimate electrification of British industry. In our own country the reaction to the obvious necessities of the situation has taken on an even more definite and concrete form in the stupendous plan for the creation of a super-power zone, extending provisionally from Washington to Boston, and inland from 100 to 150 miles. As a necessary preliminary to the realization of the plan, Congress in July authorized and provided for the conduct of the Super-power Survey, which is now being made by a special engineering staff under the inspiring leadership of W. S. Murray, and the general direction of the United States Geological Survey. Although the super-power zone includes only 2 per cent of the land area of the country, there is concentrated within it 47 per cent of our industrial activities. It contains an estimated machine capacity of 17,000,000 horsepower, of which 10,000,000 is employed for industrial purposes and the remainder utilized by the railroads. In a word, the super-power plan provides a means of lifting the average load-factor, which now within the zone does not exceed 15 per cent, to a load-factor of more than 50 per cent, and possibly as much as 60 per cent. It proposes to make one ton of coal do the work now done by two, and to relieve the railroads of transporting one half the amount of coal required for power and lighting purposes. It expects to increase the value of the machine capacity within the zone from threefold to fourfold, and to save not less than 30,000,000 tons of coal a year, worth, even at \$5 a ton, \$150,000,000. The reduced cost of

maintenance of machinery and the reduction of train-miles through consolidation of trains will, it is believed, save another \$150,000,000, making the total annual saving \$300,000,000, or 24 per cent of the estimated cost of installation. The plan offers immediate relief from the present intolerable congestion of the railroads within the zone, by automatically increasing rail capacity without extending track mileage.

The present economy of power-production within the Boston-Washington zone will average at least 40 pounds of steam per kilowatt hour. In the contemplated super-power-plants of 300,000 to 500,000 kilowatts capacity, located near the mines and along the coast, not more than 15 pounds, and it may well be as little as 10 pounds, of steam, with a total consumption of one and a half pounds of good coal per kilowatt-hour output, should be required.

These super-power-stations, together with all efficient generating units within the zone, and all available water-power, will be linked together and pour their output of high-tension current into the common-carrier transmission line from which both the railroads and the industries will draw their primary power.

This super-power plan may well be regarded as the first step in that co-ordination of our resources, and their development under a comprehensive general plan, which I have long advocated, and from its successful operation still greater things may reasonably be anticipated. Thrift has been defined by Roosevelt as 'common sense in

spending.' We need sadly to develop a national common sense, and to apply it to the spending of our natural resources, which are the basis of our national wealth. More than ever before is the whole world under a heavy responsibility to use its resources wisely; and the major portion of that burden falls upon us who are the most richly endowed of all. We are beginning vaguely to recognize the urge of the hoarding instinct, which, according to Gilbert, marks the dawning of economic consciousness in the progress of civilization. We must learn to hoard until we can learn to use. We must substitute coördinated development by planning for opportunist development designed primarily for the enrichment of the individual. We have only to contemplate the situation into which opportunist development has brought us, as regards our coal, our oil, our gas, our water-power, our transportation systems, and our forests, to realize that most of the wastes, delays, and difficulties which characterize the situation are due simply to lack of planning years in advance, and to our failure to embody in a coördinated general plan those lines of action which are well recognized by experts as vitally essential to our proper development as an industrial nation.

Have we not a right to demand that the formulation of such a plan shall take precedence in the minds of presidential candidates over the size of campaign budgets or the precise wording of Article X?

'INTELLECTUAL AMERICA'

BY EUGENE S. BAGGER

UNDER the above title there appeared in the *Atlantic* just a year ago an article analyzing American culture from the point of view of the educated foreigner. The anonymous author — the paper was signed by 'A European' — appeared to be a Polish scholar, of unusual accomplishments and rather high-strung character, who had spent several years in the United States, earning his livelihood as a writer and university lecturer. He had come to America with the intention of making his home here, and with a highly idealistic programme of serving his adopted country and humanity at large; for him, intellectual conditions in America were not, as for the host of literary and artistic visitors, a mere subject of impersonal study, but the medium in which his personality unfolded and sought employment and reward — above all, that sympathetic understanding which, to a man of his type, is more precious and indispensable than material bounties. In a word, although a foreigner, he was in the position to draw a picture of intellectual America from the inside; he could apply European standards of comparison to American experience, not only acquired firsthand, but apperceived and digested with an intensity naturally absent in the case of the mere student or sentimental traveler.

As another European, whose external conditions were somewhat similar, — I, too, had come to this country with the purpose of permanent settlement after having for some time lived,

like the Polish writer, in Western Europe, away from my native Hungary, — I was naturally deeply interested in his analysis of phenomena with which I, too, found myself confronted. On the whole, I was inclined to accept his pessimistic conclusions about the standing of culture and the tendencies of intellectual life in this country. I felt, however, that he would have strengthened his case — the case of the European intellectual against intellectual America — by arraying, simultaneously, the case against himself. It is true that European intellectuals almost invariably share the Polish writer's dissatisfaction with American life. But the very emphasis of the usual type of criticism suggests the necessity of divesting it of certain emotional values transferred thereto from more or less unconscious or inarticulate levels of the mind. It is desirable, in the interest of truth and fair play, that the question: 'What's wrong with intellectual America?' be supplemented with this other one: 'What's wrong with the European intellectual in America?'

It is my object to outline in the following pages a series of considerations, in the light of which criticisms such as pronounced by the Polish author should be discounted. In other words, an attempt is hereby made to analyze the European analyzer of American culture — a task which the Polish writer, with the one-mindedness characteristic of his race, — others might call it lack of humor, — neglected to perform.

First among the sources of discontent

with which the European intellectual confronts American life is, in my opinion, the all-round lowering of his status. He may have arrived on these shores without illusions as to American liberty, democracy, equal economic opportunity, and the rest of the political dogmas, implicit belief in which is bred in the bones of most Americans, but which the realistically minded European will approach in a critical spirit.

But he has probably brought with him a vision, at least, of social equality. He will soon discover that this equality exists, not in and by the absence of classes, but merely in the lack of manners, in the good-natured indifference with which members of different social strata, vastly differentiated in power and wealth, jostle one another at points of contact. He will find also a greater elasticity of individual shifting from one class to the other; but he will also realize that the personal achievement which he was told was the only measure of status in American democracy is of a vastly different kind from what he was led to expect. An attempt to fix his own place on the social ladder will result in the discovery that he was better off in 'aristocratic' Europe than in 'democratic' America. For in Europe he belonged, if he achieved any recognition at all, to the uppermost layer of the middle class. Even a moderate degree of scholarly, literary, or artistic eminence secured to him admission to the most interesting quarters of a society where money, however important, was never the sole criterion of gentility.

In all European capitals there are certain centres of social intercourse where members of the three aristocracies of birth, riches, and intellect meet in a congenial atmosphere and on a basis of full equality. This does not mean, of course, that any and every writer or journalist or painter is an *ex-officio* member of these circles; it sim-

ply means that, if he sets his mind on social recognition of this order, he may achieve it with comparatively little trouble. Such foregatherings are simply unthinkable in America, where the only door to social recognition lies through business success and the contingent capacity of conforming to certain standards of quantitative luxury, plus a complaisant and 'respectable' attitude toward political, economic, and moral problems. Here the intellectual finds himself totally ignored, not only by the uppermost layer, but even by a snobbish, dull, and uncultivated middle class, whose vision of the 'good life' is limited to the possession of automobiles and attendance at dinner dances at country clubs.

The European intellectual then will turn to an analysis of his economic status, and will find it worse than it was in pre-war Europe. Most probably he made in the old country much less money in dollars and cents, even at the old rate of exchange; but his smaller income insured a higher place in the social hierarchy and a much greater amount of comfort. About the only things he finds less expensive in America than in Europe are automobiles; but they are just expensive enough here, too, to be out of reach for most intellectual workers. Moreover, the European intellectual is puzzled and irritated by few things more than by the American cult of automobiles; he cannot share, even if he understands, the creed of salvation by locomotion. He is reminded of Matthew Arnold's refusal to recognize any intrinsic good in traveling from a dreary and dull life at Camberwell to a dreary and dull life at Islington, at the rate of thirty miles an hour instead of three. The Sunday-afternoon spectacle of thousands upon thousands of motor-cars, filled with festive families bound nowhere in particular and beaming with the happiness

of a dream come true, will serve chiefly to impress him with the meaning of the American slang phrase, 'all dressed up and no place to go.'

Europe was different. The things he craves — books, engravings, an occasional painting, theatre and concert tickets, good clothes, good home furnishings — were comparatively much cheaper. Above all, travel was cheaper. The fare from Vienna to London, from Budapest to Stockholm, was less than from New York to Cleveland; and why go to Cleveland, anyhow? A Vienna journalist, a Cracow college professor, a Budapest art critic — not the leaders of their profession, just a good average — could go for a month's vacation to Switzerland or Belgium or a Baltic resort or Florence, live well, and spend less than at home. For the same class of person in America, that sort of thing is about as feasible as spending the week-end in the moon. In a word, in America, where he has to work much harder and makes more money, the European intellectual will find that his income leaves him socially an outcast and qualifies him for less substantial comfort than is enjoyed by his grocer.

One has to be a thoroughbred Continental to appreciate another factor which, to an American, especially the untraveled brand, may seem utterly trivial. I refer to the absence of the Continental type of cafés. Those establishments mean to the *littérateur* of Berlin or Budapest or Vienna or Copenhagen what the coffee-houses meant to the *littérateur* of early-eighteenth-century London — and more; for there were no women at the haunts where Addison presided. The literary café of the Continental capital is a place where men of similar tastes and interests may drop in, without any formality, at tea-time and after supper, and be sure of finding congenial company, brilliant repartee, interesting gossip, or

substantial shop-talk, according to what is looked for. These cafés are mostly situated at points of vantage, like the clubs of Pall Mall and Piccadilly; from behind the plate-glass windows one may observe the ever-varying stream of metropolitan life, a constant inspiration to the imaginative city-dweller. The brilliancy of the surroundings, the presence of beautiful and well-dressed women, the opportunity of meeting new people, often important foreigners — these elements all converge in creating an atmosphere of extraordinary stimulus. There is nothing in American life that even remotely corresponds to this; and the life of the literary cafés is missed by the Continental intellectual as a drug is missed by its addict.

But the absence of these easily accessible, standardized exchanges of intellectual life, open to all who have the price of a *demi-tasse*, has another, still subtler effect. For the intellectual, constant intercourse with his equals acts, not only as a stimulus, but also as a check. It is written that it is not good for man to be alone. Rubbing up against his compeers is as necessary for the intellectual as gnawing at hard substances is for a squirrel's teeth. Isolation for him results in a sickly over-estimation of his importance, a hypertrophied sensitiveness, and that notion of omnipotence which springs from the absence of tests. Just as the lack of academic standards favors an individualism that frequently is mere crankiness, an inadequate sense of proportion, so the lack of intellectual give-and-take may result in an elephantiasis of self-consciousness.

Here, then, we have traced the elements of a state of mind which inevitably expresses itself in an over-estimation of self and under-estimation of one's surroundings. The conditions analyzed do not necessarily imply that

American culture is inferior to European; but they do determine a feeling in the European intellectual that American life is far less interesting, less stimulating, less worth while. He may be met with the argument that there is here, in fact, an intellectual tradition, a heritage of the 'good life,' but that it unfolds in the private home-product of old, refined families, who would care as little to advertise their culture as to boast of their plate. The foreigner might retort with the jibe of the Viennese satirist, Karl Kraus, who said that it may be true that the level of culture has risen tremendously in Austria in the past fifty years, but it is a pity nobody stands on that level.

The feeling of frustration and the tendency to over-self-appraisal are accentuated by another factor, which might be defined as the irritation caused by imperfect mastery of the technique of everyday American life. The Continental intellectual may speak English well, sometimes more accurately than many natives of education; still, he finds it hard to part with a foreign accent that makes him self-conscious. Lack of familiarity with American lines of everyday behavior may result in a series of small embarrassments, too trifling, indeed, to penetrate severally to consciousness, but producing a cumulative effect of uneasiness and uncertainty, and emphasizing the sense of being different. In the more self-assertive type this feeling translates itself directly into a sense of superiority, while the less confident will seek to ward off an encroaching inferiority-complex by assuring themselves that American ways are not worth knowing. This feeling is not abated by the gradual realization that, though American life is less formal, it is more conventional than European—that, though in Europe uniformity of manners is insisted upon, but considerable freedom

is allowed for conduct, in America, the reverse is the case.

Yet another source of irritation is the way in which Americans take for granted, in foreigners, a virtue of which they are usually destitute themselves—I mean linguistic talent. In Europe a speaking and reading knowledge of two or three languages is quite a common thing and evokes no notice; but the ability to do literary or scholarly work in a language other than one's own is more or less a phenomenon. A Pole in Paris, writing in French; a Hungarian in Copenhagen, contributing articles to Danish newspapers, is regarded as a prodigy and is lionized on that account alone. In America, on the other hand, if one does not speak and write English, one simply does not exist.

But the rôle of language as a factor of discontent cuts much deeper still. In order to make a living in an intellectual line, the European must not only write English well, but he must actually write it a little better than his average native competitor, who, as the phrase goes, can get away with anything, whereas stricter standards are exacted from the outsider. Nevertheless, complete mastery of English by a non-English-born person is a very great rarity. The foreigner may write English accurately and even with force; he will seldom write it inspiredly. As Prosper Mérimée said when an American lady congratulated him on his English style, the foreigner may be able to express whatever is strictly necessary, but nothing more. He may be able to work with the English tongue; he cannot play with it. Now, the superabundance of energy which is the essence of play is also the beginning of literary art. There is only one Joseph Conrad; usually the foreigner's handling of English does not advance beyond a certain flavorless, black-and-white exactitude. Now, the keener the

foreigner's sense for linguistic values, the more thorough his mastery of his native idiom, the more uncompromising his artist's conscience, the more strongly he will perceive the limitations of his English expression. The more he has to say, the less he will feel equal to saying it. After a certain facility is acquired and the crudest difficulties of technique are surmounted, he becomes increasingly aware of heights to which he feels he will never be able to ascend. He will awaken to the realization that perfect self-expression is possible only through the native tongue; a cramped, messy feeling is generated, which may be described as linguistic nostalgia. The native language becomes the symbol of one's better self, and a balked personality will vent its spleen on America, scapegoat of frustrated yearnings.

Here, then, we have the key to the psychology of the European intellectual in America. Out of this maze of factors — the lowering of economic and social status, lack of habitual and easy contact with one's peers, absence of the stimuli of metropolitan life, difficulties of everyday technique, struggle for self-expression through an unyielding idiom — rises a state of mind for which American conditions are responsible without necessarily being at fault. Subjective elements, of which the conscious judgment disapproves without locating their roots, are unconsciously objectivized into a symbol of one's own failures and unfulfilled desires.

The pivot around which this psychology turns may be called the 'Canaan-complex' — that perennial yearning for the land where everything is as it was not before, the longing for the *tabula rasa*, the dream of a new start. The fuller, the more differentiated the life the European intellectual leaves behind when he comes to America, the more probably will he discern its mistakes and be anxious to do things better in

the new world. The intellectuals of the generation that attained maturity on the eve of the war were afflicted with the disease of æsthetic inertia — 'Stimmungsanarchie,' a clever German called it. For many who diagnosed the trouble, America stood as the symbol of success and energy. What this type expected from America was not political democracy, not even equal economic opportunity — for he knew enough to discount these catchwords; but he hoped for a new *milieu*, free from the sophistications, the *noblesse oblige*, the hothouse atmosphere of the old world. What he expected, in brief, was the rebirth of personality in and by America. Now the one thing the European intellectual is certain to discover in America is that crossing the ocean does not change a man; that a personality may, at best, develop, expand, differentiate by the experience of America, but it will not be reborn. Disappointment in America is determined by the act of embarking for it; arrival reveals the Promised Land as a delusion; the symbol of the new life turns into the symbol of discrepancy between dream and reality.

But this disappointment is merely the negative side of a rising new hope; the image of Canaan fades out before the vision of the Golden Age. To the disenchanted intellectual, Europe emerges in a roseate mist of dreams and expectations. That Europe, however, is not the actual Europe — not even pre-war Europe: it is merely a reversed America. Whatever one fails to find here is idealized into what was left behind. For the central fact of the European intellectual's discontent in America is the disparity of his bases of comparison. He contrasts, not America and Europe, but a nightmare of American reality and a non-existent fairyland which he calls Europe — the Cosmopolis built with the bricks

of memory and the mortar of hope. What chance in the world could America stand against Europe, when America is visualized by the image of the city where every male inhabitant reads *Howe's Weekly* and every female the *Delineator*; by a discussion of Greek art between Chairman Hays of the Republican National Committee and Mayor Hylan; by a novel by Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer and a political address by Mr. R. W. Chalmers; by Postum advertisements, the smile of Douglas Fairbanks, and the curls of Mary Pickford; by Mr. Sumner of the Society for the Suppression of Vice and Mr. Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League walking arm-in-arm with the Statue of Liberty; and when Europe is symbolized by the memory of the Café Bristol, Budapest, with young Hungary's choicest literary spirits assembled to discuss the latest play of Shaw, the latest opera of Richard Strauss, the latest novel of Romain Rolland; of a Copenhagen salon, where one may meet, any evening, a Swedish diplomat, a Danish beauty, an English publicist, a German composer, a Russian philosopher, a French singer — all first-class specimens of their brand; of an evening at Bayreuth before the war; of the dining-room of a London club, where one may sit between Mr. Chesterton and H. G. Wells; of a seaside walk at Palermo with a Sicilian countess?

By insisting that criticism of American cultural conditions by resident European intellectuals be discounted along the suggested lines, I do not mean to belittle the value of such criticism. On the contrary I believe that its very real and distinctive merit is brought into relief just by making due allowance for the subjective element in it, for the inevitable tendency of the critic uncon-

sciously to paraphrase his experience from the category pleasant-unpleasant into the category superior-inferior; to rationalize personal likes and dislikes into absolute judgments of value. And I believe that the European intellectual, who makes America his home, not only exercises a right, but discharges a very substantial duty by applying his native standards to a fearless examination of American culture. He may be prone to exaggerate the value of his contribution, and to expect special regard and compensation from a public none too appreciative of intellectual achievement even at the best; he may even develop — as did the anonymous Polish author whose paper furnished the text for this discourse — a redeemer-complex and establish a fixed relation between the recognition meted out to him by Americans and the salvation of the American soul. But this tendency is merely the counterpart of the no less unreasonable assumption of native Americans, that foreigners owe a special debt of gratitude, over and beyond the common bond of loyalty, to this country for opportunities accorded; as if Americans admitted foreigners and provided them with jobs because they love them, and not because they need them.

By helping to pierce the *œs triplex* of American self-complacency; by combating, shoulder to shoulder, with the best of young America, that intolerance of dissent and that glorification of buncombe which are the greatest intellectual dangers of America, the educated European who lives in this country may perform a very real service; but he must not forget that his contribution to the growth of American culture is measured by the growth of his own personality. In this growth he should seek his principal reward.

THE BASIS OF BEAUTY

BY W. CARBYS ZIMMERMAN

SOME years ago, it was my good fortune to spend a few weeks in Athens, of which many days were given to reverie and study among the ruins of the marvelous temples on the Acropolis.

To dream in the still hours of a Hellenian dusk what these architectural wonders must have been in their golden glory of the Periclean age, if even now, in the days of their pitiful ruin and appealing nakedness, they send a thrill through one's soul that no other man-made creations ever awakened, was, indeed, an experience never to be forgotten.

To verify the impressions and teachings of student days, and to note the absolute perfection of form and proportion, the finished refinement throughout, the exquisite delicacy of detail, and the superb majesty and dignity of the mass, made one feel that the Parthenon was well worthy of the great goddess to whom it was dedicated.

To find by actual measurement that columns which looked exactly alike in size and shape were decidedly not so; to note that the spacing between them, although appearing the same, varied materially; to observe the decided entasis on the straight-appearing shafts, and mark the gracefully swelling line of facias that gave the impression of perfect horizontality; to admire the absolute perfection of workmanship — huge blocks of marble butted together in such manner that, even to-day, it takes the keenest eye to discover the line of jointing; to find traces of brilliant color which enriched many of

the marble surfaces, made one marvel at the perfection in this direction of human endeavor and expression.

As one looks westward through the Propylæa, there appears in view a grotto in a rocky hillside, which is said to have been the prison abode of Socrates the Philosopher. The native guides are enthusiastic, and talk quite convincingly on the subject; but one's interest wanes somewhat when noting that Bædeker declares the cave to be a storage-cellar hewn out of the rock by some enterprising wine-grower ages ago.

My curiosity was aroused by these conflicting opinions, and in an idle hour, when all alone, I unloosened the rusted fastenings of the heavy iron gratings of the doorway. I was at once impressed by the antiquity of the stone-walled, cell-like room, and could not doubt that it was as ancient as the sublime ruins of the temples on the rocks above. It was apparent, by the dust and disorder, that the room had not been used for any purpose, or indeed even visited, for a long time. Wind and weather had done their work: the rock was crumbling and giving way on every side. It was evident, from the freshness of some of the fissures, that a storm or earthquake had of late caused unusual damage, and that this disturbance had loosened a square stone fitted over a small opening in the wall, with an almost invisible joint, such as only the Greek master-worker knew how to fashion. What was my surprise when I discovered a papyrus roll in this little niche! It was badly damaged —

a part of it turned to dust, and other parts faded and worn.

I have at last deciphered what remained. Other illegible fragments I have attempted to fill in as best I could. A very imperfect knowledge of Greek will excuse many shortcomings in this remarkable document.

I had the good fortune to discover what was once a complete record of a discussion on Art between Socrates and Plato. It, apparently, was recorded at the time and hidden for safe-keeping in the place where I found it.

May it prove to be of as much interest to you as it was to me.

PLATO. — Ictinus and Pheidias have asked me to offer you their good wishes, and they greatly regret that you could not honor us with your presence at the festival celebrating the completion of Athena's shrine. I know you would have been gratified to hear the praise bestowed upon our good friends, the architects and artists, the creators of this most beautiful Temple in the world.

SOCRATES. — I am indeed sorry that my ill fortune kept me away, and that I had to miss the words of wisdom and praise that I well know were showered on these talented men by the foremost citizens of Athens. But tell me, Plato, why do you call this Temple the most beautiful in the world?

PLATO. — Why do you ask this question, Socrates? Do you not agree that the judges were right in bestowing the highest praise on the creators, in crowning them with laurel and pronouncing their work the most meritorious, artistically, ever conceived in our State?

SOCRATES. — Tell me then, O Plato, do you say this Temple is beautiful because the judges pronounce it so?

PLATO. — Not that altogether. The Temple appears to me very beautiful, but I was gratified that my opinion

was verified by men competent to judge, by a jury of the highest attainments in the world of Art and Architecture.

SOCRATES. — Tell me then, O Plato, would you change your opinion if it did not agree with that of this expert jury?

PLATO. — If we differ on questions of Art and Architecture, I listen attentively to the arguments of the artists and architects. I doubt but little that, if I can follow the laws of good Art and Architecture which are laid down by them, I shall soon have to agree to their views.

SOCRATES. — So you shall, Plato. If a new proposition in Geometry were presented, you, as a man of education, would be able to follow the demonstrations of our friend Pythagoras and would see the truth and beauty of the new theorem; likewise would you readily understand the teachings of those who have made a study of Astronomy, Botany, and other sciences. These learned men in their demonstrations would begin with fundamental truths and lead you gradually, step by step, to the proposition before you, the truth of which could not then be questioned. But consider carefully, Plato — do you think that Ictinus could give you elemental truths as to what constitutes architectural beauty, and by these truths and by the laws that develop and base themselves on these truths, could clearly demonstrate to all reasoning men which building should be considered beautiful and which not so?

PLATO. — I must confess, Socrates, that I have not given this much thought, but it seems to me that Ictinus must be aware of, and must have followed, certain fixed rules and laws when he designed his masterpiece, and that these laws would apply to, and would establish as works of Art, all buildings conforming with them. Thus

I feel certain that, among other things, he would point out to me that a void should be above a void, and that the base should be heavier than the superstructure.

SOCRATES. — Yes, Plato, he would say this; and, skilled, scholarly architect that he is, would be able to point out and prove many more of these rules and laws to which he would claim that good Architecture is subject. But if you examine them carefully, do you not find that these laws pertain to good building, and do not necessarily affect what we term the architecture of a building? You will agree with me that Architecture is distinct from building; that you may have a building structurally correct, designed in accordance with many laws and rules, without having any architectural merit. You know that Architecture is the fine art of building, and arises only when you appeal to the æsthetic sense. Thus good planning, convenient arrangements, proper construction, and the like, in a building, have not necessarily anything in common with its æsthetic or true architectural character; and these features of a building are subject to laws and rules on which we can agree. But do you know of any laws that govern Architecture, using this term in its proper sense? Can you tell me, O Plato, of any *true* laws that govern that all-important feature of a good building which appeals to the so-called higher sense — the æsthetic sense?

PLATO. — Surely, Socrates, there must be many of them.

SOCRATES. — Yes, Plato, there are many and conflicting canons of Art proposed from day to day. Go but to the Library and note the hundreds of manuscripts devoted to the laws of æsthetics; and when studying the fine art of building, you will find page upon page of argument, aiming to prove that

true Architecture must possess fitness, proportion, harmony, repose, and so forth. I recall the proposition that that which is beautiful is true, and that which is true must be beautiful. Only yesterday, a new author elaborated on the law of Consonance: repetition with variation, the law of Trinity as exemplified by the Erechtheion.

But, Plato, are these *true* laws, based on elemental principles, or are they simply the ever-changing views and opinions of different men, presented with varying degrees of plausibility or assurance; dogmas which satisfy those who feel like you, but rules and canons which fall to pieces when subjected to critical analysis?

No, Plato, Art cannot, in the very nature of things, be subject to laws. If the fine art of Architecture were subject to rigid laws, it would then be the science of Architecture, as would the other arts be the sciences of Painting, Sculpture, and Music; and all who know these laws would agree without dissent on what is beautiful and what is otherwise. You could then convince the Egyptian and Persian, without prolonged argument, that Athena's Temple is æsthetically superior to any they possess, and do it as readily as you can prove Pythagoras's new theorem to them; but, as you know full well, some of our neighbors persist in holding that their temples are architecturally greater than those we cherish.

PLATO. — But, Socrates, these people are barbarians; they are but semi-civilized, and their opinion in the field of Art matters but little. At the festival to-day were assembled all the great of Athens, and these all agreed to the decision of the jury.

SOCRATES. — That may be so, but does it, therefore, prove anything? If all these wise and great men had declared that the taste of sparkling wine was superior to the taste of the unfer-

mented grape, would that have affected your judgment if you had disagreed with them?

PLATO. — No, Socrates, it would not have done so. I would have relied on my own judgment in a matter of that kind. But why do you bring up this question? Am I to understand that there is a relation between the purely physical sensations, such as the taste of food, and that higher experience which affects our æsthetic sense?

SOCRATES. — Just so, Plato. Our good friend and great physician, Hippocrates, can show how close this relation is. He points out to us that there is but little difference in the purely physical process which makes us conscious of an impression on the organs of sight, sound, taste, or smell. He clearly shows that an impression made on the retina of the eye by the ethereal waves from the object, be it one of art or otherwise, and transmitted by an intricate system of nerves to the seat of consciousness, does not differ in its physical and mental process from the impression made by, and the concomitant consciousness of, the taste of a particle of food on the palate.

PLATO. — This seems plausible.

SOCRATES. — Yes, if you but consider, it must be so, and if we fully understood these subtle processes, it would make clear and explain much in the field of Art about which we are now in doubt. Does it not explain the phenomenon of sound? We pronounce as harmonious those sounds or combinations of waves which, transmitted to our consciences, pass through and excite the different physical organs and nerves of hearing in such a manner as to affect them agreeably, and others as discordant and unmusical which excite these organs in a painful, unusual way, similar in process to the experience of tasting agreeable or disagreeable food, and similar to the experience, in the

final analysis, of contemplating works of Art, be it Architecture, Painting, or Sculpture.

PLATO. — It would appear from what you say, Socrates, that the arts, after all, are sciences; for it is possible, as you know, to discover, by experiment in Music, for instance, what sound-waves and combinations of these are agreeable to me, and it will then be a simple matter to lay down the rules for composing beautiful music.

SOCRATES. — Quite so, Plato. This would be the case if all ears and eyes, all nerves and brain-cells were alike; but you know that there are no two exactly the same in different individuals. They are not the same, not constant, in one's self from day to day. You, as well as I, have experienced, time and again, that some sensation which gave pleasure, satisfaction, and gratification only yesterday was painful and distasteful to-day, be it the taste of some food, an odor, or the contemplation of some object of art.

PLATO. — While that may be so, and your judgment and opinion may have changed, you will not deny, Socrates, that your opinion and judgment, after a long life of experience and study in all fields of human endeavor and activities, are of a higher order than those who have given but little thought to these matters.

SOCRATES. — No, Plato, I question this. Thus I doubt that my mind is as responsive to new æsthetic impressions, is as open, as it was in years gone by. I may be one of those who would condemn and get only displeasure out of unconventional work presented tomorrow by some artistic genius, unfettered by the conventions of to-day. I should have been, through my very experience and environment, one of those who might have condemned and belittled the works of Euripides when they first appeared; and you will recall

that it was the man on the street, who did not have the advantages of learning, who was first to recognize his genius and to get satisfaction and pleasure from his efforts. It was thus, as you know, with the appreciation of the taste of wine, which was first enjoyed by the slaves and servants, the master considering the grape-juice rank and spoiled when it had fermented.

PLATO. — All this seems reasonable and true, and the judgment of the cultured individual on a matter of art may or may not be a good one; but surely, Socrates, you will not question the collective judgment of the larger number of these cultured individuals. Surely, Socrates, you will accept the judgment of a large group of painters on the merits or demerits of a painting.

SOCRATES. — Let us see if I can do so. In the first place, an absolutely unqualified agreement in a matter of this kind has not come to my notice; but if it should occur, which I question, it only goes to show that the collective judgment of the group we speak of has been formed by this group, having had exactly the same environment, the same training, the same education. This same group, under those conditions, will be in perfect accord as to the gastronomic value of any food; and it seems to me that, from this point of view, the group must be considered as on a par with the individual.

PLATO. — But surely, Socrates, if this group were to include, say, our entire nation, you would then, without question, abide by the nation's judgment, if it agreed on what was beautiful and what was otherwise. If each and every Athenian would declare the Temple on the Acropolis to be architecturally flawless, you surely would accept that decision as final.

SOCRATES. — I doubt that I should surrender my own judgment even under these problematical conditions. Be-

ing open-minded, free from prejudice, open to conviction, I should listen to and be interested in the arguments of our neighboring communities. I should weigh their assertion that we are a barbarous people in allowing our artists and architects to cover and hide the God-given, creamy-white, translucent marble of the Temple with crude, glaring colors and pigments in the manner of the semi-civilized Egyptians. On the other hand, it would be interesting to consider and analyze the assertions of our friends the Spartans, who call us degenerate and effeminate, declaring that this condition is reflected in the over-refinement of our Art and Architecture. They criticize the very architectural features upon which we pride ourselves most. They question our good judgment in curving the lines of the stylobate, cornices, and columns, so as to make them appear straight; and, as you know, among other things, they object to the columns being of different sizes and different spacings, so as to make them appear alike, taking the position that it would be more manly and honest to build straight and truthfully and let the effect be what it may. No, Plato, I think I will hold my own opinion on what is beautiful and supreme in art — just as much so as I shall take no other individual's opinion or group of individuals' opinions as to what is pleasant or unpleasant to the palate.

PLATO. — I am willing to grant what you say and to agree with your position that your opinion on what is beautiful, what is pleasing to you, is such, as a matter of fact; but I accept this view because you are a man of experience, education, and culture. On the other hand, I am not interested in the opinion on matters of art of the man who lacks these qualifications.

SOCRATES. — Perhaps not, O Plato, any more so than this man of the street,

if he thinks for himself, is willing to abide by your artistic judgment. Surely, Plato, when the question of gastronomic taste is concerned, I should not assume superior judgment if it differed from that of this common man. I should even be tempted to consider his unspoiled and unsophisticated taste of a higher order than mine, if he declared that the taste of plain cheese and dry bread is superior to that of the highly seasoned viands the epicure enjoys — just as you and I cannot help but question the culture of some distant nations, which our travelers assure us have reached the highest state of æsthetic development, but which eat and enjoy absolutely raw, uncleaned sea-food, and consider aged, decayed eggs a delicacy.

PLATO. — But surely, Socrates, you will not deny that we are constantly and rapidly developing and progressing in civilization and culture; and it is fair to assume that, at some future period, let us say a thousand or two generations from now, there will arise a people whose sense and appreciation of Art will be immeasurably greater than ours, and that it is probable they will discover the principles that govern their experiences in this direction.

SOCRATES. — Let us consider this, Plato. It is, of course, difficult to fore-shadow, with any degree of certainty, what progress the human race, in its many different forms of development, will make. The pendulum marking each change will, I presume, swing backward and forward in years to come as it has swung in years gone by. There will be times of brutal wars, and a general concomitant disorganization and degeneration, when one will almost doubt that any development above the instincts of a savage is possible for man.

On the other hand, it is evident that at other times there will be epochs of most marvelous development in every

direction of human endeavor and experience. As you know, we have had only a glance at the first page of the first book of countless volumes of knowledge, science, and philosophy, revealing to us the secrets of nature of this earth and the heavens above; the possession of only a small part of this will make our lives incomparably more full and complete than they are to-day.

For it is evident to you that both body and mind will, in time, take advantage of, and adapt themselves to, such new discoveries and experiences, and will develop accordingly. Whether, however, the heart, the finer feelings and finer sentiments will go hand in hand with this evolution is considered a debatable question by many thinkers. But assuming that it does, does this imply anything in the matter we are considering? I ask you again, Plato, do you think you would accept the palate judgment of any member of this highly developed society of some future age, unhesitatingly, if it differed from your own?

PLATO. — Should I not be forced to do so, Socrates? For you will agree that there is a two-fold direct relation and connection between a pleasant or a distasteful sensation in partaking of food and the subsequent mental and physical well-being — laying aside entirely the consideration of food-value. This fact, although recognized, is but little understood by us at this time; but I doubt not that the society of which you speak could and would discover and analyze the laws pertaining to this subtle matter. It will then be pointed out what agreeable foods have the additional merit of promoting the general well-being, and are, therefore, of the highest order. To which judgment I would agree.

It is apparent that this argument applies to the somewhat parallel experiences in the field of Art. That a painting,

then, will be a great painting and a true work of art, the contemplation of which arouses certain æsthetic sentiments and feelings, but, besides that, promotes the general mental, physical, and moral well-being of the race.

SOCRATES. — Let us examine this point carefully, Plato. The judgment of the society by which you would abide is, it seems to me, likewise not based on true laws, but on man-made canons, which, in the nature of things, would be ephemeral and ever-changing, fitted only to the state of culture that may have been reached. This culture, or evolution, is, as you well know, to a great extent dependent on the immediate physical environment of a given society; and it would, for instance, be impossible to decide a difference of opinion regarding the highest value of food and drink which might arise between the equally highly developed inhabitants of the Torrid or the Arctic zone. A decided and permanent change in the composition of the air or in the amount and character of light of this earth would, you will agree, in time affect for better or for worse the physical and mental and moral condition of the members of the highly developed society we have in mind, and would necessarily nullify their established æsthetic laws. At such a time, it would be a question whether the painting you mentioned is a true work of art, the judgment based on a true law.

But, Plato, a true law would not be affected by the entire extinction of our race; and even the complete annihilation of our planet would not affect it. Any three stars or points in the Cosmos would continue to exemplify Pythagoras's discovery of a law to which we all bow, and which, under all circumstances and conditions, remains eternally true.

Yes, Plato, if we could predict with certainty the course that will be fol-

lowed in the evolution of mankind, establish the final destiny of the race; if we could dismiss the thought that Dissolution must be persistently on the heels of Evolution, we might be able to lay down rules and laws of Art that would make for, and remain constant for, the coming Superman. For it is evident that we could then point out with some degree of certainty what pleasurable art-experiences would tend to further the development of man in the ever-constant and right direction. Just as we could measure an ethical act, not only by its immediate egotistic and altruistic resultant, but also by the far-reaching ultimate effect which it would have in the promotion of the effort to reach the goal predestined for the coming races. But, I doubt, O Plato, that even Zeus, in all his infinite wisdom, should, would, or could raise the curtain of mystery and reveal the shadows of a Hades, of a possible state of Dissolution toward which the human race is ever drifting, or disclose the glorious Olympian fields of a fulfilled Evolution which it may eventually attain.

PLATO. — Your position then, as I understand, O Socrates, is that every man, no matter what his education, his training, his development, is a good judge of what is beautiful and what is not?

SOCRATES. — Yes, Plato, of that I am convinced, with the distinct understanding that this judgment holds good only in so far as he is individually concerned. If you and I differ as to the artistic merit of a painting, the beauty of a poem, or the quality of the wine we are drinking, we, as two wise men, will respect each other's opinion, knowing full well that it cannot be changed by agreement based on scientific principles; but, on the other hand, conscious of the fact that this judgment is based on subtle, ever-changing feelings, emo-

tions, and temperament, not subject to a cold process of reasoning.

PLATO. — I see now, O Socrates, why you, who are so well qualified through your long association with Pheidias, refused to act as one of a jury to pass judgment on the work of some of our younger sculptors.

SOCRATES. — Yes, Plato, you have followed me correctly. I deem it improper for anyone, no matter what his position may be, to pass public judgment on the artistic merit of the work of another in any field of Art. How much injustice has been done through this unfair procedure! You will remember how the unfamiliar songs of Pindar, the young poet, were laughed at, and the paintings of Polygnotus were denied hanging space by a jury of our foremost artists; and you know that now, after only a few years, most of us look upon these as the greatest works of art of our time.

PLATO. — These doctrines and teachings are revolutionary and radically different from the generally accepted views on this subject, and I doubt but little that, if they come to the ears of Meletus, he will use them to sustain his assertions that you are corrupting the Athenian youth.

SOCRATES. — Just so, Plato. We shall not publish them until a more liberal-minded generation is ready to receive them.

PLATO. — I am not certain that even at that time this would be desirable, as it seems that these views are rather discouraging and pessimistic, and will tend to lessen the appreciation and consideration we now have for all works of art and the geniuses and masters who produce them.

SOCRATES. — No, Plato, if you but consider, you will find the opposite to be the case. When the time comes that everyone, be he of high or low degree, will have absolute confidence in his

own good judgment in these matters, there will be an art-revival such as the world has never experienced. The unknown genius will have a large circle of supporters and will not be hampered and subdued by the artificial, meaningless canons of older schools. The field of Art will be enormously enlarged in all directions, when all who have the Heaven-sent ability work out their inspirations with a full and justifiable confidence in their own artistic judgment.

PLATO. — I cannot help but accept most of your views, Socrates, but they seem to me somewhat demoralizing. If we agree that the judgment of the man on the street on matters of Art is as good or as bad as yours or mine, so far as he is concerned, we must at the same time admit that all civilization, all advancement, all culture, in this direction, means but little, if anything.

SOCRATES. — Not so, O Plato: there is the greatest possible difference in the experience of these different classes of men. Do but think of it! The common man's faculties are limited; the broadly cultured man's are almost boundless. The one gets complete satisfaction and pleasure from the plain taste of his cheese and bread, and a very limited number of other simple foods. The truly cultured man relishes this plain food and hundreds of other dainty preparations of our skilled cooks. The everyday man enjoys the artless melody on the shepherd's primitive flute; you and I are enraptured with the marvelous volume of harmony of the chorus and orchestra. The flaming rainbow may be but a rainbow to him, and nothing more; its heavenly glory thrills you and me to the innermost soul. Our Bacchanalian dances awaken only coarse, sensuous sentiments in him; when you and I attend them, we are charmed beyond expression by the poetry of motion and the sublime beauty of the human figure.

But the Gods are ever just, O Plato.

For alas, with faculties for our greater and fuller enjoyment, there goes hand in hand the greatly increased capacity for discomfort and pain of things distasteful and ugly. The trained eye of the painter and sculptor is constantly shocked by colors and forms that do not trouble the layman; the ear of the musician is pained by notes and discords that are musical to others; the supersensitive nostrils of the cultured man are annoyed by odors that are not disagreeable to, or even noticed by, the ordinary man; the palate of the epicure rebels against tastes that are pleasant to others.

So, when we sum it all up, we find that the Gods take care of us all, no matter what our station, and, in their Heavenly wisdom, have ordained that the *Sum Total of Happiness, the Sum Total of Pain and Pleasure is the same for all mortals* — is the same for you and for me as it is for the very lowliest of the lowly.

PLATO. — This discussion has been of great interest and will, I doubt not, on full consideration, change my views on much that we have considered.

Let me place the record of it for safe-keeping in the secret niche you have shown me in these stone walls.

THE BOOKMAN

BY JULIAN KILMAN

Sir, I rarely, if ever, was known to return a borrowed book. — Confession of DR. JOHNSON.

INDIAN telegraphy was accomplished by stationing a man every eighth of a mile or so, each one in turn shouting the message to the next in line. By this means information was on occasion conveyed considerable distances in what was then an incredibly short time.

John Williams, struggling into an exhumed suit of evening clothes, thought of Indian telegraphy as his wife's voice floated up to him from the nether regions, in continuance of a conversation begun a bit earlier.

'What book is it?'

'My Castiglione — *The Courtier*.'

'Why do you not go straight to him and ask for it?'

'My dear, you do not understand:

the ethics of "borrowed" books are as definitely established as they are deplored, and —'

'I can't hear you.'

'It would be too embarrassing.'

An exclamation answered this. It was patently one of annoyance.

'It's your book, is n't it?'

'Yes, my dear, but—'

'Well! Ask him for it.'

'—in his catalogue, which has just been finished, I understand he has it listed as his own.'

'How can a man be so careless?'

'You see, my dear, Mr. Magruder is not a bookman; he is a mere book-collector with plenty of money. Many of his books no doubt are "museum-pieces," and he does n't know one of them from another so far as their contents are concerned — leaves everything to that clever secretary of his.

Magruder, of course, has forgotten that I lent him the book two years ago. If he had the slightest idea of the situation, he would undoubtedly return it at once. But, really, in view of the trivial value of the book, and the fact that—'

Mrs. Williams came up the stairs. She was a tall woman, with finely graying hair and a pair of sharp eyes, and now stood regarding the slight, demure-appearing bespectacled man tinkering with a lawn tie.

'Do you know, John,' she announced, 'I have n't heard a word you said.'

At the moment the door-bell rang and a young girl slipped in. She carried a pair of wooden knitting-needles, each as big as a policeman's night-stick, and a handful of sleazy, delft-blue yarn that she had just finished unraveling from a sweater she had knitted the week before and worn twice. This individual was to receive the sum of one dollar for remaining in the house with the Williams children while their parents went to the Magruder party, and she formulated a new sweater—*this* one to have short sleeves with a fringe, and, oh, yes! a Tuxedo front.

It was a warm night in September, and the couple left the house presently and started for the street-car. The invitation to the Magruder home, as the Magruders were not familiars, had come somewhat as a surprise; but it had been accepted by the Williamses in the spirit in which they divined that it had been tendered. Magruder, a type of successful business man residing in the most pretentious part of the city, had been attracted some time before to Williams, the cloistered editorial writer, because of his bookworm knowledge of books and their lore.

During the ride Mr. and Mrs. Williams hung on the same strap, and in low, furtive voices continued to tiff concerning the borrowed book, the

while their eyes, fixed on the passing street, noted incidentally that their butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, all driving automobiles, were also on pleasure bent. But Mr. Williams was more than usually perverse; in fact, he was adamant, and it was finally decided not to ask directly for the return of the Castiglione, but to lead the conversation — if conversation about books with a mere lay book-collector who did his work by proxy could be accomplished — around to the subject of borrowing, in the hope that their host might have a good memory.

When they came up the low, broad steps of the Magruder mansion, to their secret dismay the Williamses saw that what they had assumed to be a small affair was in reality a function. There were scores of guests, some on the portico, others sauntering about the grounds, which in the moonlight were very beautiful.

Magruder, followed by his wife, came puffing. He greeted them effusively.

'Yes, sir,' he proclaimed, with a wave of the hand as they surveyed the outlook. 'Cost me forty thousand, that landscape fellow. I thought old books were expensive, Williams, but they are n't in it, eh?'

The editor's wife then and there nudged him.

'Your chance,' she murmured.

But Williams shook his head emphatically. They passed inside, and presently found themselves in the group gathered about the lion of the evening, a young English *littérateur*, who had been neatly netted by the vigorous Magruder some time before. He was high and dry now, flopping for the delectation of the curious.

Twice during the evening Williams's bookishness drew him irresistibly to the library, and on the second occasion he fancied that he was so fortunate as to have slipped away unobserved. It

seemed good to get free of the chitter-chatter of the throng, and in the quiet of the great room of bibliography he browsed contentedly.

Here were books and books, a splendid catholic welter of them, such as he had dreamed of owning himself: first editions in ancient calf and vellum; 'association' copies; books 'collected' because of the work of the illustrator; numbers of those attractive but reprehensible 'extra-illustrated' volumes.

He came upon *Elia* and the Boswells, that foundation-work of many private libraries. He, himself, possessed but a single copy of the *Life*, and a cheap one at that. Here were several editions, including the six-volume Birkbeck Hill.

Presently his eye was drawn to the mahogany table, strewn with book-sellers' catalogues and correspondence with the trade. Evidently the secretary had been working there recently. Maggs, Quaritch, George D. Smith. And to his hand finally came the Magruder private list, handsomely prepared and margined and bound. At random he read:—

Jonson (Ben). Fortunate Isles and their union. Celebrated in a Masque designed for the Court, on the Twelfth Night, 1624, including an orig. blank at end; *without imprint or date*; sm. 4to.

To be sure, he remembered the talk that had followed the sale of that book. It had been purchased of 'G. D. S.' for \$3000.

And where was his own Castiglione listed? Ah, yes!

Castiglione (B). The Courtyer, done into Englyshe by Sir Thomas Hoby. Introduction by Walter Raleigh. *Tudor Translations*. Published by David Nutt, in the Strand, 1892, 4to.

He turned to that part of the room where he knew the work of the fifteenth-century dilettante and honest gossip to repose. It was, after all, not a val-

uable edition — and yet it was one he loved for itself. Why in the name of common sense had he not inserted his book-plate with its motto, 'Honour and Obligation demand the prompt return of borrowed Books'? That alone would have prevented the precise thing that had occurred.

He located the volume. It was in good company, standing there next the *Epistolarum libri* of Cassiodorus, for which he knew Magruder had paid Quaritch a tremendous sum. He took the Castiglione out, thumbing the pages for favorite 'reflections' in that wonderful mirror of life during the Renaissance, and presently was reading to himself:—

'Beautifulle women cruell. Then spake Unico Aretino: "It is meete to teache women to love bicause I never sawe anye that coulde doe it, for almoste continuallye all of them accompanye their beawtye with crueltye; and yet manye times geve themselves for a prey to most cowardly men and very assheades."

He smiled at the exquisite drollery of it. Always he had hesitated to call his wife's attention to that passage.

'Hexcellently preserved,' commented a voice over his shoulder.

Williams turned, feeling guilty in spite of himself. He had supposed himself to be alone in the library, and was startled to see the butler, very British, smiling at him.

'Some of them very valuable indeed,' the editor returned.

'Oh, yes, sir. 'Undreds o' pounds Mr. Magruder 'e paid for some, sir.'

The butler did not move. The thought flashed over Williams: 'This man is spying on me.'

He returned the Castiglione. It was just then that he heard sounds that led him to the other rooms; the affair was about to break up. Some little time elapsed ere he found his wife. Her eyes were questioning.

'Did you get it?'

'No,' he said, a trifle annoyed at such persistence in the circumstances. 'The occasion is not at all propitious.'

'Here he comes now,' she stated. 'I will ask him myself.'

'Don't!' he cautioned.

'I will,' she returned.

The Magruders drew near, smiling their guests out.

'Well!' exclaimed the big man. 'Glad you're here. Want to have you again — not such crowd — some new books just in—'

They were on the portico, Magruder with robustious hospitality gathering about him a few of the guests and holding them perforce. The night had continued beautiful; though the air was balmy, there was just the slightest hint of autumn; the high-riding moon shed a light almost as bright as that of day. It was still comparatively early, and many of the guests, frankly under the spell of the rare combination of artificial and natural beauty, now strolled along the portico, the men smoking. Numbers of these people were known to the Williamses, and in the hit-and-miss formations and groupings they became separated.

Idling along the portico, the editor after a time quite unwittingly found himself in front of the French window facing the library. At that precise moment he saw someone near the shelves at the other end; then, suddenly, the lights in the room were snapped off. He paused; his end of the portico was apparently deserted. The window was open; and before he realized what he had done, he slipped through.

'Upper case, left hand, fifth from the end,' he recalled.

Almost without volition he tiptoed to the location.

'One, two, three, four, five.'

In the semi-darkness he pulled out the book. The feel of it suddenly

brought home to him the enormity of his manœuvre. Good Lord! What was he, a man whose life had been dedicated solely to contemplation, doing here in the dark? Suppose he should be detected? He started back in a panic, still carrying the book, however. Midway of the room he stopped abruptly. The figure of a man was silhouetted in the window!

Williams crouched close to the floor, and then, as the figure did not stir, inched his way with his legs doubled under him monkey-wise, until he was behind a Morris chair. Here he stayed quiet, still hoping that, whoever the person was, he would move on.

A long minute passed. The figure, after peering into the room, disappeared. Williams moved cautiously toward the wall and felt his way to the window. He suspected a trap. Sure enough! From his angle of perception he could make out the figure lurking at one side.

He was being watched!

Keeping to the wall, he sidled along until he reached the window that gave on the terraced lawn to the north. The drop he reckoned to be about ten feet. Carefully he let himself through. The turf was moist and soft, but the fall was considerable, and he landed awkwardly. He recovered, and lay listening.

A moment later the library above him was flooded with light. With the idea of skirting the dwelling and thus joining his wife, Williams started up quickly; but he had gone only a short distance when he perceived someone skulking back of the shrubbery in front of the portico. In despair he turned back — and saw a head projecting from the window through which he had just come. This determined him, and boldly leaving the shadows, he struck into a run for the shrubbery to the north.

'There he goes!' two voices cried simultaneously.

There was the sound of pursuit. Williams ran the harder. He was plain thief now.

He prayed silently.

He reached a low picket fence and hurdled it with an ease that amazed himself. The adjoining premises were fully as elaborate as the Magruder estate, and although unconscionably broad, afforded many excellent places for concealment. He was gasping a little, and as he skirted a fountain and narrowly missed a bench, had the thought that he had better try that method of escape. But no! They were too close, and anyway, he always could run, had held a championship in college, though only for the quarter — only for the quarter — the quarter — the quarter — the quarter was a difficult distance — called for continuous sprinting —

He saw that he had come to the limits of the neighboring premises. An eight-foot iron fence was between him and the avenue. Desperately he ran toward the east, hoping to find egress.

Some women sitting on the porch cried out at sight of the fugitive; their male companions leaped up.

'Stop, thief!' cut the air from behind.

But the embattled gate of the premises stood ajar; the powerful lights of an automobile loomed up in it. Williams darted through, just escaping the outstretched hand of the chauffeur, and ran pell-mell into patrolman Cassidy, who long since had been relegated to the 'silk-stocking' precincts, because of his age, flat-feet, and puttering good-nature.

Furiously the editor struck out with his fists. He experienced a tremendous hug, one that took what little breath that remained to him.

'Phwat's that, me laddie! Yez wud, wud yez!'

When Williams's wits and breath returned to him, he was in one of those hexagonal columnar sheet-iron 'coolers'

maintained in outlying districts for the temporary detention of contumacious prisoners. The contrivance was antiquated, and it was dark and the air excessively close. He could hear the excited voices from the adjoining street-corner and realized that he had not been carried far.

In the not-distant past Williams had contributed a series of editorials on the unwarranted manner in which city patrolmen made their arrests. Not that he had ever witnessed any procedure on the part of the peace-officers which in his judgment impinged on the 'inalienable rights' conferred on Anglo-Saxon peoples by such classic documents as Magna Carta and the Bill of Rights; but he had gleaned his facts rather from the succinct descriptions of police methods by a young reporter. These had made his blood boil.

But when the editorials had set local officials by the ears, and injured the *esprit de corps* of the force, for a time he had actually questioned the propriety of his course; for, truth to tell, his only personal knowledge of policemen was impressionistic: they seemed to be big, red-jowled, fierce-looking Irishmen, who would die of apoplexy if compelled to run one hundred yards.

Bitterly he thought now of these momentary doubts that had assailed him. *This* was first-hand stuff. True, the circumstances of his detention had been compromising; yet not a single effort had been made by anyone to straighten out what was, after all, only a hideous tangle. The arresting officer instantly had assumed him to be guilty of some crime, thus exactly reversing the common-law presumption of innocence. That was the difficulty with your policeman, anyway: he was Celtic, not Anglo-Saxon, and that was why the phrase 'probable cause' bulked so large in his make-up; it was the very genius of his race that rendered him incap—'

'I say,' he called, 'Mister Officer.'

There was a shuffling of feet.

'You have the book I dropped?'

'Yez have said one mout'ful.'

'You must permit me to explain — he volume belongs to me.'

A Hibernian chuckle greeted this.

'You're some little full-dress book-ancier, I'll tell the world,' put in another. 'I suppose them two \$3000 books you got last month out of the Brinsmade house belonged to you, too.'

Williams could scarcely credit his senses. Was it possible there *was* a book thief in the neighborhood?

'Wha-what's that?' he cried.

'Why, you poor nut!' was the answer. 'We been on your trail for six months.'

'But, I repeat, the book I dropped is mine. It is *The Courtyer*' — old spelling, you know — C-o-u-r-t-y-e-r — by Castiglione, an Italian; Hoby's translation. At page 96 you will see some of my own marginalia. I write a very fine hand and use purple ink.'

'Some of his own marginalia,' mimicked a falsetto voice. 'O Percy!'

The sound of a rapidly rung bell interrupted. It belonged to a passing electric and the editor shuddered at the familiar clang — in some such manner the patrol-wagon, for which he knew they were waiting, would announce its arrival.

'Here, Mike,' sounded still another voice. 'Let's have a look at what you got off him.' There was further mumbled converse. Then: 'Hey, you! What book did you say it was?'

'*The Courtyer*, by C-a-s-t-i-g-l-i-o-n-e,' spelled Williams.

'Huh! You better guess again. This one is the E-pis-to-lar-larum. The bird writin' it's got a name like a cheese: C-a-s-s-i —'

'Thot's me own name!' shouted Cassidy.

'Aw! S-h-u-t up! It's C-a-s-s-i-o-d-o-r-u-m.'

The Epistolarum!

'I've taken the wrong book!' thought the editor. 'A book worth \$1000!'

He became frantic. How *could* he have made such a mistake! He *must* have it out with them face to face. Good heavens! Was n't his appearance enough to vouch for him? His manner? That was it: he would tell them who he was, his name, the newspaper he worked on, and of his acquaintance with Magruder himself.

In stark agony he tried the door.

An incredible thing happened — it gave slightly. At the discovery he stood breathless, unbelieving: the lock was old and had failed to work when the patrolman used his key. He pressed once more; it responded until he was able to peer through the aperture. His captors were gathered at the corner beneath the street light, still puzzling over the book.

It was the work of only a second for him to slip out, close the door and dodge behind his prison; then, keeping it between himself and them, he stole to the nearest shelter, a maple tree standing some fifty yards away. From this point, with pounding heart, he was considering his next step, when the stillness was broken by the clang of a bell. It was the patrol-wagon. The sound energized him. Instinctively he hugged the tree, and almost unconsciously began to climb. The distance to the lowest branch was more than twelve feet, and he was just able to make it and pull himself up into obscurity by the time the patrol drew in to the corner.

The key rattled in the lock.

'Come on, ye little devil!' he heard the patrolman say. 'None o' yer monkey-shines, now!'

The door banged open. A blood-curdling yell split the air.

'Howly mither! He's gone!'

A second later there was the sound of running feet. They were searching

for him. A man passed immediately beneath his perch, going full tilt along the high fence to the west.

In an access of apprehension he moved slightly, and nearly lost his grip. There were shouts from various quarters, evidencing the large number of his pursuers. A bit later two of them stopped beneath his tree.

'Begob! It's the first toime I iver arrested a ghost.'

'Yes, an' it'll be the last time, if they get wind of it at headquarters,' was the angry retort. 'You bog-trot-tin', peat-hunchin' old son-of-a-gun! Why did n't you lock that door?'

'Oi did; sure as me name's Cassidy. I'm affther tellin' ye it was a ghost.'

'A ghost! Oh, me eye!' wailed the other. 'Then maybe this book's a ghost. Eh! What about that?'

The speaker slapped the *Epistolarum* forcibly.

The two moved on, still quarreling.

Williams shivered, noticing for the first time that the air was a little cooler; there did not seem to be so much light, and he realized with gratification that the moon had gone under clouds. But there was a shout from the lawn in front of the large dwelling facing the avenue.

'I see him!'

His heart stopped; his throat constricted. He could hear numbers of men running about swiftly, seemingly engaged in some fiercely silent, interminable game of fox-and-hounds; but no one approached his tree save one man, who shot by with the speed of an arrow. Feet pounded on the ancient graveled way nearby. There were indistinct, muffled oaths, sounds of scuffings, which presently came much nearer. Then, from close at hand, —

'Ah, not so! Alcibiades! Uses purple ink, eh!'

A hunted figure, running low, sprang into range of the editor's view. He

stopped an instant beneath the very tree. But a huge shape leaped out.

'Oi got the spalpeen!'

There was a sharp cry. William knew that embrace.

'Lemme go. I ain't done nothin'.'

Others ran up. There were as many as ten men standing beneath the tree all breathing heavily and trying to get a look at their captive. High-voiced argument ensued.

'Aw! You make me sick. That ain't him. Did n't I tell you he was in a dress-suit?'

Rain-drops began to fall. The bell of the patrol rang.

'Come on, you fellows,' shouted the driver, irritably. 'I ain't a-goin' to stick around here all night.'

The throng moved away with their prisoner; they still argued violently.

In his tree the editor remained for what seemed an eternity, but was in reality only half an hour. A heavy rain was falling when at last he slid cautiously to the ground, with numb hands. Here he lay flat on his stomach, and for some time kept a sharp lookout.

But the neighborhood, dripping from the torrential downpour, was entirely deserted. He raised himself stiffly to his feet and started off, hugging the stately fence. After traversing six long blocks, he reached the cross-town carline and hesitated a bit, hoping to see a car; then, considering his missing hat, torn overcoat, and saturated clothing, he started on a short cut through the park.

It was one o'clock in the morning when a weary bedraggled figure crept up the steps of the Williams home. Here it paused, and made some peculiarly futile attempts to straighten its apparel. Then it slipped a pass-key into the lock.

The door opened.

Editor Williams entered and took off his overcoat in the hallway. To his

dripping consciousness it seemed as if his wife had materialized out of nothing. First he had not seen her; now she stood staring at him.

The editor smiled wanly.

'My dear,' he complained, 'I'm late.'

'So I observe,' she smiled back.

She waited in silence. He slumped into a chair. She took one facing him, drawing it slightly nearer.

'I visited with Magruder,' he explained. 'Sorry not to have come home with you, but he said the Sandersons promised to bring you in their car.'

'Did you get the Castiglione?'

The editor glanced sharply at her.

'No. I did not.'

'Why not?'

'Well, my dear. You see — er — Magruder was — is — as I have said —'

'John!'

'What?'

'Don't.'

'Don't what?'

'Prevaricate.'

The two regarded each other. Swift enlightenment mirrored itself in the face of the editor.

'You don't mean, my dear, that —'

Mrs. Williams suddenly reached behind her and produced a book. She handed over the Castiglione. Her husband took it limply.

'Yes, John,' she explained, 'I asked Mr. Magruder for the book right after you and I were separated on the portico. He was most gracious.' She paused and eyed him with a look at once tender and triumphant. 'Come now,' she added, '*where have you been?*'

THE LOYAL LEGION OF LOGGERS AND LUMBERMEN

BY RALPH PHILIP BOAS

THE Pacific Northwest is the last place to which one would look for the promise of permanent industrial peace. The Northwest is inevitably associated with the I.W.W. at its worst, with the Seattle general strike, and with a violence in labor disputes as bitter as civil war. And the lumber industry is the last industry from which one would look for light on organization for industrial peace. For the lumber industry was once second only to the mines in nourishing the I.W.W. and in furnishing standard material for radical organizers. It was not only the filthy bunk-houses of the lumber camps, the

desolation of the soggy woods, and the constant peril from crashing trees and flashing ropes that made the lumber industry so anarchic; even more, it was the tough pertinacity and rugged individualism of the employers, the sullen lonesome hatred of the lumberjacks, and the timid stolidity of the mill workers.

And yet to-day the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, — the 4LL, — an association composed of over 20,000 persons engaged in the manufacture of lumber in the Pacific Northwest, offers a plan for the settlement of the labor problem on a national scale. It is the only large industrial organiza-

tion in the country in which all questions of wages, hours, and conditions of labor are decided, not by the sole action of employers, by agreement between employers and employees of a single company, by the warfare of strike and lockout, by the more subtle warfare of sabotage and strike on the job, or by the arbitration of special commissions, but by elected representatives of all members of the industry pledged to coöperation.

The 4LL is a new organization, but it is old enough to have proved that it is practical. It has changed an industry which was the unkindly nurse of the blackest class-hatred into a peaceful, efficient industry free from strikes and unrest. It has raised low wages to the highest in the country for the work done; it has raised those wages, not by fiat of employers but by the joint deliberations of employer and employee; it has improved living conditions in the lumber camps to a remarkable degree; it has made individualist employers and employees recognize that all modern business owes certain duties to society; it has taken the stand that the old principle of industrial autocracy must be replaced by a system of coöperation and mutual adjustment.

The Loyal Legion has done these things by the simple, but extremely difficult, process of recognizing the inevitable. Employers have recognized that employees have a right to collective bargaining, the eight-hour day, and a voice in determining their wages and conditions of labor. Employees have recognized that employers have a right to a return on their capital and to faithful production if they pay good wages. When these principles are recognized in an industry there is nothing left to quarrel over. Given a workable organization of the industry and capable leadership, and industrial peace is inevitable.

The organization of the 4LL is not startling; it is so simple that one wonders why it was not worked out fifty years ago. It is built upon the sensible theory that men will put their best efforts into their work when they have a real, positive, definite share in controlling their own wages and working conditions. Three ideas have been put forth in support of this theory. The first is the idea of conference, the second is that of mutuality of interest between workman and employer, and the third is the theory that labor and capital are equal partners in the industry, and that, so far as matters of production are concerned, each must have an equal voice in determining the conditions in the industry. Each partner, therefore, has an equal share in financing the organization.

The unit of membership is the local. A local of the Loyal Legion consists of such members as may be employed from time to time at any operation under one general management. Since membership in the Loyal Legion is open to any male or female who, as an owner, operator, or employee, is engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the logging, milling, or manufacture of lumber, including the allied industries, it follows that a local is an inclusive, non-class-conscious organization. The superintendent, the laborer, the skilled craftsman, and the office-worker meet on an equal footing.

A pledge of loyalty to the organization and the government is exacted from each person as he joins. The initiation fee is one dollar and the dues are twenty-five cents a month. The employer contributes a sum equal to that of all the membership dues of his employees who are members of the Legion. He also files a bond for two years in the sum of \$2.50 for each employee, computed on the basis of the average number of employees, no bond to be in

amount of less than \$100. The above bond is to be deposited as a guaranty of good faith and compliance with the rules and regulations that have been adopted by the constituted authority of the organization. . . . Employer members may withdraw from membership in the organization at any time on giving thirty days' notice in writing to the board of directors.¹

The fundamental instrument for the settlement of disputes is the 'employees conference committee' which consists of the chairman, vice-chairman, and secretary of the local. 'It shall be the duty of the employees conference committee to confer with the operator or operator's representative on all differences of local concern arising in the local from which it is elected, and to endeavor to adjust such differences in a manner satisfactory to both parties. This committee shall be strictly an employees' committee, and shall at all times act as the spokesman for the men concerned rather than as an arbitration board. Upon a failure to agree with the operator on any question under consideration, the conference committee shall submit the case in writing to the chairman of the district board through the headquarters office, for action by that body at its next meeting. The employees conference committee may initiate questions of general import, but shall not have jurisdiction in the final settlement or interpretation of such questions.'

A distinction is made between 'matters of local concern' and 'questions of general import.' The first are defined as 'questions affecting the living, working, and recreation conditions of each local; unwarranted discharge of members; tool charges and breakage; and all local conditions surrounding the employment or affecting the obligations of

members of the organization in that local.' The second are defined as 'those affecting the industry by districts, or as a whole, such as wages and hours, general administration affairs, and all matters of general value either to locals or members of the association. Consideration must be given the fact that questions of hours and wages, which in some cases are apparently of local concern, in reality affect the entire industry.'

Next above the conference committee of the local is the district board. (The Northwest has been divided into twelve districts.) 'District boards for each district of the Loyal Legion shall consist of four employees, two millmen and two loggers, to be elected at the annual convention by the employee members from among the local conference committees of the district, and of four operators, two millmen and two loggers, selected by the employers of the district concerned. The duty of the district board shall be to hear all matters on appeal from the employees conference committees and it may initiate matters of general import for the consideration of the board of directors. The decision of the district board on matters of local concern shall be final, except that it shall be clear to the board of directors that a fair and impartial hearing was given to all matters brought before it. Upon a failure to agree, the district board shall refer the case or cases to the board of directors, but no such reference shall be made until the district board shall have exhausted all honorable means of adjusting the question.'

The board of directors, composed of the employees' district-board chairman and the operators' district-board chairman of each district, is the supreme body of the 4LL. This board meets twice a year, appoints a president, secretary-manager, and other executive

¹ Quotations are from the Constitution of the 4LL.

officers, decides appeals, and initiates 'matters of general import.' Its decisions are final except in the case of a tie, when the president casts the deciding vote, but must refer the question to a board of arbitration selected for the occasion. No such tie has ever been reached, and according to the present executive officers, employers and employees have never lined up in an equally divided vote on any question.

It is clear that the 4LL differs radically from all industrial organizations which have hitherto been proposed.

It is like the trade union in that it does not deal with plants owned only by one corporation or syndicate. Its members are employed by hundreds of separate employers. Furthermore, it maintains a staff of organizers taken from the rank and file of labor, men who have had experience in the camps and mills and know the psychology of the men and the operators. Like trade-union organizers, these men not only organize new locals and increase membership, but they also straighten out many misunderstandings between the management and the men and perform other duties comparable to those of the trade-union organizer and business agent. The effect on the employer of the organizer's visit is similar to that of a trade-union delegate, in that he represents an organization the power of which the operator respects, and over which he alone has little control.

But the 4LL is also unlike the trade union. It is an industrial organization, not a craft union. It admits to membership both skilled and unskilled men. It has championed the cause of the unskilled man by raising his wages in greater proportion than those of the skilled man. A more important difference is the manner in which disputes are settled. The trade union demands; the 4LL requests. If the union wishes to discuss a dispute with the manage-

ment, it does so usually through its business agent; if the men themselves wish to deal directly with the management, machinery for the purpose has to be created. In the 4LL, requests for changes always originate with the local conference committee, and this committee is always ready to function. As a result, community of interest is developed to a high degree in 4LL mills.

But the most important difference between the trade union and the 4LL is in their attitudes toward the strike and lockout. Although the 4LL constitution does not in terms prohibit these instruments of warfare, the purpose of the organization is to create harmony and coöperation and thereby to eliminate the causes of warfare. At any rate, there have been no strikes and lockouts in 4LL operations in the lumber industry during the last three years.

The 4LL differs radically from the Industrial Workers of the World. The I.W.W. work on the assumption that owners of capital have obtained control of the means of production largely because of the capitalistic organization of society rather than through their own effort. They maintain that large owners of capital are in control of power which does not rightfully belong to them because they did not earn all of it. The present system, they maintain, which gives a few men control of industry, of wages, and of prices, and so puts the lives of millions of men in the hands of a few, is an aristocratic system. The I.W.W. look forward to the actual appropriation of the means of production by the wage-earners.

The 4LL is opposed to this doctrine because it believes that the present economic system is not to be fundamentally changed. It aims at industrial peace, and professes to secure to both employer and employee proper shares in the results of production. It is formed to function in a capitalistic system. Its

declaration of the mutuality of interest between employer and employee is fundamental. The employee receives an equal share in the settlement of problems of production, and thus receives partial control of the industry.

Nor should the 4LL be confused with the so-called 'shop-committee' plan, in which a group of employees are elected to represent their fellows in time of crisis, in conference with a 'welfare manager' or a similar executive officer of the company. The shop-committee plan, attractive as it is at first sight, has certain fundamental difficulties which prevent its being a real solution of the problem of industrial relations. It is confined to a single plant, or to a group of plants owned by one company. It does not cover a trade or an industry. Employees act, not as fellow members of an industry, but as employees of a company. Moreover, since shop-committee plans are handed down from above, they are thoroughly paternalistic. The men have no voice in the formation of the plan by which they are governed, and may see their organization destroyed in a moment by the will of the employer who created it. The shop-committee plan works well in plants where good feeling already prevails, or where men are helpless; it can never create industrial peace on a large scale, as the 4LL has done.

The paid-up membership in the 4LL is over 20,000. About 5000 additional members are on the books, but were not reported as having paid in the last quarterly report. Various estimates place the total number of men in the industry in the Northwestern states at about 100,000. About one fourth of the men in the territory, therefore, are members of the Loyal Legion. Three other organizations exist. The I.W.W. still has members, but because of unrelenting persecution by the government they are forced into hiding. Timber

operators report a cessation of sabotage, and the 4LL has secured practically all the possible demands that used to be the staple of I.W.W. agitation. The International Union of Timber-workers, a craft union, claims some members, but has closed its Portland headquarters and is reported to have only a scattering membership. Only one operation is known which has signed an agreement with the timber-workers. The fact seems to be that the 'collectively minded' men of the industry find their wants satisfied by the Legion. One company has adopted the shop-committee plan.

There are 450 operations affiliated with the 4LL. There are in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho 264 mills and 500 logging camps. The great majority of the largest mills and fully half of the camps are affiliated with the Legion.

The Legion has accomplished six distinct things. It has made calm and steady production possible in an industry which, three years ago, was thoroughly disorganized. It has placed wages on the highest scale in the United States for the work done, and has established the eight-hour day. It has stabilized wages on a minimum uniform scale, with an allowance for reward for superior skill and initiative. It has made striking progress in improving sanitary conditions in the industry. The sanitary officer reports 'substantial improvements in conditions. A general clean-up has taken place in 84 per cent of the operations. Eighty-six per cent of the camps have bathing facilities. Seventy-one per cent have screened mess-halls and sanitary toilets.' The 48 complaints of bad sanitary conditions made in 1919 were all adjusted. It has begun, through an organization of the wives of the 4LL men called the Ladies' Loyal Legion, the development of the community life of the lumber camps and mill towns. At last

reports, nearly thirty locals had been organized. Finally, it has been carrying on a persistent campaign of education among employers and employees in the spirit of harmony, coöperation, and fair play. This is its greatest task and its greatest possible achievement, for its success depends, not upon its machinery, but upon the initiative, responsibility, and fair-mindedness of its members, their ability to work through an organization, and the degree to which they recognize the spirit of a new industrial era.

The Legion has recognized that it is primarily an enterprise in education by the selection of Norman F. Coleman, formerly Professor of English at Reed College in Portland, Oregon, as president. Of the new president's powers it is impossible to speak without seeming exaggeration. He has none of the doctrinaire spirit that might well be fatal to the enterprise. He has an understanding of the workman's point of view that comes from experience before and during his career as a teacher. He has a fairness and open-mindedness that commend him to the operators. In ten years of teaching in the Northwest he has gained the respect and affection of the public by his simplicity, his steadiness, and his complete honesty. If the form of organization spreads to other industries, one of their chief problems will be to find other Colemans.

The 4LL is not without opposition. There are employers in the Northwest who, unaware that a new day has arrived, refuse to let one jot of power pass from their hands. They share in the new peace that the Legion has brought into the industry, but they refuse to help in maintaining that peace. They are paralleled by numbers of workmen who are similarly individualistic. Some of them are constitutionally averse to organization; others drift in and out of the industry and have little interest in

its improvement. No form of organization can permanently settle the problem of the roving laborer; and the roving laborer is everywhere in the Northwest. Organized labor, of course, hates the Legion with all its heart. The Legion has secured everything that organized labor demands, plus peace and coöperation. It is commonly reported that the American Federation of Labor expects to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars next year in an attempt to disrupt the Legion; for it sees clearly that an extension of the 4LL plan to other industries would mean the downfall of unionism. It need hardly be said that the I.W.W. hate the organization. It has robbed them of their staples of propaganda until only convinced revolutionaries are left. The greatest danger of all, however, is the new peace which the organization has brought. Having so much, employees and employers alike may come to feel that further effort and expense are unnecessary. Nothing would be more salutary for the organization than a determined fight for its life.

All things considered, it is indubitable that the 4LL offers a solution of the problem of industrial relations in the United States. It has been tried in a large industry, which labors under as many difficulties as any in the country. It successfully unites two different types of workmen: the unsettled worker of the logging-camps and the settled worker of the sawmills. It covers a large section of the country in which travel and communication are difficult. It works with employers who are bred to a hard, dominating view of industry, who have earned what they own, and are governed by realities. Yet it is succeeding, because employers and employees really are willing to give up ideas of domination to secure industrial peace, when that peace is based upon fair dealing and democratic coöperation.

A NEW MOVEMENT IN EDUCATION

BY STANWOOD COBB

I

A TRUTH to which humanity seems ever blind is this — that everything that is born must die; and that institutions, being part of this ephemera, are also subject to the law of change and death, giving place to new and ever-spring forms, which prove more adequate to express the eternally progressive spirit of man.

It is hard to believe this truth, because nothing seems so substantial and lasting as a great institution, established upon ideas and practices that have enlisted the acceptance and faith and activities of countless men and women; moving on beyond human life and death; and receiving anew the devotion of successive generations. It seems to stand immune to change, to be above mortality.

Such is the apparent stability of our great public-school system. Yet at the very meridian of one star's success, another star is always dawning on the horizon. At the moment of the greatest power and prestige of an established institution, a new and revolutionary institution is rising — so small, so insignificant as to seem unworthy of attention, yet destined perhaps to outlive and eventually displace the old. Might one suspect that the very maturity and perfection of organization of our present school system is a presage of over-ripeness?

Yet, in spite of age, an institution will survive and maintain its prestige so

long as it proves satisfactory. It is only in an atmosphere of discontent that revolutions are born. If all parents were contented with the present educational system, no one could, with any confidence, announce a revolutionary change. It is, however, just because of a discontent almost universal on the part of the most cultured and intelligent parents that one may prophesy a revolution, or perhaps an evolution, in our educational ideals and methods. Just what line that evolution may follow is open to discussion. To parents of the class above mentioned, educational malcontents, parents who dare rebel against the long hours of physical, mental, and emotional suppression of their children within the public schools, this article would point the way to the education of the future as conceived by numerous educators and parents of this country — a type of education to which the name 'progressive' has been given.¹

This movement has already been evolving for half a generation. As in the case of many inventions and scientific discoveries, different innovators have been independently working out

¹ The term 'progressive,' as applied to a special and definite type of education, was first used two years ago, in Washington, D.C., by a group of people then organizing the 'Progressive Education Association' — an association which is bringing together educators working along certain new lines, and laymen interested in this kind of education. — THE AUTHOR.

the principles which may now be brought together, and are so being brought together, in successful practice. New schools of this progressive type are springing up in different cities. More and more parents are coming to demand this education for their children. And young and unheralded as this movement is, it is presented to those who are anxious for a change in education as a possible David for their Goliath.

The primary demand of progressive education is more freedom for the child. Thus it is an expression in education of that innate desire which has already so strongly expressed itself in the world of intellect, of government, and of religion, and which is fast invading other fields of human activity. Freedom without license is the right of every man and woman. It is the discovery of the progressive educator that it is the right of every child — a right that can safely be granted.

As the physical is that side of our nature which is most fundamental, and the first in order of development, progressive education believes in giving the child freedom of movement. In a progressive school there are no fixed desks. All the furniture is movable. To form a class, the children draw up their chairs or movable desks around the teacher. In mild weather the class may be bodily transferred out-of-doors, desks and all, with no loss of efficiency; for habit has bred in those accustomed to freedom the ability to exercise it without excitement or waste of time and attention.

Not only are the seats comfortable and easily adjusted to the pupil's desire, but the child, in most progressive schools, is free to get up and leave the class if it becomes too irksome. Not that this privilege is often used; but it is there — and if a pupil is restless and unable to give attention, the teacher

might even suggest that some form activity, such as work at the carpenter's bench or a run out-of-doors, would be advisable.

This physical freedom may seem a slight thing; but the lack of it is irksome to a growing child, and is responsible for many neuroses that the teacher in a formal school is obliged to call misbehavior. Ole Bull, when a schoolboy, sometimes became so physically nervous that he would jump out of the window and run away. Such a situation should be impossible. Schools of the progressive type have been conducted long enough now to prove that the average amount, or even more of the *a b c's* can be acquired in a school of physical freedom, on account of the superior interest and concentration of the children when they are at work. Much of the nervousness of American school-children can be attributed to the brutal (so it will seem a hundred years from now) custom of holding them to fixed seats, — six rows seven in a row, — for five hours a day. The best public schools, realizing this fault, are now breaking the session up into shorter units by introducing several brief periods of exercise or play into the morning and afternoon sessions, in addition to the customary recess. But such measures are only palliative.

In the Moraine Park School of Dayton, Ohio, one may see a wonderful demonstration of freedom, backed up by efficient work as proved in standard tests. There are no formal classes below the fifth grade. The children drill each other in arithmetic or spelling, reporting to the teacher for an occasional test of their progress. In reading, they choose whatever books they please, and finding a comfortable corner, read to themselves. Often a child will find a book so interesting that he will want to share it with his mates. Then he will

ather a few children together, and, with the teacher to help him, will read aloud to the group. In every room is a carpentry bench equipped with tools and materials, to which a child may repair when tired of mental work.

In these elementary grades the utmost freedom prevails. One visiting the school sees children moving softly back and forth to their tasks, or working quietly in small groups. There is an atmosphere of effort, of seriousness, of joy in the school. The architecture and furnishings harmonize with this lovely spirit. It is the most beautiful home of learning I have ever seen.

The Moraine Park School is not the only one of this type. A similar freedom can be found in other progressive schools, such as the Park School, Baltimore; the Edgewood School, Greenwich, Connecticut; the Fairhope School, Alabama; the Oak Lane Country Day School, Philadelphia; the Park School, Buffalo; the Unquowa School, Bridgeport, Connecticut; the Francis W. Parker Schools of Chicago and San Diego; and others, too numerous to mention here.

II

Next to physical freedom comes mental freedom. How far that can profitably go is the mooted question. In some of the progressive schools children below ten years of age have no obligatory studies. There is no formal drill-work. In other progressive schools there is a definite programme paralleling the public-school programme for grade work. But in all progressive schools *the aim is to have interest aroused before work is assigned.*

The belief is that work done without interest is poorly done. A child can be forced to a simple physical task, and can hardly fail to accomplish something at it in the course of an hour. But the

mind is more elusive and not so easily controlled. There is something perversely impish at times about a child's mind; so finds the disgruntled teacher who sets the child to a mental task, and after an hour, a day, a week, finds nothing accomplished. Perhaps the child-mind is like the house-brownie of our fairy tales, who plays mischievous tricks on those he does not like, but works all night at tasks to help those who are kind to him and who have won his confidence.

Granted that the child-mind can balk, — no educator denies this, — and that punishment will avail no more than beating a balky horse, may not wisdom suggest that the teacher endeavor to discover *why* the child balks at the given task?

Does it ever occur to the educator that a child has emotions; that emotions are motive-power; that if a child has made up its mind not to learn a thing, no compulsion can avail; and that *the best way to get the child to learn a thing is to make it want to learn that thing?*

The progressive educator therefore spends much time and attention in analyzing the child's wants and studying its reactions, seeking to guide and correct its emotional nature as a preliminary to intellectual progress.

Certainly there is little profit in the hours spent over lessons where the pupil's will is adverse to the task; or in hours spent in class-work where the pupil is uninterested and inattentive. The theory and practice of progressive education, therefore, are based on this simple and well-known psychological truth, that interest and attention are necessary preliminaries to the acquisition of knowledge. Of course this truth has been known to education, and successful teachers have always sought to arouse the interest and attention of their pupils. Therefore, it is not so

much in the enunciation of a theory, as in its application, that progressive education is making new departures. The gifted teacher in any system of education succeeds by personal magnetism, combined with intellectual enthusiasm; but if there can be created a method that will make it easier for less gifted and ordinary teachers to hold the interest and attention of their pupils and inspire them to effort, then all education has gained immeasurably.

This is what progressive education seeks to do; and in so doing it makes use of such devices as the following.

1. *Competitive games in which there is some opportunity for action.* Competition, in studies as in athletics, produces zest. The 'spelling-bee' is an old-time example of such competition. A game invented by a progressive educator, called 'spelling-baseball,' has much more competitive excitement, however, and is a very excellent supplement of the 'spelling-bee.' It is played as follows. Bases are marked off on the floor as in baseball, with more economy of space, however. The class is divided into two teams, each of which has a pitcher. The man at the bat receives the words from the pitcher of the opposing team. A word spelled right counts as a ball, while one spelled incorrectly counts as a strike. Three strikes means out — four balls means first base. 'Baseball' can be used also in the teaching of geography, and an ingenious teacher can make still further applications of it.

One can readily see the many advantages of this game. In the first place, it gives a motive for careful study of a review lesson. Not only does each side study hard, but the pitchers, who are also captains, will frequently coach the weak members of their teams. The onus of the drill thus falls entirely on the pupils instead of on the teacher; and the blame for negligence in review-

ing the lesson comes swiftly and heavily upon the careless pupils from their own contemporaries. Secondly, it gives amusement and an opportunity for relaxing cramped limbs. Thirdly, and perhaps most important of all, it associates pleasure with the educative process. This and similar games help to make the child's mental attitude toward education one of eagerness and joy. There is formed a mental appetite and desire, which is as necessary for the assimilation of knowledge as physical appetite and desire is necessary for the proper assimilation of food.

In a similar way, without, however, using the model of baseball, a recitation in spelling, history, or geography, can be run off as a game between opposing teams, the captains of each team throwing the questions at the opposing team, with the teacher as score-keeper and referee.

It is apparent that the success of such games does not depend very much upon the skill of the teacher. It is a method that any teacher who can at all manage children can successfully apply. Numerous other competitive games have been invented, and are constantly being invented, in progressive schools in order to take away the drudgery from drill-work.

2. *The abandonment of the formal recitation.* By games such as those described above, and by democratizing, or socializing the class-work, the formal recitation is dispensed with as much as possible in progressive schools. Indeed, some schools, such as Miss Parkhurst's in New York, have entirely abolished the recitation, using instead a system of conferences and lectures originated by Thomas Burke of the San Francisco Normal School.

The formal recitation is a great waste of the pupil's time and nervous energy. This subject is important enough to deserve a separate article, and cannot be

reated further here. Suffice it to say that the progressive educator seeks in different ways to find substitutes for the formal recitation. Games, socialized recitations, individual work, are methods used. Again, instead of assigning work to be finished in a study period and subsequently recited, the teacher can work with the class, combining study and recitation into one process. This can be done to advantage in arithmetic. It is done to great advantage in commercial schools for the teaching of foreign languages, where the pupils are expressly forbidden to study the lessons outside the class.

By decreasing the number of formal recitations, the strain on the teacher is reduced. In the socialized recitation the pupils do all the work, and the teacher may even absent himself, or remain as umpire. In the Moraine Park School, for each history recitation the class has a secretary and president, the pupils serving in rotation. The president conducts the recitation, and the secretary keeps the records, which he reads at the beginning of the next recitation in the form of a review.

The progressive method seeks to shift responsibility as much as possible from the teacher to the pupils. *Let the children realize early in the process of education, that it is not for the teacher they are studying, but for themselves.* Let the teacher, so far as is possible, be the friendly guide and adviser of the pupils, not their task-master. Surely there is something wrong with a school system from which pupils graduate with the feeling that they are escaping; yet such is the emotion naturally engendered where work is done at the behest of another.

I do not mean to imply by this that pupils can be left to their own devices, or that the teacher should be any less their intellectual and moral leader. Progressive education does not detract

from the value of the teacher as the conveyor to the pupil of the race-knowledge acquired in the past, but rather presents a better method of imparting such knowledge.

3. *A more flexible programme.* In life it is variety and unexpected pleasures which relieve the irksomeness of the steady grind; and in school-life, even a slight variation at times from the set programme is effective in freeing the child's subconscious mind from unpleasant routine-associations connected with the school session. To give over the formal work at times, in order to prepare a drama or to carry out a project of an educational nature, pleases children immensely, and serves to keep up their interest in the school-work as a whole.

Some progressive schools go even further, and depart widely from a fixed programme, especially in the younger grades. The amount of book-knowledge which it is necessary to absorb before the age of ten is so slight that it can easily be got in much less time than the public-school system gives to it, provided interest and attention are continually active. Dr. Colin Scott has proved this in the experimental schools connected with Mt. Holyoke College. His results in abridging the grade-work, by means of constant interest and mutual help among the pupils, are amazing. Therefore, it stands to reason that a progressive school, if it prefers to enrich the curriculum rather than abridge the time for acquiring the standard amount of subject-matter, can afford to leave a great deal to the initiative of the child, provided that interest and desire are constantly functioning.

This method has already been described in connection with the Moraine Park School, where there is no formal programme up to the fifth grade. Such flexibility in the programme is of course made possible only by reason of a great

deal of individual work, or of drill-work carried on between pairs of students. To safeguard against a one-sided and indulgent mental appetite, the teacher keeps some kind of record of the work done by the students each day; and if any subject is neglected for three or four days, the teacher urges that it be given attention.

In the Parkhurst School already spoken of, and in the Dalton (Massachusetts) High School, programme recitations have been abolished. The teachers post each week the work to be done for that week in the different subjects, and the pupils are free to accomplish these tasks according to their own desires. For instance, a student may wish to spend Monday on history, and get the whole week's work out of the way that day. He is the maker of his programme — submitting only to the larger fixed programme of weekly work. Once or twice a week each teacher meets the whole class in conference and reviews the week's work, thus supplementing the pupil's individual efforts. At other times the teachers are available for individual help.

4. *Correlation of book-knowledge with the daily life of the child.* This principle needs little explanation. It is not peculiar to progressive schools. All successful educators use it. Geographical magazines, news weeklies, lantern-slides, picture post-cards, railroad folders, manufactured products, excursions to museums and institutions and factories — all these aids are used more or less wherever teachers hold forth. It is rather in *degree of use* that progressive schools differ from other schools. The endeavor in progressive schools is, in so far as is possible, to *connect all subject-matter with daily life, and to omit from textbooks that knowledge which is irrelevant or petty.*

It remained for a Persian philosopher of the past century to lay down

most clearly the principle that should guide all educators in forming the curriculum. 'Do not teach,' he said, 'those subjects that begin and end in words; but only those that pertain to human welfare.' Without seeking to pass judgment upon the present standard curriculum, the writer would state that, in his educational experience, those subjects which begin in words and end in words have never failed to bore the pupil; whereas there is an immediate and sustained appeal in a subject that pertains to human welfare. No doubt, perhaps, because of altruistic, but rather because of egoistic, motive does the child of any age react emotionally to every fact which seems to bear, even remotely, upon his happiness or his mode of living. In the course of such studies there is an *awareness of being* that gives a comfortable thrill wholly lacking in the bookworm process. We like to feel that there is also a spark of altruism in every human breast, and that it responds to the inspiration of human achievement and to the appeal of human needs.

III

What have been described so far are methods by which the progressive educator seeks to enliven the process of knowledge-acquisition and to adapt it more closely to the child's needs and legitimate desires, with the purpose of keeping always in the child a joyous attitude toward study. But this is only a part of the progressive programme. As the child has other sides to his nature than the purely intellectual, so a system of education which would aim to be complete must offer an all-round development, including the physical, emotional, æsthetic, and social.

This is rather an ambitious programme; and since progressive education has not been established long

ough adequately to check up results in these directions; since, also, these aims are not specific to progressive education, but are more or less claimed by all educators, it will be best to speak here briefly of a few particular methods used in progressive schools to obtain these larger results.

The physical development of the child is considered by Marietta L. Johnson, one of the pioneers of progressive education, to take precedence over the intellectual development up to the age of ten. In all progressive schools the freedom of movement already described, the use of games and rhythmic expression and manual work, and exercise in gymnasium or on the playground, provide amply for the normal, healthy development of the child's body.

Progressive education pays much more attention to the emotions than does ordinary education, both in watching carefully the emotional reaction of the child to its school-work, and in providing emotional outlet and emotional training by use of competitive games in place of the formal recitation, by story-telling, rhythmic expression, and dramatization. Instead of assigning the parts in a play to those children naturally possessed of dramatic ability, the progressive educator seeks in the course of the year to give all the children an opportunity to act, and through acting to find emotional expression and a cure for self-consciousness and shyness.

The æsthetic qualities are developed, not only by the ordinary use of music and art, but also by craft-work, which holds a large place in a progressive curriculum and furnishes the most popular hour of the day with the children. In the acting of dramas and pageants, also, the æsthetic sense is developed.

In the Moraine Park Junior School, Dayton, Ohio, the architecture, the system of interior decoration in cool

grays, the use of willow furniture with chintz cushions, and the total equipment and furnishings of the school, are calculated to make the same impression upon the children that they would receive from their own homes of culture. This is the only school plant I have ever seen which equals in æsthetic appeal the home environment of the child of cultured people. It is an innovation in school plants, calling for a larger investment per capita than most schools can win from the paying public; but it seems the logical thing. Why should our children be forced to step down several, or many, degrees in cultural environment when they leave their homes for their schools?

To the social development of the child the progressive educator pays great attention. By some system of self-government the child is given an opportunity for self-control, which makes his actions more and more studied to please the social group. Under such a system his selfishness or disobedience would offend, not a teacher-autocrat, but the group of children, his peers, who have made the rules, he is disobeying and who are prompt to register their disapproval. So that the prankish child cannot pose as a hero before his mates by breaking rules, but discovers very soon that by such actions he becomes obnoxious to his social group. From this discovery comes a reform, and a training such as adults receive at the hands of their fellows. For few people, adults or children, can long hold out against the disapproval of their social group.

Not only by means of self-government, but in socialized recitations, in games, in dramatic work, in student projects, and in work and responsibilities, which the pupils so gladly share for the sake of their school (at Dayton, the pupils, among them sons of millionaires, do most of the janitor work),

the children of a progressive school find opportunity for social and character development.

IV

Every movement has three stages. First, people say, 'There is nothing to it.' Then they say, 'It cannot succeed.' Finally, its successful establishment leads people to remark, 'I always believed in it.'

The progressive movement has already passed the first stage, and has reached the point where the chief criticism brought against it is, 'It could never succeed in the public school.' The reason given is that it would be unfeasible in classes of forty and fifty. Progressive educators admit this difficulty; but does the fault lie with progressive education, or with a system which puts fifty children in one classroom under a tired teacher?

'But,' say the opponents, 'smaller classes would be more expensive, and the public is not willing to pay more for its educational budget.'

'That is just the point,' retort the proponents. 'The public must become enlightened enough to see that the amount of money they appropriate now buys only *quantity* education; and they must be converted to the idea that it is worth while to pay more and

get *quality*, or *real*, education for their children.'

So the campaign is on, and the public is being appealed to. Meanwhile private day schools in many cities of the country are blazing new trails and demonstrating in a concrete way the value of progressive education. In many public schools these methods are being carried out, in spite of the handicap of large classes. Hard-headed businessmen are becoming proselytes, through experience with their own children. When enough practical laymen become converted to progressive education, they can put it over the top in our public schools, which are ultimately only an expression of the will of the people.

That the progressive movement is open to criticism, no one could intelligently deny. It is still young, still unformed, still empirical. It may on occasions go to extremes in its reaction against the formalism of the present system. But it is a healthily growing movement, the defects of which time and experience will eradicate. It is not as yet standardized. Therein lies its power and its appeal. It is a movement still open to change, ready and eager for intelligent criticism and aid. It is a movement for you and for me; and its ultimate will be what you and I conspire to make it.

‘DUOVIR’

BY JOHN FINLEY

I KNOW — as you — a man who is two men
Companioned by diverse ancestral strains
In one gaunt awkward body that must needs
Attempt to serve them both incessantly:
One, scion of a long-forgotten god
Who herded clouds and stars and warded trees
And tended tides and tamed mad rivers ere
The engineers had learned the simplest arts,
And who, to give him home upon the earth
Amid his officed tasks, leading his flocks
From sea through forests to the mountain crests,
Wedded an Aryan maid whose father dwelt
Upon a hill above the highest spring,
Commanding view of mountain, sea and sky. —
So had the first his soul and name from her
Who lived, god-visited, upon the heights.

The other boasted his descent from one
Who ruled by might upon the isle where now
A king-born man rules but in name alone —
A practic lord who built great Thorfin’s walls,
Progenitor of those who habit towns,
Who fashion, barter, carry, and control,
Masters of men who fight and toil and save;
Makers of things that clothe and house and feed;
Careless of cloud and star except as they
Replenish wells or guide the errant ships.

Each was the heritor of vast estates
That stretched divergent back from every day:

On one side toward the halcyon Grecian isles,
 And on the other toward the mists that brood
 Above the northern fjords; nor mingle till
 They come convergent near the far-off gate
 Whence Adam came all flushed and frightened forth,
 And Eve beside him weeping sore.

So got

Of god and cosmic clay, and so endowed,
 These diversivoltent *duoviri*,
 As one big homely human avatar,
 Tried each with each to do their double best
 'Twixt dream and deed — poet and pragmatist,
 Mystic and potent manager of men.

One loved the solitude, the forest paths,
 The lonely night, the voices of the stars,
 The rain upon the roof, the scent of trees,
 The light upon the hills, the open road.

The other cared for crowds and comradeship,
 The bustling streets, the plauding multitudes,
 The council hall, the camp, the battlefield,
 The glare and tumult of the victory.

Together, they were Man upon his way
 From God to God, summing the race that's been,
 But giving glimpse of a diviner grace
 Than has evolved — or will, if we accept
 The teaching of the biologic mind
 That sees his evolution at an end —
 Than has evolved, but *will*; for soul is bound
 To mould such body as its needs require
 To bear it toward and to the goal it seeks —
 Else why were clay uplifted to this height
 If it can never reach the higher height,
 The image it would make of God in Man?

JUVENILE COURT SKETCHES

BY GRACE E. POLK

I. THE BULLY

WHEN Stacey Harris threw that shoe, he aimed it straight at Hodge's head, and every boy in the gym knew it. And when Hodge bore down on him with a smarting temple and the blood of battle in his eye, it was Stacey who kicked first; every boy knew that, too. Just the same, they shouted, 'Coward! Why don't you pick on your own size? Coward! coward!' And from a circumspectly populous corner, came that epithet most hated of all — 'Fatty.' It was then that Hodge struck out, and Stacey's puny arm snapped under the blow backed by Hodge's 190 pounds of tough young muscle.

To Hodge that sound of snapping bone was awful. He knew what it was: he had heard it once before. But that was different: it was his own arm that snapped then, and he had taken it as a matter of course. He was playing basket-ball, and it was a law of the game not to notice any injury. Besides, they were cheering him then and he could have stood anything. Now no one cheered. The sudden anguished surprise of the unintentional criminal smote him. He wanted to cry; but he knew that, if he did, they would call him cry-baby, and that one thing no boy can stand.

Why had he been fighting anyway, he asked himself, uncomfortable under the first assault that self-analysis had ever made on him. It was only last

week that he had made up his mind never to fight again. He had been reading how Lincoln had made this promise to his mother and had kept his word; and that had helped, too. For no one ever said that Lincoln was afraid to fight. But if he had to fight; if the boys were right, and, as they said, he was the school bully, why did n't he pick on his own size? And at that he came face to face with the old grim fact, the one that was always there, that always had been there ever since he got into his first pair of trousers and began to understand these things: there were no boys his size. All the boys his size were men. And he did n't want to fight with men. They did n't want to fight with him, either.

He skulked out across the school-yard, a great form and the face of a very simple little boy. With the amazing rapidity of school-yard gossip, the news had gone before him. 'Coward, coward!' came from a group of boys. 'Fatty, why don't you pick on your own size?'

He turned upon them. 'I did n't pick on him; he hit me first. You show me my own size, and I'll show you whether I'm afraid or not.'

'Fatty!' came promptly from another group.

'Who said that?' Hodge caught a small boy by the arm.

'I did n't; don't you break my arm too,' whimpered the boy. 'I did n't';

'I did n't,' went round the alibi-ing group, whose cry a minute before had been 'Coward.'

Hodge let the youngster go and turned to face a girl. She had red cheeks and black eyes. Hodge knew just how her white teeth looked as they flashed out between red lips. Had he not watched all term for that smile? But she did not smile now. 'Hodge Thompson, you're the meanest boy I ever saw, to break that poor little boy's arm, and I'll never speak to you again, never.'

'You go to —,' said Hodge, with the swift decisiveness of the young male who can be goaded no further.

'Oh, you bad boy! I'll tell the principal on you.'

'Go ahead and tell her, and see if I care.'

And, as a matter of fact, at that moment he did not care. His sorrows were of a kind that no principal can increase or assuage.

Now the need for action became imperative. He could not run away, for that was to acknowledge defeat. He could not even walk away, as if he had something to do; for his enemies, past masters in the art of subterfuge, knew the indirect as well as the direct methods of retreat. Suddenly he threw back his head and listened. Not a sound came to his ears except the splash, splash of melting snow as it fell from the eaves; but with quick aggressiveness he dashed across the campus, a splendid, vital young thing.

'Hey, hearing things, are n't you?' came scornfully from the group he had left behind, valiant again at his departure. And as he turned the corner, afar off the hated words came again to his ears: 'Coward! Fatty!' He dropped from his trot to a slow walk. There was no use in hurrying home. He would get there soon enough anyway. There

was nothing pleasant awaiting him there — he knew that. He knew that the story would reach home long before he did: they always did. And he knew that his stepfather would thrash him. And he knew, too, that, though he himself was half a head taller, he would stand and take it; he always did.

Next day, something quite unusual happened to Hodge. He found a friend. It was not Stacey, who, with his arm in a sling, and his hair parted almost too neatly, told how it all happened, even nobly vouchsafing that he hit first; at which Hodge, indifferent before, felt a strange desire to kill him.

It was when the trial was all over that the judge called Hodge to the bench. He was a tall, quiet, kindly old man, with fine eyes.

'Hodge,' he said, 'I know all about it. I was big once myself. It's pretty tough; I'm sorry for you.'

Hodge's eyes filled suddenly with tears, which rimmed over and ran down his nose, but could n't be wiped away, no matter how they tickled, because Stacey was looking at him.

'But it won't always be so, Hodge. They called me names, too, and I could n't lick them, because they were only half my size. And one day I beat up a pretty little sissy boy for throwing my cat into the sewer. And I had to stand with my hands tied behind me and let his father thrash me for it. When that happened, I promised myself, when we were all twenty-one, I'd clean up every one of them, one after another. And I used to go out into the barn and chin myself thirty times, and punch a bag, to put myself into shape to do it.'

'And did you?' asked Hodge, his face aglow with anticipated revenge.

The judge smiled — kindly, impersonal again. 'Wait till you're twenty-one, Hodge, and you'll know.'

OUR DEAREST ANTIPATHIES

BY FRANCIS EDWARD CLARK

WHY do we like one person or race, and dislike another? What is the reason for our racial and personal antipathies? or is there, perchance, no fundamental reason? Is the average antipathy we cherish simply another case of Dr. Fell?

I do not like you, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell.
But this I know and know full well,
I do not like you, Dr. Fell.

It is really a matter that is worth considering; for battles have been fought and dynasties have been established or overthrown, purely on the strength of national or racial antipathies. Such antipathies seem as unreasonable and as difficult to account for as human nature itself, and perhaps the unreasonableness of human nature alone can account for them.

Consider the antipathy to the colored races, on the part of many white nations. It would seem that there is an inherent blood feud, of a mild and usually innocuous sort, between races of different colors; that Ham and Shem hated Japheth, and Japheth and Shem despised Ham, from the day the Ark landed on Mt. Ararat.

But contemporary history disproves that theory. There are to-day many lands where Ham and Japheth get along very comfortably together. In the island of Jamaica, for instance, where there are some ten thousand whites to more than half a million blacks, or colored people (for there is a distinction as well as a difference in these terms), the races, all three of them, have

very few mutual antipathies. We hear of none of the race-riots, hangings, and burnings at the stake that constitute the blackest blot on our own national escutcheon. The blacks are treated with justice and consideration by the whites, and the whites are esteemed by the blacks, with true scriptural humility, as 'better than themselves.'

It may be said that in Jamaica it behooves the whites, who are in a minority of one to sixty, to treat the blacks decently, lest intolerance meet its just reward. But Jamaica does not stand alone. There are many other countries where the two races get along amicably. In Brazil, for instance, a streak of black blood is no bar sinister. Half the white people have something of an African tint in their veins. I know a distinguished American religious worker in South America, whose beautiful and accomplished wife had a few tell-tale kinks in her hair, and whose four pickaninnies, darker than either of their parents, were a decided handicap to the father when he visited the old folks in 'The States.' So it can scarcely be a matter between Ham and Japheth, since North America and South America are twin continents, and we all live in the twentieth century.

Another conundrum. Why is it that Indian blood is esteemed so much more desirable than African blood? In many cases both are equally tawny. Yet even society queens, if the newspapers are to be believed, are proud to count their generations back to Pocahontas; while no one could be elected to the upper

ten who was a forty-seventh cousin to Toussaint l'Ouverture or Booker Washington.

Yet the average Indian (I gladly except certain tribes) is far harder to civilize than the average negro. He prefers his tepee, his lousy blanket, and his witch doctors to a university education, though he might have the latter free.

Then there are all the grades of color between the black and the red (so-called, although any ruddy tinge is difficult to discover in the Indian). There is the light yellow grading to dark yellow of China and Japan, the seal-brown of Java, the dun brown of the New Hebrides, the *écru* of Hawaii; to all of them different degrees of antipathy are manifested on the part of the fair-haired and blue-eyed races.

This antipathy cannot be laid to the intellectual inferiority of these races. Japan and China have their full proportion of intellectual giants and near-giants. Their civilization, though of a different kind, is as high as ours, and their art in some respects is superior.

Wherein, then, does the antipathy lie? It would seem to the superficial eye that it is a matter of pigment. Beneficent Nature, with her usual lavish hand, spilled more coloring matter into some cuticles than into others; therefore the super-white races, '99.44 per cent pure,' like a certain brand of soap, have taken a pregenital prejudice, it would seem, against the races that show on the surface a little more coloring matter. The lily-whites of Northern Europe, who constitute our chief racial stock, are antipathetic to the colored races; while the Spaniards and Portuguese and, to some extent, the Italians, with their black hair and eyes and more swarthy skins, have little prejudice even against intermarriage.

Yet this pigment explanation, which has been seriously proposed, is surely a pigmy contribution to the subject.

An innate fear of the final domination of the whites by the colored is more reasonable. Few reason it out, perhaps; but he who really scans the world, 'from China to Peru,' cannot fail to acknowledge that there is some reason, in the future outlook, why the pale-face should grow paler still.

The California fruit-grower discovers that the Japanese fruit-grower is smarter than he is; and he camouflages his objection with the statement that 'the Oriental will lower the scale of American living.' The white American laborer sees the Chinese laundryman working twelve hours a day, burning the midnight oil, and rejoicing in the opportunity, while he desires chiefly to scamp his own eight-hour day, work as little as possible, and get, but not earn, his five-dollar bill at the end of it. Of course, he objects to 'cheap *yellow* labor.' Query: which is yellower?

The South African magnate on the gold reef of Johannesburg, or in the great diamond-pits of Kimberley, hates the approximation of the black men to the white, — intellectually and educationally, — because he wishes to keep the blacks in contract slavery, and intern them for a year at a time behind his barbed-wire stockade. So he scoffs at the missionary and the schoolmaster, and continues to despise the negro because he can exploit him. Otherwise he would fear him.

Even the philosophic philanthropist, when he counts up the nations, begins to shiver in his shoes as he realizes that the more-or-less-colored races outnumber the whites three to one; that they dominate, a hundred to one, the two largest continents, and are in a large majority in yet another continent.

The earlier ages of the world were undoubtedly ruled by colored people, for Egyptians, Babylonians, and Persians were more than slightly tinged with nature's dyes. Only for some

three thousand years have the white races been predominant. Will the next three thousand years see the world's sceptre seized again by its former rulers, or their allies in color? If these considerations are well founded, then the antipathy of the whites is really a tribute to their vigor and courage.

But color antipathies are not the only ones we have to reckon with. I have heard the Slavs curse the Magyars and the Magyars the Slavs, and with equally good, or bad, reason. The Czechs are decidedly *personæ non gratae* to the Russians, and all unite in hating the Jews.

The universal and mutual antipathy between Jew and Gentile has been accounted for in many ways, but is still unaccountable. A winter residence neighborhood, or a summer resort invaded by the Jews, is soon deserted by the Christians. A hotel to which Hebrews are known to resort is soon left to their exclusive possession. A university that attracts them in large numbers repels other students, and is made the butt of sly jokes by after-dinner commencement speakers in rival universities, to the effect that such and such a college is safe from fire and flood, since He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps.

It is easy enough to divine the cause of the pogroms in Russian Poland and Roumania. It is the same as that of the hatred of the Pacific-coast laborer for the Japanese, and the Irish washerwoman for the Chinese laundryman. The Jews beat, if they do not cheat, these other nations at their own game. They are smarter business men, and usually get the long end of the bargain.

Moreover, the pogromists of Europe have some real grievances. The Jews are the usurers, and largely the liquor-dealers, in these countries, and often get the unsuspecting peasants into

their clutches, and keep them virtual slaves for life to ten per cent a month.

The Jews have little patriotic attachment to the countries in which they live. Why should they have? Except in America, Great Britain, and France, they have been baited and beaten, despised and dishonored. As a result of their supposed lack of patriotic devotion, they are regarded as neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. They are not a hundred per cent Slav, Magyar, or Russian. In the opinion of these nations, they are not only Jews, but Ishmaelites, sons of Abraham and Hagar, and not of Abraham and Sarah. So they are fair game for any small boy with a stone, or any old boy with a gun.

But why the antipathy in America? Here they approach nearer to being hundred-per-cent nationals than in any other country. To be sure, they eat kosher meat and read, if they do not speak, Yiddish. They keep Saturday as a holy day instead of Sunday, if they keep either.

But these are not serious faults. They are, for the most part, decent, law-abiding citizens; they are seldom found in the divorce courts, and seldom appear in the murder columns of our newspapers. In many ways they set us all a good example. Their children are often the brightest of all the boys and girls in our public schools; and I have been assured more than once by librarians, that the newly arrived Russian Jew children take the best books from our public libraries. While American boys get the nearest thing they can find to *Dick Dead-Eye*, or *The Mystery of the Bloody Toothpick*, the Jewish boy asks for books of American history, or books that glorify American achievement.

Again we ask, why then the inbred antipathy to the Jew? Some have said, because they crucified the Saviour of the World. But the Romans had even more to do with the actual crucifixion

than the Jews. 'Crucified under Pontius Pilate,' repeat millions of Christians every Sunday; but, though Pilate has not yet washed away the stain of murder, in that dismal lake on the top of Mt. Pilatus, we have no great antipathy to the memory of the race to which he belonged.

Moreover, was not Jesus himself a Jew, and Peter and John and Andrew, and all the apostles and early evangelists? Did not a Jew give us our choicest Christian hymns in the Psalms of David, and our loftiest poetry and prose in the books of Job and Isaiah?

No, the crucifixion of Jesus cannot figure largely as an element in the antipathy to the Jews, even though the enemies of Disraeli and some other Jews have often declared that they were direct descendants of Judas Iscariot, or of the unrepentant thief on the Cross. It must be more largely the financial smartness and the exclusive clannishness of the race of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob that irks us Gentiles.

As we read the signs on Broadway, and see that the Cohens and the Solomon Levis have crowded out Smith, Brown, and Jones, we ask ourselves, 'Is America to become a commercial Jewry,' instead of a New Jerusalem let down out of heaven? And so we gather our far-from-immaculate American skirts about us, and pass by on the other side from Solomon Levi Cohen.

If these considerations are true, it would seem that most national antipathies are the result of fear, conscious or unconscious, that some race or nation will get the better of us; but how is it with our pet personal antipathies?

I will not venture to touch upon the subtle likes and dislikes, the sympathies and anti-sympathies, that draw us toward one person and away from another, both equally good, lovable, and interesting. It would seem to require the

Brahmin theory of preëxistence: that in former æons these antipathetic people rubbed each other the wrong way, and the ancient, forgotten grudge somehow survives.

I am not ready to accept this fantastic theory, and must leave the question open for each reader's speculation. But how about the more obvious, everyday antipathies? As I write, the other half of my Pullman section is occupied by a Norwegian sailor on his way to New Orleans to join his ship; for in these days, when brawn wins the chief prizes, a Norwegian sailor can afford Pullmans better than a mere poor writer.

My seat-mate is a man of great expectorations. A constant yellow flood from his mouth flows into a convenient receptacle, which stands midway between his legs and mine. Why should I cringe away from him in disgust? Why is a tobacco-chewer, next to a girl gum-chewer, the most disgusting creature to some of us? Why should a fifty-cent cigar, smoked by a dandy, seem more decent than a quid of black rat-tail chewed by a Norwegian foremast-hand? It is the same weed in either case. The sailor does not poison the air around him as the smoking dandy does. On the whole, he is less disagreeable as a seat-mate; but it is hard to make myself believe it, until I remember his calling. When I think of him in the crow's nest in a cracking gale, or swarming up the ratlines to shake out the sheet, — occasions when, naturally, he cannot smoke, but thinks he must have the good cheer of my lady Nicotine in some form, — I can forgive him for his habit, even though I have to guard my shoes and trousers from his splatterings.

There are also certain words and phrases from which I cringe as I do from the super-abundant expectorations. I do not object to split infinitives (I split too many of them myself), or to

first-class or even second-class slang; but there are certain profane or semi-profane expressions which hurt like a slap in the face. The man who habitually uses them I would not count among my list of friends, any more than I would that man who seems to have been a certain poet's pet aversion, 'who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.'

That Damn Y, the title of a book which filled a publisher's windows recently, struck me as in shocking bad taste, to say the least, even though I believe it defends a very excellent institution; and I wanted to draw the curtain and shut that pile of books from public view.

I do not know that I am more squeamish than others concerning such words; if so, I suppose it is the result of early Puritan education; but there is in me an instant repulsion to the man or book that lightly uses words of serious and awful, if not profane, import. I can excuse such a man to myself only on the ground of his early upbringing, like that of the little girl whom I once found on a canoe trip in the Maine woods, who had only heard of God 'when daddy damned him.'

More common still is the revulsion most of us feel toward the excessively painted and powdered female who makes herself look like a corpse, with a hectic flush on either cheek. 'Poor thing, she does n't know how ugly she is,' is the only mitigation of our antipathy, until we can picture to ourselves an intellectually two-by-four damsel in a seven-by-nine hall bedroom, who cares nothing for books, and has few or no kindly family ties, living chiefly for beaux and movies. Then our contempt and condescension are transformed into pity.

There, too, is the conceited, top-lofty individual, the most repellent of all humans. How we long inwardly to take him down. It would be worth a dollar, yes, several dollars, to pierce his

carapace of conceit; but it is no use, — there is no joint in his armor, — and we take refuge in the conventional cold shoulder or icy stare, which he takes as complacently as he would a glass of ice-water on a hot day.

But, very likely, in his history or environment would be found much to excuse him. I think his father was a Joey Bagstock, and his mother a Mrs. Proudie before she married Bagstock. He could n't help having such parents, poor fellow. They laughed at all his 'cunning' ways, when little. 'Ain't he cute?' was constantly on their lips. His first tooth, the first time he spelled c-a-t, the first time he gave a pert and saucy answer, the first time he made faces at the minister when he called — how wonderful those events were! They went down into history, and were repeated over and over again. When he bossed the kitchen maid and gave six-year-old orders to 'the hired man, he was 'too sweet for anything.' If we knew all this early history, we would certainly excuse young Lofty.

I acknowledge that, in all this consideration of our antipathies, there is always a danger of the holier-than-thou attitude on our own part. 'Lord, I thank thee that I am not as this colored man, or this Jew, this boor, this painted girl, or even young Lofty.' Even while we seek to excuse them, we may be folding our own togas around us with an exclusive swing; yet an honest effort to understand our antipathies will often dispel many fears and many dislikes.

Like the man who was not afraid of ghosts because he had seen so many of them, the more we see of our antipathies, as a rule, the less we shall fear them, and the more we shall like them. And very likely, in the mirrors of our own minds and hearts, we shall see a strangely familiar reflection. Can it be that same evil thing that we saw in our pet antipathy?

SOS—EUROPE TO AMERICA

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

I

EARLY in the war the *Atlantic Monthly* did me the favor and the honor to publish certain articles I had written advocating a league of nations as the only way to save civilization.¹ The years have passed; the war has been fought and won; America, contrary to the then expectation, has helped to win it; and now, two years after the peace, I write from a Europe in ruins to an America wrapped once more in 'splendid isolation,' recruiting an army, and building what is to be 'the biggest navy in the world.' Bewilderment almost paralyzes my pen. I do not know to what or to whom I am writing. And I should not venture to write at all, were it not that I am in some sort pledged to a little band of Americans doing salvage work in Europe.

I have just returned (November, 1920) from a visit to Germany. I found her slowly and undramatically perishing, in the prison into which the Treaty of Versailles has shut her, along with her yet more unhappy neighbor, Austria. Not that Germans are dying on the streets. No. A visitor to Berlin will find life going on, to all appearance, much as it was before the war, except that it is dowdier, drearier, and darker. He will see shops full of goods, theatres and concerts crowded, hotels luxurious,

profiteers unashamed. And if he be that sort of man, he will write to the newspapers to explain that Germany is recovering rapidly and can easily afford to pay the whole cost of the war.

If, on the other hand, he will visit the American Society of Friends, at 2 Dorotheenstrasse, and put himself under their guidance, he will receive a very different impression. They will take him where he may see crowds of little children, pale, rickety, undersized, receiving from the gifts of Americans the only square meal they get in the day. They will tell him that they have 800 such feeding-stations in Berlin alone; that they have many others in other cities; that they are feeding 400,000 children, and expect shortly to be feeding 600,000. If the visitor, struck by this, asks for further facts, they will show him reports from every part of Germany, telling the same monotonous tale of underfeeding, scrofula, rickets, and tuberculosis. They will take him to the bare cold homes of the poor, where the one bright spot is *Quäkerspeisung*. They will take him to children's hospitals, where he will be told of the gallant, almost desperate, work that is being done, with inadequate resources, to rescue the young generation from death, or a life of chronic disease. They will tell him that any fresh testimony to the need they are trying to meet may help to bring in funds from Americans at home. And on the chance that they may be right these words are

¹ Four articles on 'The War and the Way Out,' printed in the *Atlantic* before our entrance into the struggle, will be remembered as having provoked wide and sympathetic discussion.—
THE EDITORS.

written. For, in Germany, as in Austria, in Poland, and elsewhere in ruined Europe, Americans and a few British Friends are the only pioneers of hope, perhaps the only saviors of civilization.

The more perplexing is it that America, as a nation, in her public policy, should have turned altogether away from Europe during these last terrible years, and let the continent she came into the war (as she said) to save, perish. For let there be no mistake. Europe has been, and is, perishing. What may happen in the near and far future is matter for prophecy. What has already happened is done and cannot be undone: the unnecessary deaths, the disease, the weakened constitutions, the long, intolerable pangs of hunger and cold, and the bitterness and despair of mind and soul—all this has happened, whether or no it is going to continue. And all the signs are for its continuance, and worsening.

What was America doing all the time—official America and America as a people? Americans can answer better than I. I only know that they were not with us, to help us. Yet America is largely responsible for our condition. The root of the suffering and ruin of Europe is, of course, the war. In the outbreak of that, it is true, America played no part. But she played a part, and an important one, in its continuance. When she entered the war in 1917, the idea of peace without victory was definitely abandoned, and the war, which would have ended that year, was prolonged until the eventual complete overthrow of the German power by the Allies. It was prolonged by American aid, to the economic ruin, first of Central Europe, then of all Europe.

How then could America be indifferent to that ruin? The reply perhaps, will be something like this: 'We came into the war to end militarism and to make this war the last. Europe made a

peace which destroyed this prospect. She chose war and ruin, instead of peace and reconstruction. We therefore shook off the dust from our shoes and left her to reap the fruits she had sown.' How true that is as an explanation of American policy, I cannot pretend to know. But the fact it affirms is true, that the 'peace' is a peace of ruin, a mere continuation of war.

The question remains, how did such a peace come about? It is one of the most astounding catastrophes in history. Let us look back. At the end of 1916 there sounded over the delirium of Europe, like a clarion from heaven, the voice of President Wilson. All of us who had been struggling, as in the pit of hell, to keep alive the soul of humanity and reason, looked up with a desperate hope and saw, through the thunderclouds, at last a strip of blue sky. When America entered the war, although we saw that she would thereby prolong it, we ventured to believe that that evil would be justified by the result. There had stepped into the arena, like a champion of mediæval legend, a nation that had no ends of her own to gain, a nation that stood, for the first time in all the long course of history, for Right, for humanity, and for nothing else. Every successive utterance of the President renewed and enhanced our faith. That grave voice, sounding majestically above the shrill rhetoric of our own statesmen, carried with it the promise of a new world. And all that was young, all that was hopeful, all that was faithful in Europe turned to America, as to the sun rising on a shipwrecked world.

Well, the war was won. The Germans surrendered on terms which were those laid down from the beginning by President Wilson. America had not only helped to win the war—what was more important, she had won the peace. And, as it seemed, she had the power to secure that the peace she had

won should be established. Emerging almost unharmed, she held, by her credit and wealth, the whole world in the hollow of her hand. What she willed, it seemed, the others must do, whether they liked it or no. And as if to emphasize that fact, the President, with a dramatic gesture, came himself to Europe, to clinch his victory. With what hopes was his voyage not followed by the forces of light! With what dismay by the forces of darkness! The world held its breath. The President disappeared into the Council Chamber. And in due time there emerged therefrom the Treaty of Versailles.

II

What happened in that chamber is only gradually transpiring. I shall not therefore attempt to sum up the sordid and miserable tale. But one thing I feel impelled to say. The ultimate blame rests, not on President Wilson, but on the governments, the governing classes, and the electorates of Great Britain and France, and on public opinion in America. Mr. Wilson may have been, as Mr. Keynes has said, an expert negotiator. He may have antagonized the Republican party in his own country. He may have committed this or that minor error of tactics. But all that is dust in the balance compared to the main fact, that he had vision where the others had passion; that he looked to the future, while they looked to the past; that he drew his inspiration from reason and truth, while they drew their expertness from hatred, greed, and fear. Nor is it only the statesmen of Europe on whom the blame must be laid. It falls also on the peoples to whose passions they appealed, and who responded to the appeal. Their electorates were behind them, urging them on, even had they wished to halt.

And what of the people of America?

Did they know what a man had been vouchsafed to them as a leader? Were they really behind that great voice? Was it, after all, their soul that spoke in him? It does not look like it. It looks as if, once more, a prophet had appeared, and been without honor among his own people. The prophet lies sick and broken now, and every dog barks at him. Would that my voice were strong and authoritative enough to bear to him, while he yet lives, that verdict of posterity which will acclaim him as the first statesman who ever came to an international conference of victors, to put humanity above country, the interest of the peoples above that of their rulers, reason above passion, justice above revenge, and reconciliation and peace above all. The powers of this world defeated him, and men will pay, and are paying, dearly for it. But if there is to be any continuing civilization for mankind, if there is to be any movement toward a better and juster society, his name will live when those of his adversaries are lost in ignominy; his star will shine from the heaven of our fixed lights when their marsh-fires are vanished, together with the swamp on which they fed.

Well, Americans do not like the Treaty of Versailles. Neither do I. Neither, I think, does any good man, who understands it, and what its fruits are and must be. America, therefore, refused to ratify the treaty. I will not criticize or discuss her action. But I must point out its consequences.

In the first place, America got nothing at all from her intervention in the war. From her point of view, all was clear loss. She had come in to establish a certain order in the world, which should guarantee her, along with other nations, from a repetition of the great calamity; which should stabilize peace and make possible a free and uninterrupted devotion of all the energies of mankind to

constructive and creative work. She had failed to achieve that purpose. She had therefore fought in vain, and shed in vain the blood of her sons.

Next, and as a consequence of that, the League of Nations was made abortive at its birth. It was clear to all Europeans who had concerned themselves with that great project, that only the adhesion of America could prevent the League from degenerating into a mere alliance of victorious states, evoking, in the end, a counter-alliance, and causing Europe to revert once more to the old conditions driving to the old catastrophe. In America lay the hope that these conflicting elements could be forced to combine. By her remoteness from European interests she was capable of the detachment of which the states of Europe are incapable, of the impartiality at which they do not even aim. Not by any peculiar virtue that Americans possess, but by the happy accident of geographical position, they were able, and they alone, to give peace to the world. Their standing out of the League of Nations was the death-knell of that hope.

And what is the consequence to America herself? That America is preparing for war! I do not ask, and I do not know, against whom. But I see the resistless logic of events. When I was lecturing in America, in the spring of 1916, on this (then unfamiliar) idea of a league of nations, I used to say to my audiences, what surely is palpable now, that there was no longer any question of an isolated America, pursuing her own internal life in disregard of happenings in the world without. The question was, not whether America should have a world-policy, but what that policy should be. It must be either a league to guarantee the peace of the world, or a series of wars, as futile and as meaningless as those of Europe have been, and even more fatal in their only

possible issue—the ruin of civilization, perhaps the actual extermination of mankind. Well, America, to all appearance, has chosen the latter course, and chosen it without knowing or affirming what she was choosing.

America has just held one of those solemn assizes in which she decides the future of her policy. In such a crisis as that in which we live, it might have been thought that the issues joined would be great, and that the combatants would be worthy of them. What, in fact, were the issues placed before the people? We over here honestly do not know. Whatever they were, they seemed to us to have no relation at all to the tremendous riddle put once more by the sphinx of history to this poor *Œdipus, Man*.

And the candidates who embodied the issues? Surely, had the state of the world been understood, a Christ would have confronted a Napoleon. Instead, Mr. Cox confronted Mr. Harding. Mr. Harding won, and the only thing we here can understand about it is, that it marks a final condemnation by the American people of the man we hailed as a prophet. What else it may mean for the world in which, for good or for evil, America must play so tremendous a part, we do not know. We see only that America continues to build a navy and recruit an army. And with a sick heart we look back on the former promise of the new world.

We see a nation founded by men who braved the perils of the Atlantic, and of an inhospitable and unknown land, because of the faith that was in them. We see them cut off, by that great act, from the tradition of violence and power which prevailed, and prevails, in Europe. We see them forced by the necessities of their position to honor, not arms but labor, not ambition but conscience, not destruction but creation. We see them master a continent by the

proper arts of man — by work, intelligence, spontaneous coöperation. We see the countries they made attract, by the magic of opportunity and the freedom of institutions, all that is most keen, most liberal, most active from all the nations of Europe. We see her moulding these newcomers into a common citizenship, in which the foolish and bloody vendettas of Europe fade away into old, unhappy, far-off things of the childhood of the race. We see her at last become strong enough to impose on the world, not by force, but by the weight of her economic power, the mass of her common sense, that ideal of peace, of labor and of exchange which was, as we thought, the blood in her veins, the current upon her nerves. We see her finally, with a kind of dramatic symbolism, come forward, in the maddest, darkest hour of this mad and dark Europe, with her offer of light and of healing.

Then something happens. An interlude of eclipse succeeds. And when it clears up, America, as if she had caught the madness of the Europe she was rash enough to visit, is running like a wild beast down the old road that has led all peoples of the past into the abyss. Europe, in her dying hour had, it would seem, venom enough left to infect the western continent, before she stung herself to death with her tail.

III

Is this — which I put down honestly, as it continually haunts my mind — is this only a nightmare vision? Is the truth other and better? How gladly would I be assured of it! For it is not hard to see what America might, and could, do even now, if she had the will, the insight, and the vision.

First, as a necessary act of salvage, merely to keep Europe alive, before the process of healing can begin, she could

lend the financial aid for which we are perishing. She could cancel Great Britain's debt to her, on condition that Great Britain cancels the debts due from her allies. She could give Central Europe the credit for lack of which it is dying. She could recognize the government of Russia, and help her to rebuild her economic life. These things she could do. But none of them should she do, except on terms. And the terms should be these. First, that she herself become a member of the League of Nations, the covenant to be amended, if necessary, by the elimination of Article X. Next, that all states of the world be immediately admitted to the League. Thirdly, that the League take in hand, as its first task, a revision of the peace treaties, since it is from their provisions, as much as from anything else, that Europe and the Near East are perishing. That wretched junta calling itself the Supreme Council must be dismissed, with the execration of all honest men, into the annihilation it has earned. The common Areopagus of the world must step into its place, to do right and achieve reconciliation.

Next, having introduced some sort of order into our chaos, America might lead the League in its great task of confirming peace. To this the first step, and one in itself sufficient, would be a complete, all-round disarmament. The victorious Allies have decided that 100,000 troops is a large enough army to police 60,000,000 men in Germany. Very well, let them apply that standard all round. Let France reduce her army to 75,000, and Great Britain the same. As to navies, let them all go, and substitute a small international squadron to police the seas against piracy. There is nothing whatever chimerical about such ideas. They are common sense. The madness lies in the renewed attempt, in face of catastrophic failure everywhere and always, to preserve

peace by piling up the instruments of war. Any plain man can see what nonsense this is. Nothing stands in the way of complete, all-round disarmament, except men's lack of courage to act on a self-evident truth, because they have been inured, by centuries of wrong action, to a palpable lie.

Disarmament achieved, everything else would follow. All disputes, as a matter of course, would be submitted to a court or a council of conciliation. The decisions of such bodies would, as a matter of course, be accepted. Or, if sanctions should be required, the sanction of the universal boycott, already provided by the League, would suffice. We should not indeed have a world without friction and dispute: but we should no more have war resulting therefrom than we have private war in a well-organized state.

This kind of lead America might even now give to the world. She and she alone is strong enough, if she has the will. I do not know whether she has. I do not know whether she even attends to the galloping thud of the angel of death, hastening now so near down the corridor of Time. But I know too well what is the alternative to such beneficent and sane action on her part. Europe, caught in the net of the treaties, financially bankrupt, distracted at once by civil and international war, will perish in anarchy. We are nearer to this, very likely, than Americans understand. It is a question of a few years, perhaps of a few months. And on the top of that anarchy of Europe will surge in the anarchy of the East. Russia, if she could get peace and financial aid, might yet pull through, might yet begin to supply herself and the world

with the products for lack of which all are perishing. But Russia left unhelped is Russia left to dissolution. And such a Russia will flood over to take what toll it can from the decaying and defenseless peoples of Europe. Throughout Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia, India, the anarchy will run, with the fall of the British and French states; and the order built up in centuries and millenniums will disappear in decades.

Europe, I agree, has deserved all this — deserved it by her war, and still more by her peace. But is that a reason why America should stand aloof? Can she even afford to do so, in her own interest? The American people, I think, cannot know what tremendous issues are being decided here, and decided catastrophically, while they play a football-match between their Republican and Democratic parties. It is hard to know, — that is, to realize and believe, — even when one is in Europe. Most Europeans, certainly, do not know, and least of all do their governments. But then Europe is still mad with war passions. Europe can think of no remedy for anything but more killing. If Europe is to be saved, it must be by America. Perhaps America might do it yet. Will she not at least try?

And meanwhile, to return to my starting-point, will not some Americans, some more Americans, continue and increase their contributions from their private purses to what their countrymen and countrywomen are doing to relieve the more urgent and immediate distresses here? It is, if you like, but a gesture, powerless to arrest the course of fate. But such gestures are beautiful, they are the true *beaux gestes*. And even in this last hour they are worth making.

WOMEN AND MACHINES

BY MARY VAN KLEECK

'As much a woman's job as a man's,' said a manufacturer, commenting on the work of women recently initiated into the operation of milling machines. By what mysterious process 'milling' (which has to do with metals, not flour) is accomplished, is unimportant. Its claim to distinction is its power to break through the barriers between women's work and men's work, and to become, as it were, a sexless job. This is but one of several hundred mechanical tasks of industry described as women's new opportunities in a forthcoming report of the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor and the War-Work Council of the Young Women's Christian Association, under the title, *The New Position of Women in American Industry*.

The volume does not indulge in prophecy, but confines itself to the security of comprehensive statistics (from nearly fifteen thousand firms, employing almost two and a half million workers), setting forth for the first time the official record of the occupations of women during the war, and their retention since the Armistice in new tasks. With so definite a foundation on which to stand, it is tempting to analyze the more elusive factors and tendencies in women's present industrial status. For women in industry represent one of many undetermined forces in a generation of uncertainties, and prophecy requires rash courage; but to invite others to observe changes that have already taken place, and to measure the direction of influences now operating, is not too bold an undertaking.

I

The war record, at least, is clear. Management in industry, and not feminism, opened the way to novel work for women. The usual explanation is that the war did it. Superficially, the war appears to have released the powers of women in industrial processes more effectively than all the preaching of economic independence during the past fifty years. Actually, however, by no known alchemy can war be converted into spiritual kinship with feminism. The war played a part because the strain which it put upon industrial capacity forced industry into the service of the community; and the prejudices against women's employment in the more skilled mechanical processes were relaxed because there was no one else to produce while the men were fighting. Prejudices were laid aside 'for the period of the war,' but not shaken out of men's minds permanently. Nor has industry, although temporarily controlled for national service, lost its power to exploit women as cheap and docile labor. This, however, anticipates a comment that belongs later.

The gain made in the war was the practical demonstration of women's unsuspected industrial capacity. Their record is an accomplished fact, which may be destined to modify, alike, prejudices and the customs which they influence. But the condition to be modified is made of sterner stuff than men's opinions.

Iron and steel, the first requisites in war, made the heaviest demands for

women. Of the million or more workers employed in the various branches of their manufacture before the war, less than three in every hundred were women; but after the second draft for the army, in the late summer of 1918, the proportion of women more than trebled. By that time over forty thousand of them were employed in nearly a thousand plants, making firearms and ammunition, and fashioning other products which previously few women had ever had a chance to learn to handle. Making aeroplanes was an industry virtually created during the war. One woman had been found in it by the census enumerators in 1914; more than six thousand were employed in 1918. In the making of explosives, the Director of Munitions in the office of the Secretary of War reported that fully half of the workers were women, 'who,' he said, 'braved the dangers . . . to which they had been, of course, entirely unaccustomed, but whose perils were not unknown to them.' The factories manufacturing ploughshares continued to make them, since food, too, must win the war; but they made, also, tanks, trucks, shells, and grenades, and to meet all these needs increased the proportion of women fourfold, while the actual number of men employed decreased.

The labor of women was required, not only for the manufacture of these many types of equipment for the army, but for the production of food and fabrics for soldiers and civilians. These, however, were not new opportunities for women, but accustomed tasks.

In brief, so extensive were the changes in the claims of industry upon women that five and a half pages of close, small type of a government report are required for a mere listing, in paragraph form, of the processes in which women were actually substituted for men. They ranged in their main divi-

sions from blast-furnaces and steel-works to logging-camps and sawmills. The details included, in multitudinous diversity, the making of chemical analyses of steel, the operating of cranes, core-making, acetylene welding, stamping tin, loading cartridges, caning chairs, operating lathes, and many other tasks with technical names so unfamiliar as to give no picture to the reader except an impression of variety and complexity.

For women, the varied jobs opened to them not only offered a chance to try their hands at unfamiliar occupations: they gave opportunity for release from a restricted group of industries hitherto open to them. Before the war three fourths of the women employed in manufacturing and mechanical industries were concentrated in shops making textiles, personal apparel, gloves and shoes, food, and tobacco products. The notable fact of the war experience is the drift of women from these traditional pursuits to novel adventures in mechanics.

More important than the industries opened to them was the work they did. That the proportions of women increased so greatly in the iron and steel industries and the metal trades is interesting as part of the history of the war; but more promising for the future is the fact that they learned how to operate the same machines that are used in making scientific instruments, automobiles, optical goods, and motorcycles. In managing these successfully, they were acquiring a skill which could be turned to account in manufacturing many products used in the normal times of peace. The lathe is a good illustration, because practical knowledge of its principles of operation gives the mastery of other cutting machines.

Were these large increases in the proportions of employed women due to

the fact that it takes two or more women to do the work of one man? In crane-operating, yes; because women were employed in three eight-hour shifts, where men had worked in two twelve-hour shifts — a practice, by the way, which many managers in industry have now made obsolete; here, then, three women were employed in place of two men. But in all the industries considered together, with this kind of exception, ninety-eight to a hundred men were released for every hundred women employed. Hundreds of jobs, like milling, became sexless. The wise and the esteemed employer was not the one who clung to past practice, but the pioneer, who discovered new ways of releasing men for the army by successfully initiating women into their jobs.

Did the women succeed? 'No,' said one group of employers. 'Women are not desirable in our work because of lack of physical endurance and training; nor are they temperamentally capable of attaining the same efficiency in machine work as a man.' 'Yes,' said another group, much larger in numbers. 'Women, if properly trained, can do as well as, if not better than, men in any kind of mechanical work.'

More important than opinions, however, was the analysis of conditions in the plants where success or failure was reported. Results apparently depended less on the kind of work, or even on the degree of skill required, than on the intelligence with which women were initiated into their new work, the mechanical changes planned where they were necessary (to the advantage of men as well as women), and especially the training given.

Uncle Sam, in spite of dire need for skilled mechanics during the war, was slow to provide training for women. In the year ending June 30, 1919, — including the four months of greatest

acceleration in extending the employment of women before the Armistice was signed, — the Federal Board for Vocational Education was giving national aid, financially, to classes in which ten thousand girls were learning dress-making, millinery, lampshade-making, power-sewing-machine operating, pasting and leather work, French-edge-making, and embroidery designing. Little in common is found between this list and the mechanical industries which were at that moment anxiously recruiting women. The factories gave their own training, in more or less haphazard ways; while the Federal Board calmly sums up, thus, its work for the period: 'The occupations for which training is offered are distinctively women's occupations, and raise no debatable issues.'

It was in the security of the months after the signing of the Armistice, when opinions were normal again, — whatever that may mean, — that this frank confession was published by the Federal Board. 'Debatable issues' had been allowed to become quiescent while the war was on. That is the important fact for women. Their new work did not settle old claims. When industry needed them, barriers against a choice of employment were removed. When the immediate dangers of war were past, the prejudices came to life once more. Witness, in the months that followed the Armistice, the many expressions of opinion in print and in speech that then was the time for women to return to their own work.

Industry itself, however, thought otherwise. The most important discovery that rewarded the diligent search after statistics revealed in this newest report of the Women's Bureau is the retention of women in their new occupations. Three statistical figures will be sufficient to express the facts in regard to the industries of the war — those concern-

ing iron and steel, metals, aeroplanes and implements for battle, excluding the foods and fabrics that women are traditionally expected to produce. In 1914, of every thousand wage-earners in these unfeminine industries, sixty-five were women; in October and November, 1918, one hundred and thirty-nine in every thousand were women; and in August, 1919, nine months after the fighting had ceased, women had so far held their own, and advanced their chances over 1914, as to constitute a hundred of every thousand.

When the fighting stopped, industry, of course, faced another revolutionary transition from war-products to the work of peace, and many plants curtailed their force. In some instances, work done by women — making gas-masks, for instance — came to an end. Extra shifts were disbanded in many plants. Indeed, forty out of every hundred were, in the language of industry, 'laid off.' Of every hundred men in the important war industries, sixty-two were retained; of every hundred women employed in November, 1918, forty-three were at work in August, 1919. The larger proportions of women displaced in the transition from war to peace are accounted for, in part, by some previously wageless women of the 'leisure class,' by part-time workers, and by some married women who had been lured into industry by the war-emergency, with no intention of continuing. With the importance of the lathe in mind as the key to success in mechanical industries, the fact is impressive that of the firms questioned in 1919 who had recruited women for this job during the war, more than half were retaining them.

II

In accomplishing these changes, ideas and public opinion have lagged

behind tangible and practical adjustments in the shops. We are almost prepared to assert that, if women are on the way to enlarged opportunities in industry, business, and not feminism, will open the way. But no one who has had even a glimpse of the new spirit of women can doubt that, if the managers of business undertake to make changes affecting them, they will have to deal with feminism, whether or not they understand that name and its purposes.

Machinery versus feminism — this is the real issue. Machinery — or, to use its more abstract title, business — does not know yet that feminism has any connection with it, or lives in the same town. Feminism is immensely interested in machinery just now, and does not know its dangers. She calls it 'equal opportunity,' and she thinks that, like a brave David, she needs no more power to conquer than she can carry in her bare hands. She has won the vote. Economic opportunity seems to her no more difficult to attain.

Thus these two forces stand over against each other — industry, never more problematical, transitional, uncertain of the coming phase of control, and women, confident that economic freedom is their next goal after political equality, but not yet cognizant of the burdensome and baffling ways of winning it. They seem to have forgiven industry all its past. Or, perhaps, some of them do not know that it has ever oppressed women more than men.

Some women — feminists also — know it by practical experience. These are the women in industry, who are urging laws to improve the conditions of their employment. Other women, not in industry, but familiar with its problems, stand with them in these efforts. Feminism, therefore, is by no means a unit.

The most audible interest of one

group just now seems to be to forego all labor laws which are limited to women, lest they restrict women's 'opportunities.' Surrender of all special protection for all women is the price they offer to pay for a novel job. And it must be said that it has often been the women in the professions who have been willing thus to offer up the present safeguards affecting their sisters in the factories — without consulting those sisters.

III

A chance to learn to operate a machine is not a woman's most important claim on industry. A distinction must be made between technical skill and the status of an individual or a group in the industry. If technical skill were all, we could predict women's future from the recent past. Careful selection of workers, healthful physical conditions, adequate training, would ensure success. But all the trouble men have had with industry arises out of much more puzzling conditions. If, as some pessimists declare, industrial organization is in danger of collapse, it is not because it is unskillful technically, but because it is blind socially.

Industry has a bad record for the social hopes of men, and its conspicuous victims have been women and children.

'T is the Brute they chained to labor!
He has made the bright earth dim.
Stores of wares and pelf a plenty,
but they got no good of him.

Quietude and loveliness,
Holy sights that heal and bless,
They are scattered and abolished
where his iron hoof is set.

This is merely a poet's summary of official reports, Blue Books of Parliament, lawyers' briefs in defense of the constitutionality of labor laws. These have massed the evidence concerning

wages too low to support life; hours too long to maintain health or to sleep, without even counting, as normal needs, time for recreation or for the duties of citizenship; too much noise, too rapid a pace, too little air, too much crowding — just being cogs in the wheels, one process hour after hour, uninteresting and uninspiring, and not enough return to buy the goods and service from other people's labor that one has no time or energy left to produce for one's self.

Technical skill? — the individual has about as much as is necessary, or he can acquire it by easily recognized methods. But status — a claim upon industry, a share in society, the opportunity to relate one's self to one's fellow workers and one's fellow citizens in a common enterprise with equal powers? This it is that men and women are vaguely challenging the state and employers to give them. This it is that is withheld less by the will or greed of any man than by the intricacy of organization in industry, which gives opportunity for the greed and selfishness of a few to oppress a large number. In surrendering to a process essentially coöperative in a mechanical sense, because of its subdivisions and specializations, men have not yet learned how to establish, also, coöperation in control, which shall force industry to yield diffused happiness and economic security instead of concentrated financial success. The war, with all its record of technical achievements, wrought no change in this fundamental tendency of the industrial organization.

That this tendency, as it affects women in industry, is not universally recognized, especially among professional women, is due probably to the inherent difference in their outlook. Successful professional women are conscious of power in themselves, not inherently dependent upon the strength

of their relationships with others. They have known what it means to suffer as pioneers; but they knew that they were pioneering, and success was, in a sense, their personal achievement. Not so in industry. There the enterprise is less thrilling. The nation, or even the city, is not vitally interested in a woman's achievements even in operating the newest machine on the market, except in war-time; and the labelers of cans and packers of hair-nets never dream of exciting anybody's interest in their accomplishments.

Women work in factories, not primarily for the joy of working, but because they must earn a living, for themselves, and often for others. In too many instances they have had neither joy, nor enough earnings for a living. Managers employ them because they need their labor, and, often, because they want it cheap. Neither the underpaid girl nor her employer is aware of the movements of history which thrill the hopeful prophet of women's economic emancipation.

Both would be astonished if they knew that the feminist is becoming convinced that, in an age founded on iron and steel, it is the success of women in mechanical industry that must be the first step toward her economic freedom. Nor is it a mere whim that is leading so many professional women, and the victorious leaders in the fight for suffrage, to turn their attention to women in their relation to machines.

IV

On the surface, the fundamental incompatibility of feminism with modern industrial organization seems at present to be an insurmountable obstacle for women. Feminism has been concerned with the removal of prejudices and customs that make sex the barrier against woman's freedom in the choice

of her activities. Its essence is voluntary choice — in marriage, in motherhood, in politics, and in a career. The freedom of the individual, and the release of powers suppressed by artificially imposed limitations, are its goal.

Industry affords a striking contrast. Merely because of its technical developments, quite apart from the selfish use of power, its method of getting results is to give the individual a place in a complex body of inter-relationships, determined by the mechanical processes of manufacture. Management, at its best, not through lack of humanitarianism, but through technical necessity, knows it to be a virtue to standardize jobs, to discover standard speed, standard belts, standard tools. The standard man is the inevitable result. The environment is made ready and he is put into it. 'Man . . . was a machinate mammal.' This, elaborated, says Samuel Butler, was the argument of the only man who made serious protest against the complete destruction of machinery throughout Erewhon.

Experience is abundant to show that, whatever may be the scope ultimately for the individual to control conditions, his economic power, like his mechanical accomplishment, cannot be complete unless he acts as one of a group. In brief, it is the method of industry to attach the individual to his limited, specified place in the whole scheme of production; while the aim of feminism is to make the whole recognize a hitherto unrealized obligation to the individual, or, at least, to relax its stranglehold on the freedom of personality.

Feminism is not, and has not, a definite programme. Like democracy, it is a spirit and not an invention — not an institution, but a changing life within the changing forms of institutions. And feminism, like democracy, busies itself with the issues that the times create.

V

The economic issues of the time, as they are reflected in woman's industrial status, were never more baffling. She must win a more secure place in the shop as a skilled worker. She has as yet only a limited and, at times, grudging recognition in the labor movement through which men are seeking to protect their own rights, giving as yet little attention to women's needs. She is accused of aiming to undermine the home, just when she may be working hardest at uncongenial tasks to support it. So discouraging is the outlook in some of its large aspects, that one is almost inclined to agree with certain anti-feminists about the effects of industrialism on all our social institutions, including the family as a whole and women individually. Not feminism, however, but industrial organization, uncontrolled in the common service, has done the damage, and feminism has not yet been able to exert an appreciable influence.

Consider, for example, hours of work. The early tendencies of mechanical industry were all in the direction of the maximum use of machinery without regard to the health of the operator. Machinery had seemed to make production independent of physiological limitations, and women and children were drawn into the general wreckage. The story is too well known to need retelling: how labor laws, first for children, and then for women, — with advantageous results, also, for men, — registered public protest and compelled industry to recognize its obligations by restricting hours of work to limits humanly endurable. As years went by, humanitarianism became firmer in its insistence through laws that industry should achieve socially desirable standards. Much later, the scientific basis in physiology for these humanitarian

measures reinforced the whole effort; and gradually management is realizing that it pays to take care of the workers' health.

In some degree these laws have been extended to men, as in the requirement for one day's rest in seven. But, in general, the trade-union movement of the United States has opposed, though by a divided vote, suggestions that they support legislation as a means of shortening hours for men. They have preferred to rely on trade-union efforts to secure the eight-hour day. Thus, in a more or less opportunistic fashion, legislation applying to women exclusively has been sought and continued.

Since the war, groups of women have opposed laws of this kind, for a twofold reason: first, that a job desired by a woman would be denied to her and given to a man, if she were prevented from working overtime, or at night, while he was free to work any hours prescribed by the employer; and second, that the newly won equality of women with men, politically, made special laws for women in industry an anachronism. The programme they propose is identity in conditions for men and women, with legislation, if it be necessary, applying to both alike. Thus, for exactly opposite reasons, they ally themselves with that group of employers who lead the opposition to labor legislation. The employer wants to be free to require women to work under conditions convenient to himself; under these conditions, the employee's freedom to choose is hypothetical. The feminists of the opposition, especially those in occupations not affected by the law, are ready to give the employer the convenience of overworking women, in the confident hope that they are thereby setting them free to compete successfully with men.

After all, the shortening of hours of labor is a comparatively simple ques-

ion. It is desirable for both men and women. Whether it is accomplished for one sex by legislation, and for the other by trade-unionism, or whether both legislation and collective bargaining are used as alternate methods, or whether management itself adopts the shorter day because it increases efficiency, the improvement will surely be accomplished. Far more intricate is the subject of wages of women, since here are concentrated many considerations that may ultimately defeat the hope of feminists for identity, or for equality, in the occupational status of women and men.

'Cheapness is not a quality of the new industrial woman,' wrote a woman recently, whose own professional success has proved that the ambitions of feminists are entirely reasonable. She was writing in an employers' magazine. Possibly she was expressing an exhortation, not a fact. The editor, by accident or by subtle design, selected as a filler for the vacant space left at the bottom of the page a brief paragraph from the *Monthly Labor Review* of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics. 'Of the 2,031 women employed in 49 industries for whom weekly earnings were reported . . . nearly 57 per cent earned \$10 or under. . . . Over half . . . were receiving either a bare subsistence-wage or less.'

Woman's triumphs in winning new places in industry have often been turned to defeat, even during the war, by the tendency to make the new opportunity a woman's job at woman's wages. She finds herself, then, not more nearly the economic equal of man, but merely his successful under-bidder.

Not only in practice, but in theory also, is the wage of women a debatable issue. 'Equal pay for equal work,' as a principle, received, to be sure, official sanction from governments during the war, and in the Peace Treaty itself.

But this was merely part of the shell of progress. It applied, at best, only to those jobs in which women took the places of men, and then only if no change of any kind was made in the process. In practice, it was often ignored, even when the work was not only equal, but identical. Failure to clarify, however, the fundamental basis of women's wages, either in a man's job or in a woman's job, was its real title to superficiality. On this subject disagreement continues, unaffected by the experience of the war.

The British War Cabinet's Committee on Women in Industry disagreed. The majority declared that no woman should receive less than a 'reasonable subsistence-wage,' and defined it as 'sufficient to provide a single woman over 18 years of age . . . with an adequate dietary; with lodging to include fuel and light in a respectable house not more than half an hour's journey, including tram or train, from the place of work; with clothing sufficient for warmth, cleanliness, and decent appearance; with money for fares, insurance, and trade-union subscriptions; and with a reasonable sum for holidays, amusements, and so forth.'

Note that 'subsistence' for herself alone is the normal woman's claim on industry. If she has an old father or mother to support, or if she is sharing the life of a family with younger brothers or sisters in school, she is regarded by the British War Cabinet as exceptional, not modifying in any particular industry's social obligation to women.

Beatrice Webb wrote the minority report. She scored the exclusion of women by law or custom from the better-paid posts, and the habitual payment to them of lower rates than men receive for equivalent work, 'on the pretence that women are a class apart, with no family obligations, smaller needs, less capacity, and a lower level

of intelligence — none of these statements being true of all the individuals thus penalized.' She declared that the idea of a different basis for women's wages as compared with men's should be rejected, and that by denying, in practice, 'the vested interest of the male' in the more attractive jobs, the way would be open for the choice of occupation in accordance with one's qualifications, with no barrier because of sex alone. Having accepted the principle of the sexless job, the sexless wage should accompany it. Mrs. Webb calls it the 'occupational or standard rate,' and insists that it should not be determined by the worker's race, creed, height, weight, or sex.

This conclusion had already been reached in the United States by the Women's Bureau, when, in formulating the standards found desirable during the war, the Bureau advocated a wage based on occupation and not on sex, and including provision for dependents.

At no other point do the present dangers of women's position in industry emerge more conspicuously than in this matter of wages. Even with all the stress of the war, women's wages, although they increased with the general rise in wage-levels, never overcame the handicap of long years of lower rates. Nor was universal public support enlisted in favor of overcoming the unfavorable comparisons in the earnings of women and men. Yet in no other aspect of industry are the interests of the family, on the one hand, and men, on the other, so involved with those of women as a group. If experience has demonstrated women's capacity for handling complicated machines, but no controlling influence has modified the tendency to pay a woman lower rates than a man, what power can prevent the lowering of rates for men by the competition of women? On the other hand, if rising costs, the growth

of the factory system, and the devotion of women to their families force them in larger numbers, to work for wages what hope is there that their work will yield income enough to maintain the standard of family life that the state must have as its foundation?

It is the individual basis for women's wages, a subsistence for themselves alone, that has given rise to the defense by manufacturers of 'the family wage,' made up of several contributions. Once established in a community, it is difficult indeed to restore the standard of a wage for the adult head of the family, — who may be a man or a woman, — sufficient to support a home. Conservatives are not unknown who defend this home standard of support by the man, and, in the same breath, advocate the individual basis for women's wages. In actual practice, this double standard sets up two mutually conflicting influences. The low wage of the woman is insufficient for the family for whose support she is often responsible, and the standard that she thus reinforces in industry makes it impossible for some other head of a family — man or woman — to earn enough to support a home. At this point emerges the whole complicated question of the employment of married women, and the effects of industrial life on women and on the home.

The feminist has an ideal for the home, the family, and children. She believes that all three would be improved by the greater freedom of the mother as an individual. So far, however, the economic pleas of the feminists on behalf of the wife and mother have been directed chiefly to lightening her burdens as a housekeeper. Now that this effort can safely be left to the manufacturers of electric appliances, and that central kitchens, coöperative housekeeping, and other labor-saving plans are not unknown as commercial

undertakings, the feminist spirit must ace bigger issues.

The first ventures of some of the feminists in the problem of wages seem to be taking the form of protests against minimum-wage laws, as, again, in their view, constituting a restriction on opportunity, and a denial of woman's political equality by classing her with a specially 'protected' group. As a matter of fact, minimum-wage legislation does not necessarily perpetuate the old conception of a different basis for women's wages. The law merely gives women a voice in determining what considerations should affect their wages, by providing for a commission to set minimum rates after recommendations have been made by a board in each industry, made up of representatives, in equal numbers, of employers and of women at work. Not the fixing of wages by law, but the setting up of instruments for registering the voice and vote of the women who work and the vital concern of the community in their wage, is the immediate practical purpose of minimum-wage laws. Some day, perhaps, they will apply, also, to men; but no one with any dependable information about present conditions believes that this could now be urged successfully. The choice is between minimum-wage laws for women, with the hope that they offer of immediate relief and practical experiment, and indefinite postponement of any action at all by the community.

No present issue could more effectively illustrate the dire need of cultivating a realistic respect for the slow, intermediate steps necessary for the attainment of distant aims. One group of women seems to be engaged just now in a wasteful conflict, which, if successful, can have no other result than to weaken the too slowly developing power of the community to control the leviathan of industry.

VI

'Working women alone must study and pass judgment upon the questions involved in their work,' wrote Mme. Jeanne Bouvier, French delegate to the International Congress of Working Women, in a recent letter to the international office in Washington, D.C. Opportunity to demonstrate this need came immediately to Mme. Bouvier, when she was sent, in July, 1920, to the Congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance at Geneva, to represent the international organization of women in industry. The Scandinavian women at the Suffrage Congress maintained that the Alliance should oppose all legislation restricting the work of women, if it did not apply equally to men. The French, English, and American delegates urged legislative regulation of the work of women when conditions required it. 'Our representation was necessary,' wrote Mme. Bouvier in her subsequent report. It gave opportunity to protest 'against the anomaly that the women who deal with politics should believe themselves entitled to decide on questions concerning economics without the advice of working women.'

Mme. Bouvier told the suffragists about the resolutions passed at the first International Congress of Working Women, held in the United States in October, 1919, at which women in industry of nineteen countries came together for the first time in history. They had favored legislation to protect women in industry, such as the prohibition of night work. They had pledged themselves to work for better safeguards against hazards affecting both men and women; but, with the realism growing out of their familiarity with manufacturing, they had favored also the exclusion of women from any occupation involving greater hazards

for their sex than for men. Mme. Bouvier called on the suffragists not to oppose the conclusions and hopes of working women themselves, 'since politics,' she added, 'cannot dominate work, but more and more the questions of economics are dominating politics.'

The suffragists showed 'surprise,' Mme. Bouvier reported; but their final action reflected her influence. They desired that 'all future labor regulations should tend toward equality of men and women.' They demanded equal opportunities for technical training, and recognition of 'the right to work of both married and unmarried women'; they declared that 'no special regulations for women's work, different from regulations for men, should be imposed, contrary to the wishes of the women themselves.'

It seems inevitable that these conflicts on the surface will soon be over. Programmes for protective legislation may be modified in some details. The very boldness of women's demands that machines themselves should give them the power to win a new place in the sun is a refreshing and novel influence in a world too much inclined to allow its machinery to dominate its spiritual needs. While not losing sight of its brave hopes, feminism, with its characteristically practical sense, will undoubtedly settle down to a positive programme, gaining thereby a truer knowledge of facts as they are. The leadership of women in industry in these matters must be accepted by women in the professions, through sheer practical dependence upon their familiarity with actual conditions, and because the efforts of women in industry, themselves, are indispensable.

The establishment of the International Labor Office as one of the principal activities of the League of Nations, and the international conferences under

its auspices stimulate new and reasonable hope of effective action in all nations having membership in the League. To this centre of information and of experience, women in industry are already turning for leadership, and offering their coöperation, as was shown by their own unofficial international congress, called in 1919, to prepare material for the first official labor conference of the League, held immediately afterwards in Washington.

Industry will never yield the spiritual opportunities that women so hopefully desire, unless it changes. That is one reason why economic freedom is so much more difficult to attain than the vote in politics. Men, in the generic sense, must learn how to make the machine their servant. Economic freedom is not a woman's fight alone. It is not anybody's fight alone. All workers must learn to think and act coöperatively, not merely because coöperation is necessarily the best philosophy of life (though it may prove to be so), but because their work is mechanically coöperative.

Even so pessimistic a critic of feminism as Brooks Adams gives boundless hope when he declares, in discussing the 'Degradation of the Democratic Dogma,' that 'the family system is the creation of the woman.' Woman 'has acted as the social cement, and she has sustained the arch on which the social fabric has rested.' If woman has accomplished the creation of the family system, in the midst of all the hazards of primitive existence, which have constantly threatened life itself and tempted man to wander, perhaps so powerful a force, if it is allowed to permeate industrial organization, will help to create relationships designed to conserve, and not to dissipate, spiritual values in our mechanical, economic order.

PEACE AND PESSIMISM

BY HUGH BLACK

I AM not temperamentally an optimist. A man born into Scottish life and radled in Scottish theology is hardly the best subject for membership in a unshine club. He is inclined to have views about total depravity. He suffers from the sort of conscience which has close affinity to the New England variety. The hard, gray climate gets its work into the backbone rather than into the wishbone. I am an optimist, not by temperament, but by faith, and because I was trained to look at and interpret facts. A somewhat grim training taught us to distinguish sentiment from sentimentalism.

May such an one be allowed to strike a note of hope amid the universal lamentation of our day? It is not a fashionable attitude to take. The right thing is to speak from a platform of immense ethical height, and point out our failure. Many articles are appearing which paint the contemporary picture in gloomiest colors, like one in the November number of the *Atlantic* on 'The Human Spirit in Shadow.' They tell us that a jaded cynicism has taken the place of spiritual faith. They see nothing but cold materialism, with not even a dim aspiration toward better things. Everywhere we have the triumph of reaction, so we are told. They can see no spiritual striving anywhere. Our moral state reveals 'the sloth, the vindictiveness, the submissiveness, the cynicism, the insensibility, the cruelty, the egotism of the post-war period.'

We probably need to be chastised with whips, — if not with scorpions, —

to keep us humble. Dissatisfaction with the results of our long agony is natural. A great hope was born when the Armistice put out, as it seemed, the fires of hell in Europe. The nobler our dreams, the sadder seems the awakening. It was well to dream of a new world after the deluge had passed, and it is well to keep the dream. It should be at once a motive to inspire us, and a standard by which to test all achievement. Judged by that standard, we fall short dismally. Still, even our confession of failure carries some hope in its bosom. We seek to revive the courage and the faith that stirred our hearts in the brave days.

We do not forget that an ideal can be used to chill us and make us despair. The people who thought that a new heaven and a new earth would automatically emerge after the bloody conflict show no knowledge of history, and no experience of human nature. We are still the people we were, some coarsened and hardened by the war, some cleansed and ennobled. Like all great human experiences, it was only an occasion that produced diverse results. The victory and the subsequent peace test men as the previous state of war tested them, and produce good and evil, strength and weakness. Only amateur psychology would expect an immense revival of heroic religion from the unspeakably beastly incidents of battle. Only amateur psychology would expect a paradise regained from the mere cessation of war.

We can already point to the failure

of some of the pessimists' predictions. Not long ago they told us that our civilization was going to be engulfed by Bolshevism. If we did not accede to certain demands of Germany, all Europe would become an extension of Russia. The alarmists of last year informed us that, if we did not do something or other that they suggested, the world would dissolve in chaos and blue ruin. In spite of their predictions, there has been certain and steady progress in reconstruction. The situation is probably even better than we know; for we are in the game, and cannot see it as spectators might. It may be that after generations will see triumph where we see defeat, and will measure as gains for the spirit of man what now we count loss. Mankind is merely swinging back to the normal. Life is more potent than theory. This is really the complaint of our pessimists, that the traditional is so rooted in human nature. They dreamed of great transformations of personal habit and of social organization, and they are annoyed that old ways of living are reasserting themselves. It may be good for us that the normal so persists and saves us from the greater dangers of too sudden change.

The weeping prophets do not really help us much. They engender a mood of despair. They create the very tone that they are criticizing. The average man listens, and if he accepts the pessimistic finding, he settles down to the level expected of him. If we have come out of such tragedy only to find the soul of mankind in desperate shadow, if we can see no ray of light in the gross darkness, then why spur us to the impossible, and why even complain? Better die in silence.

Most of these articles in our American magazines and newspapers, to which I refer, come from England, and I notice that the writers of some of them were strangely silent during the

war. Certainly some of them assume the attitude of moral superiority taken in the struggle by some pacifists. They give the impression that they are sorry that we won the war; and we feel that if it had been left to them to direct, we should never have won it.

I am writing on the anniversary of the Armistice. That suggests the contrast between to-day and a little more than two years ago. Had we been told then of all our problems and disappointments, we should have been willing to accept them all, even if the picture had been painted as black as our pessimists now paint it. We should have thought it a small price for the ending of the ghastly tragedy. It seems not ungenerous to say that there often appears to be a connection between pacifism and pessimism. The men who most protested against the war seem the men who most protest against the peace; and often the tone of both is dangerously allied to pharisaism. One feels that they are justifying their previous attitude. For me, two years ago, the defeat of Germany meant the dawn that broke the darkest night of human history; and in spite of everything, I for one live and work in sunshine, not shadow.

Since the Armistice I have spent a year and a half in Europe, most of it in Great Britain, with the exception of seven months with the American army in France and afterward in the occupied territory in Germany. I found in Great Britain many signs that, at least, make me wish to temper the extreme pessimism of some moralists. For instance, the schools and colleges there, like those in America, are crowded with eager students. I heard from the heads of universities the same testimony that President Hadley of Yale has given in his recent report. 'Not only did these boys come back, but they came back

with an interest in college life in all its sides. They were enlightened by the war, but not disillusioned.' At Oxford teachers and tutors told me that the students were more serious, worked harder, and had finer ambitions than ever before. The picture cannot be all gloomy, if the future leaders are shaping themselves to nobler ends.

The impression of a single observer on the social state of a country can be only partial, and I give mine for what anybody may think it is worth. Frivolity, pleasure-seeking, selfishness were of course to be seen there, as elsewhere; but beneath the surface I saw many an evidence of a new spirit. When one got down to the serious places in men's minds, it seemed that the tone of the average man was more earnest, and chastened, and modest. The old British attitude, which was distasteful to Americans, and which most can recall without having it described, had almost disappeared. The leaders in business displayed an amazing courage in facing the appalling tasks ahead of them. The peace was more difficult even than the war, but I felt that they were on the way to win the peace. They were confronted with troubles, which, however, they are surmounting. Time after time the labor difficulties were met with courage and kindness. In spite of the cries of the Hotspurs, to have a fight to a finish and show the beggars who is the stronger, there was a spirit of compromise and a thought for the common weal.

Some of the complaint about extravagance is of course just, but even here it seems to me that gloom is overdone. The burden of the complaint often made is that girls who had made money in munition plans were spending it on furs and similar luxuries. Everybody admitted that they had worked desperately, and had taken their share of the burden of winning the

war. Well, think of a working-woman, who had often dreamed of possessing a fur coat, finding that at last she could afford it. Is it such a wonder that she should spend money on realizing her dream, instead of putting it all in the bank, as these mentors would have her do? As a fact, I found that millions of pounds went into the banks also. Some of these pessimistic idealists show extreme ignorance of human nature. I wonder if they never themselves take what William James called a moral holiday — or perhaps it is only other people who must be prevented from doing that.

When we make a close examination, we discover that the criticism is not the wail of disappointed moralists. It all goes back to condemnation of the terms of peace. Books and articles are written to convince us that the Treaty of Versailles was an act of war, not of peace. They tell us that it represents the absolute denial of all the moral aims of the war. They assure us that it is not a whit better than any previous settlement of peace; that, indeed, it is worse than any of them. They give us lurid pictures of intrigue, and debased compromise, and revenge. It was a debauch of materialism, and sounds the death-knell of all idealism.

In the first place, it is worth while to note how much worse it might have been, from the standpoint of the sentimentalists themselves. If they would judge it from the point of view of the fairness and mercy shown to the defeated, it is worth while to consider as an alternative what would have happened if the tables had been reversed. If Germany had won and had imposed terms, does anyone for a moment believe that there would have been a more ideal settlement? We need only remember what she did when she had the power, and what she promised to do. In 1870 she simply took what she wanted,

and imposed as indemnity three times what it cost her to make the war. It was all indemnity, not reparation; for then, as now, all the devastation was on French soil.

We know that she acted on the assumption that the same policy would be pursued in this case. When war broke out, Britain began imposing her colossal taxation to help pay for the war, while Germany excused herself by declaring that she did not mean to tax her people, but would make the enemy foot the bills. Even as late as 1918, at the time of the last drive, when they hoped to put it through, the Secretary of the Treasury declared that they intended to make the Allies pay every penny it cost to make the war. 'We will compel them to drag the chain for a hundred years.' Who doubts it? They would have made their kind of peace as ruthlessly as they made their kind of war. If this had happened to the world, there would be good cause for the gloom that pervades the pessimist mind. Is there no satisfaction to be derived from the fact that our peace, imperfect as it may be, is something far removed from the kind of peace that Germany would have imposed? If it is said or implied that we have imposed a German peace on Germany, the answer is, that it is not true.

Taking the actual Treaty of Versailles, is there no sign of progress, from the standpoint of its pessimistic critics? It is open to all sorts of criticism, but the fact remains that never in the history of the world has there been made such a peace. It is time that someone said this. A short statement of how France waived her claim to military security is proof of it. One of the aims of the war, as stated at the beginning by Mr. Asquith, and accepted by all the Allies, was that France should be 'adequately secured against the menace of aggression.' She had suffered so much,

and was left with lands blasted and towns wiped out and industries destroyed. She had the right to ask for *military* security for the future. Her military advisers declared that the Rhine must be her frontier, if she would have such security. From the purely military point of view, this is probably a just claim. It would have created a new wrong; but do not let us forget that the wrong was not committed. When before has a victorious nation consented to forego holding the frontier which her military men declared to be absolutely necessary for her safety? The whole civilized world recognizes the claims of France to security, after such witness of the malice and hate of her enemy; and for the first time in history the world has sought to give security by another sort of assurance.

In this matter of territory, do these weeping prophets mean that Alsace and Lorraine should not have been restored to France? They never actually say so, but their language cannot mean anything else. If they make that a cause for lamenting, we say frankly that to the rest of us it is a cause for profound thankfulness and hope. It means the assertion that Bismarckism has been rejected by our world. Bismarck was the evil genius of Germany, who taught the people to believe that war was a very profitable industry. One of the things that had to be done was to convince Germany, and incidentally every other nation, that Bismarckism does not pay.

We are told that a *orgy* of hate reigns in men's hearts. We could afford to have more love and brotherhood, but I do not find the general attitude in America can be truthfully described as an orgy of hate, nor can I find it so in Great Britain. There I found some practical attempt to clear things up, and a sincere desire to do what was wise, and even generous, in reconstruction.

on. I notice that our sentimentalists, when they speak of the duty of love, always are thinking of the criminal, and never of the victims. But even from their exclusive point of view, there is much happening that ought to modify their pessimism. Last summer a great cottish manufacturer told me that his firm had shipped machinery and raw material to Germany. He had no personal cause to love Germany, as he had lost his only son in the war. The British government had asked him to do this as part of their plan to set Europe on its feet. He had loyally supported them, though it will mean eventually strengthening the hands of his German competitors for the world's export trade. The critics of to-day probably do not know of such quiet transactions.

Nobody can call the Treaty of Versailles perfect; but why should we expect this, of all human acts, to be perfect? Every one of us can criticize details of it, and could wish that some of the problems had been handled differently. Most of the sentimentalists, however, who now belabor us, have as their underlying complaint that it is too severe on Germany. They forget that there are millions of men and women, mostly silent, whose complaint is that it is not severe enough on Germany. These millions may be wrong, but the fact of their opinion was a factor in the settlement. Their conscience, their sense of justice, their ideas of fair play and of mercy, were outraged during the war by the brutal crimes of Germany. Even in the fighting they felt that they were not merely defeating an enemy, certainly not outwitting a rival, but were judging a criminal.

If they were sure that there was any sign of repentance, they would feel easier in their mind in accepting a full policy of conciliation. It is truly said that men cannot be judges of sincere repentance, which, after all, is a quality

of the heart. But there are 'outward and visible signs' of any inward state. While nobody can ever be sure of the reality of repentance, everybody is sure that it cannot be without, at least, certain outward marks. All theology, from the time of the Schoolmen, has asserted that for repentance there must be these three elements — contrition, confession, and satisfaction. A man must express sorrow, admit guilt, and offer amendment as far as possible. The only regret expressed by Germany is for failure; the only confession is of mistake, not of crime; and there is a universal attempt to avoid all restitution.

We go over the details of the agreement to which Germany gave her signature. One was that the French flags were to be returned — and they were burned in Berlin to avoid the wound to pride. Another was that the fleet was to be handed over — and it was sunk at Scapa Flow. The stolen cattle were to be replaced, and it has not yet been done. And so with every requirement of the treaty. Nothing has been done except in response to the threat of force. Every possible evasion has been resorted to.

This may be an argument against the treaty. If so, it is an argument against all treaties, and we may as well deal with them as scraps of paper. It is arguable that the terms are too hard. If there were evidence of some honest attempt to fulfil the contract, it would be an easy matter to adjust such hardships. Many men throughout all the nations would be less fearful of the future, if they were convinced that the present German government has been purged of all militarist spirit. It is part of that government's punishment that only time will remove such suspicions. It is to be noted that, so far, there is no information of a repeal of the obnoxious law of *double allegiance*, which authorizes a German to give pretended

allegiance to another government while secretly remaining a German citizen. Frank assurance of the sincerity of German purpose, which would reestablish confidence, would do much to make this earth a place where self-respecting nations could live.

Books like Mr. Keynes's of course make points of valid criticism. It would be strange if, in such a vast settlement affecting the whole world, there were no weak spot on which we could put a finger. But such books are colored by their own prejudice. They are really anti-French, rather than pro-German, though the result is often the same. The very statistics are anti-French. Great play is made of the hardship of Germany being called on to deliver so many cattle; but not a word is said about the cattle stolen from France, from 1914 on. One of the terrible things in that land of death in northern France, when I first visited it nearly two years ago, was that there was not a living thing except vermin and a few birds over those hundreds of miles. There was not a cow, or sheep, or goat, or chicken, or child. Only the callous can forget the wrongs of France, the unspeakable cruelties and deeds of malice perpetrated on her fair land. Only the ingrates will forget how she stood at the frontier of civilization, and bore the shock of attack. Only the foolish will forget that she still stands at that frontier, until the world can safely accept Germany into the family of nations.

For this argument it is not necessary to assume that France is spotless, and that she has no temptation to a dangerous imperialism. Indeed, to maintain our common attitude of suspicion of her motives and of aloofness from her problems is the way to drive her into fighting for her own hand. She has suffered so much that her demand for security is irresistible. If we will not

give her that by international agreement, can we wonder if she tries to get it by some kind of force? She is sometimes amazed at her own moderation and she has given us abundant cause to be amazed at her patience. Naturally all the English-speaking peoples find French life and standards a little alien. The enemies of the Entente, who in America fan the flame of anti-English prejudice, in England work upon the anti-French prejudice as being the easiest field to cultivate.

The pessimists of peace use their most lurid language when they speak of our leadership. There it seems that we have had, and have, a mixture of fool and knave. The possibility is never suggested that they might be honest men striving to deal with a tremendous situation. Why must we assume, in a democracy, that our leaders and statesmen are always weak where they are not wicked? Even this is no new thing. Every generation has been sure of the bankruptcy of its political leadership. Take the constant criticism of Mr. Lloyd George, which the English Jeremiahs send over to our American press. They evidently do not like him; but that is not so serious, as it is difficult to find out whom they do like. They grudgingly admit his services, and as grudgingly admire his ability. But — oh, damning 'but'! — he is not always the Simon-pure idealist. He is too clever to be quite good.

It is a strange superstition that a true man ought to be rather stupid. He ought not to be able to play the game with the best, and perhaps beat them at the game. There were always detractors of Mr. Gladstone, because he was so agile in fence, and so able to hold up his end. He confessed that he was 'an old Parliamentary hand,' and knew the ropes of politics. This was looked on as a sign of insincerity, or

vorse. It is part of the weird expectation that a good man should be a fool, easily tricked. There is a great word that calls on disciples to be 'wise as serpents and harmless as doves.'

It seems to be counted an offense that Mr. Lloyd George is no fool; that he can meet difficulties in politics with unsurpassed adroitness; that in attack he is rapier-like with his thrusts; that he takes up subject after subject, and solves them as far as conditions permit. This, of course, subjects him to the charge of being a mere opportunist; and yet the other sort of man, who has no eye for the practicable, who stands unbending for a policy, gets swept aside as an impossible theorist. I believe that Mr. George remains a true idealist, but one who conforms to Lincoln's definition of such in his quaint remark that a man's legs should be long enough for his feet to touch the ground. I believe that the central heat of him is, as of old, a sincere passion for the poor and the 'under-dog.' I, having practically no means of judging beyond the record of events, think that Great Britain and the world have cause to thank God for the gift of such a man at such a time.

The fallacy underlying much modern pessimism is due to a form of what may be called the static illusion. The ideal of the pessimists is always a state, never a becoming. They seem to have thought that the world could issue out of such a tempest into a simple and placid peace. They were victims of the millennium mirage; and, when the mirage evades them, they rage at the world.

We never solve a problem permanently. The old defeated foes come back to us with a new face, and test our metal again. The wise man is content to clear up a situation as it presents itself. He goes for the ideal, and supports

everything that goes his way. He is glad to have enough light to walk by, and enough truth to live by.

Is it nothing that in our day, out of the distress and anguish, there has come to birth an actual League of Nations, organized for the express purpose of preserving the world's peace? True, our pessimists are not pleased with it. It is still weak and puny, and may be snuffed out of life. The attitude of America toward it may decide its fate. Nevertheless, whatever its destiny, it is the most significant and tremendous happening of history. It was born of desperate need; but the age that seeks to realize the vision cannot be a time of unmitigated gloom for the moral life of man. Obviously we are not going to get much help from our pessimists in making this new organization of human society a reality. Our true attitude surely should be one of resolute endeavor to do the best we can in our distressful situation, and encourage each other in good. If ever there was a hopeful sign in our world of strife, it is the practical attempt to get the nations together, in order to eliminate war.

No one who has sought to speak to the soul of man can ever be satisfied with attainment. At the best, achievement lags lamely after aspiration. I too could make an indictment of my generation. Only I feel that courage and patience are more needed to-day than any other qualities. It would not be amiss, either, if we showed a little sympathy for the men to whom we have given the settlement of such vast problems. They too, like us, are doubtless often groping in darkness. It is good to have an alert public opinion to correct and check, and, if need be, to chastise them; but the mere wail of pessimism gives no guidance. To sit in the scorner's chair is the easiest, and on the whole the most futile, pose to assume.

POLITICAL ZIONISM

BY ALBERT T. CLAY

I

A TRAVELER returning from the Near East is at once struck by the utter ignorance of Europeans and Americans concerning the true situation in Palestine — an ignorance due largely to the fact that in London there is, practically, only one of the important daily papers that will print anything detrimental to the schemes of the Political Zionists. Besides the English press, the other sources of information upon which America has been dependent for its news of Palestine have been the Jewish Telegraphic Agency and the Zionist propaganda. The latter, with its harrowing stories of pogroms in Europe, and its misrepresentations of the situation in the Near East, has been able to awaken not a little sympathy for the Zionist programme. But there certainly are reasons why Americans should endeavor to realize fully what is happening in Syria, and this quite promptly.

In discussing the existing conditions in Palestine, and the serious problem that the League of Nations will very probably have to face, it is necessary to differentiate briefly between what have been called the three aspects of Zionism, namely, the religious, economic, and political aspects.

Religious Zionism is an expression used to represent the belief of orthodox Judaism that the Jews are the chosen people of the one and only God; that a Messiah will be sent to redeem Israel; and that Jehovah will gather his people, restore the Temple and its service, and

reestablish the priesthood and the Jewish kingdom. For the restoration of their kingdom and the fulfillment of prophecy, they look to God in his own time and way, and not to Jewish financiers and politicians, or to peace conferences. Only a small group of orthodox Jews, 'the Eastern,' take an active part in the political movement to establish a Jewish state. Tolerance for the religious ideals of different faiths precludes any criticism or lack of respect for Religious Zionism. The Christian faith, it might be added, is, in certain respects at least, inseparably identified with some of its ideals.

Economic Zionism, so-called, has as its object the amelioration of the deplorable conditions in which Jews have lived in certain lands, where they have been outrageously persecuted, and in many instances foully murdered. Since the governments concerned could not be induced to alleviate their sufferings, the Jews, in recent years, have been urged to emancipate themselves by seeking a new home, where they might live in security, and carry on their activities as free citizens. About fifty years ago organizations sprang up which encouraged colonization in Palestine. However, most Jews preferred to go to South and North America, with the result that some thousands went to Palestine and two millions moved westward. About forty colonies, some large and others containing only a few houses, have been established in Palestine,

numbering about 13,000 souls. The entire Jewish population, including those who are indigenous, numbers 65,300. For comparison, it may be stated that there are also about 62,500 Christians and over a half million Moslems in the land. Economic Zionism is not a theory, nor is it an experiment. The Balfour declaration sanctions the movement; it reads: 'His Majesty's government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine.' The San Remo Conference has interpreted the Peace Treaty as implying this, and there is no alternative; moreover, the movement is already a substantial reality.

A visit to some of the better established Jewish colonies will not fail to awaken sympathy for Economic Zionism. No unbiased observer of past events could think of throwing obstacles in the way of those Jews who, being persecuted in certain lands, prefer to live in a community solely Jewish; or who, through historical sentiment, long to reside in a purely Jewish cultural community in the land of their ancestors. Only an extremist would deny the gratification of their desires to as many of these people as can be accommodated; yet it must be borne in mind that, as estimated by experts, the tiny country can support only about a million and a half additional inhabitants; which number, if all were Jews, would represent only one tenth of the fifteen millions in the world.

II

Political Zionism was launched by Herzl, in 1896, in a monograph on 'The

Jewish State'; and since that time this has become the dominant note in the whole movement. He and others have claimed that the establishment of a Jewish commonwealth would become an active force, by bringing diplomatic pressure to bear upon the nations, to secure protection for Jews in all lands. A clannish sense of pride in the Jewish race, however, seems to be uppermost in their minds. They apparently think that their status in society will be enhanced everywhere if a Jewish nation exists in Palestine. This phase of Zionism is the crux of the whole Palestine problem.

Political Zionism is strongly opposed by many orthodox Jews in Palestine; especially because they recognize that, through the fanaticism of the Zionist leaders, it has become most difficult for them to maintain their former amicable relations with the other natives. It is opposed also by many of the leading Jews throughout the world, especially, as the Political Zionists themselves admit, by the upper circles of Jewish society. The Central Conference of American Rabbis, which has a membership of about three hundred, representing many of the largest and most important synagogues in America, has year after year discussed the problem; and while favoring the idea of the country's being open to Jews who, because of religious persecution, desire to reside there, it denies that the Jews are 'a people without a country'; and even refuses to 'subscribe to the phrase in the [Balfour] declaration which says, "Palestine is to be the national home-land for the Jewish people."'

When we consider the feelings of the Jews who desire to spend their lives in study and meditation in Palestine and be buried there, we must not lose sight of the fact that the same impulse also draws, and has drawn, the Christian and the Moslem. It is the Holy Land

for the three great religions. It is not the birthplace of Islam; yet Mohammed, who claimed to be the successor of a line of prophets from Abraham to Christ, would have made Jerusalem the centre of his religion if the Jews and the Christians had recognized him as a prophet. As it is, Jerusalem is one of three most revered cities in Islam; moreover, the sites identified with Abraham, Jacob, Rachel, Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, Solomon, and other Old Testament characters, are regarded with as much veneration by the Moslem as by the Jew.

One need only recall the immense and magnificent hospices built by the Eastern and the Western branches of the Christian Church, as well as the many monasteries, hospitals, homes, and schools, throughout the land, to reach some conception of what the country is to the Christian. The inhabitants of Bethlehem and Nazareth, as well as of some other cities, are largely Christian. Moreover, practically every country in Christian Europe is represented among the inhabitants of Palestine by colonies, settlements, or communities.

The Political Zionists, through their propaganda, systematically endeavor to give the world a false conception of the Palestinians. They would have us believe, to quote the words of Zangwill, that 'Palestine is not so much occupied by the Arabs as over-run by them. They are nomads. . . . And therefore we must gently persuade them to "trek."' Examine the literature of the leaders of Zionism, and it will be found that this false position is reiterated again and again. True, nomads are found in Palestine, as everywhere throughout the Orient; but to foist upon the intelligent public the idea that the population of this land is made up of Bedouins, or even of Arabs, is a deliberate attempt to deceive it.

The inhabitants of the land should be

called Syrians — or Palestinians, if Palestine is to be separated from Syria. True, there are many Arabs living there, more, for example, than Greeks, Germans, or Latins, because of the proximity of Arabia; but these are not the real Palestinians, nor do they represent the bulk of the substantial part of the nation. The people whom the Jews conquered when they entered Palestine were called by the general name of Amorites or Canaanites. While many were massacred by the Jews in certain cities, still only a portion of the country was conquered. Even after David took Jerusalem, Amorites continued to live in that city; besides, many foreign peoples, as the Hittites and Philistines, also lived in the land. There can be no question that the blood of the present Palestinian, or Syrian, includes that of the Jew as well as of the Amorite, Hittite, Phœnician, Philistine, Persian, Greek, Latin, and Arab. Such a fusion is not unlike that found in the veins of many Americans whose ancestors have lived here for several generations. When the whole population of Palestine became Mohammedan, there is little doubt that a large percentage of the Jews were also forced to accept this faith; their descendants are now classed by the Political Zionists as 'Arabs.' The Yemenites, who we know migrated from Arabia, and who in every respect resemble the Arab in physique, appearance, and bearing, they, none the less, call Jews, because of their faith. Then, also, in such Christian cities as Bethlehem and Ramallah a type is seen that is distinctively European, and doubtless largely represents remnants or descendants of the Crusaders, or of Christians who migrated to the Holy Land in the past centuries. Moreover, the Palestinian or Syrian is a composite race, largely Semitic, which has developed from the association of the different racial elements inhabiting the land

for at least five thousand years past. And while the Arabs have in all periods filtered in from Arabia, and the language, as in Egypt and Mesopotamia, is Arabic, it is a deliberate misrepresentation to classify the inhabitants as 'Arabs.'

These are the people whose status the Political Zionist proposes to reduce by securing the control of the country; and who — what is still worse — must be persuaded to 'trek.' As Zangwill says, 'After all, they have all Arabia with its million square miles, and Israel has not a square inch. There is no particular reason for the Arabs to cling to these few kilometres. To fold their tents and silently steal away is their proverbial habit; let them exemplify it now.' *Palestine*, the organ of the British Palestine Committee, for July 10, 1920, says: 'For the Arab nation there are vast areas outside of Palestine in which to develop its national life, and Arabs of Palestine will be free to develop there, also.'

III

Much has been written upon the historic claims of the Jews to this territory, which they held for less than five hundred years, prior to two thousand five hundred years ago. But how about the claims of the Palestinian, who possessed the land before the Jew, and who is still in possession, having lived there for over five thousand years? The Aramæans, who came from Aram, whom we call Hebrews, under Joshua conquered, and even ruthlessly exterminated, the people of a portion of Palestine; and later on, under David and Solomon, extended their rule over the whole country. But, if we are to decide the question of actual ownership of the territory, the Palestinian who has continuously lived there surely has a clearer title than the Jew. Moreover,

this decision is based upon the records handed down by the Jew himself. Even the Hebrew language, which the Jews are attempting to revive as their spoken tongue, originally belonged to the people they are trying to oust. The language in Aram — Abraham's ancestral home — was Aramæan; when the Aramæans came to Palestine, they adopted the Canaanite language, now called Hebrew.

The Palestine News, the official journal of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force under Allenby, published, on November 14, 1918, a declaration, which had been agreed to by the British and French Governments, and communicated to the President of the United States, informing the people that their aim in waging the war in the East was 'to ensure the complete and final emancipation of all those people so long oppressed by the Turks, to establish national governments and administrations which shall derive their authority from the initiative and free will of the peoples themselves,' and 'to assure, by their support and practical aid, the normal workings of such governments and administrations as the people themselves have adopted.'

In the twelfth of the fourteen points enumerated by President Wilson to Congress, January 8, 1918, he demanded that the nationalities then under Turkish rule should be assured of 'an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development.' His second principle, stated in his address at Mount Vernon, July 4, 1918, reads: 'The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement, or of political relationship shall be upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a

different settlement for the sake of its exterior influence or mastery.'

The edict of England and France, which was published in every town and village in the land about the time the Armistice was signed, has been violated in every essential particular; nor have the principles and demands of Mr. Wilson been observed. 'An unmolested opportunity of autonomous development' has been denied the inhabitants. The questions 'of territory, of economic arrangement, or political relationship' have been settled contrary to the will of 'the people immediately concerned'; and it has been done 'upon the basis of the material interest or advantage' of another people 'for the sake of its exterior interest or mastery.'

Not only have these principles and demands been ignored, but the twenty-second article of the League of Nations Covenant, in which they were incorporated, has been grossly violated. The middle section of this article reads: 'Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized, subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory Power until such time as they are able to stand alone. The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory Power.' It is needless to point out that their existence as independent nations has not been provisionally recognized, nor have the wishes of the people been a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory Power.

The circulation of the self-determination edict by England and France in November, 1918, which the people accepted placidly, calmed the popular feeling for a time; but after a few months the people saw clearly that the Political Zionists were favored by the

British authorities, to their disadvantage; and they began to appreciate that they were being dealt with falsely. National anti-foreign sentiment grew apace, and in the spring of 1919 conditions had reached such a point that General Money had difficulty in quieting the people. He continually represented the necessity for his government to make a clear declaration of its policy — either one of repression of the people in favor of the Jews, or one of equality of treatment, which would have been acceptable to all, including the Palestinian Jews, but not, of course, to the Political Zionists. The Peace Conference, as a result of the dissatisfaction, appointed an inter-Allied commission to ascertain the wishes of the people. France, who claimed the whole of Syria, which included Palestine, declined to send out her representatives; and her example was followed by England. The work of the Commission, therefore, devolved upon the two American representatives, Ambassador Crane and President King. This Commission held a most impartial and exhaustive inquiry, hearing delegates from almost every town and village. In order to be ready to give useful information before the Commission, branches of the Moslem and Christian League were formed at Jaffa, Gaza, Hebron, Djenin, Nablus, Acre, Haifa, Safed, and other places. All branches worked under a constitution approved by the Military Governor of Jerusalem. It was decided to draw up three resolutions to be presented to the Commission: —

1. The independence of Syria, from the Taurus Mountains to Rafeh, the frontier of Egypt.
2. Palestine not to be separated from Syria, but to form one whole country.
3. Jewish immigration to be restricted.

The entire Christian and Moslem population agreed to these resolutions.

IV

It should be said here that there is no justification, from an ethnological or geographical point of view, for dividing Syria into the northern part under the French and the southern part, namely Palestine, under the British. This has already been pointed out by the greatest authority on the history and geography of Palestine, Sir George Adam Smith. One race, the Syrian, or Palestinian, is dominant throughout the territory, from Aleppo to Beersheba; and there is no natural frontier that can divide the two halves of this land. France for decades had regarded herself as the protector of the country. Although, being occupied with the enemy, she had done practically nothing toward driving out the Turks, the situation was such that, when the British army entered Jerusalem, in deference to the French a company of French soldiers was invited to be present. The question arises, then, why should the land and people be separated, and two separate administrations be established, with all the expense that this implies? For the entire territory, from Aleppo to Beersheba, is only about 400 miles long and 100 miles wide — about the length of Pennsylvania, and one third its width? Why divide this small land and its people? Let us ask another question at the same time: why was the Balfour pronouncement made in 1917?

The Turkish government, when approached during the war on the problem of a Jewish state, said that it would continue to maintain, as it always had done, a favorable attitude toward the Jews in their efforts to promote flourishing settlements, within the limits of the capacity of the country, and toward the free development of their civilization and their economic enterprises; but it looked with disfavor upon Zionists who have political ambi-

tions for Palestine, and it regards them as enemies to the government. But what the Turks refused to grant the Jews, Britain promised them, even before she had captured the country. The Political Zionists inform us that the text of the Balfour declaration was revised in the Zionist offices in America as well as in England, and that it was put into the form in which they desired it. Moreover, they intimate that this stroke of British policy had the desired effect upon the Zionists in Germany during the war. The financial assistance rendered by the Jewish plutocrats during the war, it is said, was a matter of no small consideration. But besides this, and the bid for Jewish favor everywhere, there can be little doubt that uppermost in the minds of the Cabinet, because of France's interest in the land, was the idea of creating a buffer state between the portion they would let the French retain and the Suez Canal. The Canal, according to English opinion, is the chief asset of the Empire. The strategic value of this territory to England has been referred to recently by Lord Curzon in the House of Lords. Hence, the reason that the Balfour declaration was made, and that Syria has been divided. It might be added, that this division is yet to be ratified by the League of Nations.

When the first body of representatives appeared before the Commission sent out by the Peace Conference, Aref Pasha el Dajani, the President of the Moslem and Christian League, was asked what mandatory government the League preferred. He replied that at one time they would unanimously have asked for Great Britain, but the Balfour declaration had so shocked them that they now requested that America should have the mandate for Palestine and Syria. The Commission interviewed all the communities separately, getting in each instance the reply that

their requests had been made through the Moslem and Christian League, except in the case of the Zionists, who asked for a British mandate and a separate rule for Palestine. The Commission then traveled throughout the country, making an impartial and exhaustive inquiry, hearing deputations from almost every town. Everywhere they found the same unanimity for the three resolutions.

The report of the Commissioners has never been published. The Conference, apparently under the influence of the Political Zionists, took no notice of it except in so far as to announce that no political privilege would be granted to the Jews, who were in the minority in the land; but that they would be given economic privileges in connection with its development. As a result, not a few natives who had returned from America and elsewhere with their gains, for this very purpose, were naturally disappointed. Some British firms were ready to invest capital in the development of the country, particularly for the improvement of the ports of Haifa and Jaffa; but they were turned down under instructions from the Foreign Office, so that the Zionist could have the first option in such undertakings.

Relying upon the decision they had given the Americans on the Commission, as well as upon the fact that they had made their views perfectly clear to the British authorities, the Moslems and Christians did not send a deputation to the Conference held at San Remo, which, as is well known, gave the mandate over Palestine to Great Britain. Through the efforts of the Zionist Commission, which had powerful representatives present, a clause was interpolated in the mandate, establishing a 'Jewish homeland' in accordance with the Balfour declaration.

The Grand Mufti, who is the ecclesiastical head of the Moslems in Jeru-

salem, on hearing the news concerning the mandate, still refused to believe that the British, who had pledged themselves to protect small powers, and who had promised that their rights should not be violated, would allow the Christians and Moslems of Palestine to be ruled by Political Zionists. The Moslems, he said, looked upon Great Britain as their best friend; they had welcomed the arrival of the British armies; and in spite of all appearance to the contrary, he still believed that Great Britain would treat them fairly. The Grand Mufti was anxious that it should be understood that he and his followers were not anti-Jews, but that they objected to their country's being exploited by Jewish foreigners, and to their efforts to make both Christians and Moslems their vassals. While the Zionists during the past years had collected through propaganda immense sums from all parts of the world, he said, the Moslem and Christian natives of Palestine, by reason of the Turkish oppression and the war, were without funds. All that they asked for was a number of years in which to get on their feet economically. The Moslems, the Grand Mufti told the writer, had no objections to the same quiet development of Jewish colonies going on as in the past. What they did strenuously object to was the plan of the British government to turn over their land to the Political Zionists, for the purpose of establishing a Jewish state.

The highly respected Aref Pasha, President of the Moslem and Christian League, which had been formed to stem the tide of Jewish immigration, said that the Moslems, understanding Great Britain's love for justice, decided to fight their coreligionists and to throw in their lot with her. Not less than 130,000 Moslems, many of them deserters from the Turkish army, fought with the British. The Moslems of India

also figured prominently in the same cause. Now, however, they find that the British victory means for them vassalage under the Jews; the people, he said, preferred the tyranny of the Turk to being ruled by the Jew.

The Christian inhabitants of the land hold the same view. Last spring no less than 20,000 people held a demonstration in Jerusalem, in order to show the administration and the foreign consuls their bitter opposition to this Jewish movement. Following this demonstration, many of the Christians proceeded to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and took a solemn oath that they would resist with their lives the Jews' efforts to rule them. So far as is known to me, not a single representative of any of the religious communities in Palestine favors the project. The views of the Christians are summed up in the following message, which a highly honored citizen of the country dictated to the writer as he was leaving the port of Jaffa, requesting that it should be made public. 'The Moslems and Christians welcomed the British occupation because they did not know that their country had been sold to the Jews. The honor of England is in jeopardy. The Christians of the whole world do not know of this treachery, nor did the three hundred millions of Moslems know of it. But some day it will be known, because it will surely mean another war. Had the people known what was to happen, they would have worn crape when the British entered.'

To show the consideration with which the Political Zionists are treated by the British government, the following is offered. The conflict between the British troops and the Turco-Germans left many cities and villages of Palestine in a condition not unlike that of those in Northern France and Belgium. Few people in Europe and America appreciate what the Syrian inhabitants

of the land have suffered because of the conflict. The herds and farm-stock of the people had been carried away by the Turks, and they were naturally sorely pressed in their efforts to secure plough animals and grain for the cultivation of their fields. The Anglo-Palestine Bank, a Zionist concern, lent money to these people at a very exorbitant rate. The Chief Administrator, appreciating the embarrassment of the natives, and in order to ensure that the economic restoration of the country should speedily be effected, revived the Turkish system of making loans to the farmers, and made arrangements with a British bank, the Anglo-Egyptian, to lend them the money at six and a half per cent, payable over a period which could be extended to five years. In the event of failure of payment, the land would become the property of the government, not of the Zionist bank.

The Zionist Commissioner, realizing that this defeated their plans to secure titles to lands, set their forces at work in London, with the result that orders were actually sent from the Foreign Office to suspend this arrangement, which had been such a boon to the war-ridden inhabitants. It was not long afterward that General Money resigned, and Colonel Vivian Gabriel, his chief financial adviser, was relieved of his post, because it was stated that he had adopted 'an attitude inconsistent with the Zionist policy of the Government.' The injustice of the interference, however, on the part of the Zionists, became so clear to everyone that, after several months, even Dr. Weizmann, the President of the Zionists, thought it necessary to withdraw the embargo; and the British government again permitted the loans to be made.

The departure of General Money, a thoroughly sound and upright governor of the best British type, was a great loss to the people, and it was the signal for

a recrudescence of the Zionist claims. The Zionist Commission claimed the right to a previous scrutiny and veto of all the acts of the administration; they asked the British government for the lands and farms of the interned German colonists; they asked for the possession of the magnificent German Hospice on the Mount of Olives (then occupied by the Administration), for their projected Jewish University. They offended the Moslems by trying to acquire lands adjoining the Mosque of Omar, for which they offered £150,000. There seemed to be no limit to their arrogance; moreover, the aggressiveness of individuals, on the street and everywhere, was most marked.

The old resident Jews of Palestine certainly have other than religious grounds for their indifference toward the efforts of the Political Zionists. Last winter the Council of Jerusalem Jews appointed a commission of representative men holding leading positions, to visit parents who were sending their children to proscribed schools, in order to secure their withdrawal. Among these schools, which included those conducted by the convents and churches, some of which have existed in Jerusalem for a long time, are the British High School for Girls, the English College for Boys, and the Jewish School for Girls. In the latter, conducted by Miss Landau, an educated English Jewess, all the teachers are Jewish; most of the teaching is in the English language. This school, which is financed by enlightened Jews of England, was denounced more severely than the others, because, not being in sympathy with the programme of the Political Zionists, Miss Landau refused to teach the Zionist curriculum. She was even informed that her school would be closed.

In a series of articles that appeared in *Doar Hayom*, the Hebrew daily paper, last December, it was stated that

the parents who refused to comply with the requests of the Commission were to be boycotted, cast out from all intercourse with Jews, denied a share in Zionist funds, and deprived of all custom for their shops and hotels. 'Anyone who refused, let him know that it is forbidden for him to be called by the name of Jew; and there is to be for him no portion or inheritance with his brethren.' They were given notice that they would 'be fought by all lawful means.' Their names were to be put 'upon a monument of shame, as a reproach forever, and their deeds written unto the last generation.' 'If they are supported, their support will cease; if they are merchants, the finger of scorn will be pointed at them; if they are rabbis, they will be moved far from their office; they shall be put under the ban and persecuted, and all the people of the world shall know that there is no mercy in justice.'

A month later the results of this 'warfare' were reviewed. We were informed that some Jews had been influenced, 'but others — and the greater number, and those of the Orthodox, — those who fear God — having read the letters [signed by the head of its delegates and the Zionist Commission] became angry at the "audacity" of the Council of Jerusalem Jews "which mix themselves up in private affairs," have torn the letter up, and that finished it.'

Then followed a long diatribe against these parents, boys, and girls, in which it was demanded that the blacklist of traitors to the people be sent to 'those who perform circumcision, who control the cemeteries and hospitals'; that an order go forth so that 'doctors will not visit their sick, that assistance when in need, if they are on the list of the American Relief Fund, will not be given to them.' 'Men will cry to them, "Out of the way, unclean, unclean." . . . They are in no sense Israelites.'

It is to be regretted that only these few paraphrases and quotations from the series of articles published can be presented here.

The work of the Councils Committee met with not a little success; pupils left schools, and teachers gave up their positions. Two instructors in the English College, whose fathers were rabbis, and a third, whose brother was a teacher in a Zionist school, resigned. Another refused to do so, and declared himself ready, in the interests of the Orthodox Jews, who were suffering under this tyranny, which they deplored, to give the fullest testimony to the authorities concerning this persecution. The administration, under Governor Bols, finally intervened, and at least no further public efforts to carry out their programme were made.

If, in this early stage of the development of Political Zionism, even the Palestinian Religious Jews already find themselves under such a tyranny, what will happen if these men are allowed to have full control of the government? And what kind of treatment can the Christian and the Moslem expect in their efforts to educate their children, if the Political Zionists are allowed to develop their Jewish state to such a point that they can dispense with their mandatory and tell the British to clear out? When such things happen under British administration, what will take place if the Jewish State is ever realized, and such men are in full control?

V

The appointment of a Jew and Political Zionist, Sir Herbert Samuel, as the High Commissioner of Palestine, although he is considered to be an impartial and fair-minded man, was regarded as a serious mistake by practically every non-Jew in Palestine, because of the powerful, and even fanati-

cal, forces that would be brought to bear upon him. The question arises, what was done on his advent in July with regard to the civil rights of the people, which were guaranteed by England's edict, by the Balfour declaration, the League of Nations, and the San Remo Conference? In his inaugural address, Samuel informed the people of Palestine that he would nominate an advisory council, — which would be composed mostly of British officials, with ten unofficial members, whom he would choose from the various sections of the people, — to meet under his presidency at frequent intervals; to this council matters of importance would be submitted for advice; and the unofficial members would be free also to raise questions to which they desired the attention of the government to be directed.

Palestine and Syria have, perhaps, more intelligent men in proportion to the inhabitants than any other country in the Near East, for which fact, of course, there are abundant reasons. Despite all that has been said with regard to the self-determination of small nations, and all that has been promised these people, by official statements and edicts, concerning their civil rights and their wishes, we learn that they are to be represented by ten unofficial members, appointed by the leader of the Political Zionists, who, when called by him, shall have the privilege of meeting, to hear reports, to give advice, and to ask questions. Certainly, this is a remarkable realization of the much-heralded doctrine of self-determination of the small nation, and a remarkable fulfillment of all the promises that have been made to these unhappy people.

It is also deemed most unfortunate that the British government has placed the judicial department of the country in the hands of a Jew and Political Zionist, who even has the appointment of the judges of Palestine, about twenty

of whom are Moslems. The demoralizing effect of this is fully appreciated by non-Jews. Protests against his occupying this position have been made, but without avail. The case, however, is different when the Jews endeavor to oust a Christian judge who is not favorable to their programme. Even a man of the highest type and standing, credited with a long career of faithful judicial service, has been disposed of through their influence.

Those who are familiar with life in Palestine, where the feeling between Moslem and Christian and Jew is perhaps more intense than in any other land, are fully cognizant that this scheme for a Jewish state not only accentuates and increases the animosities that have always existed, but invites another tragic chapter in the history of the Hebrews. The Political Zionists are simply intensifying this feeling, as well as the bigotry and fanaticism of the masses, by their efforts to force themselves into a sovereign position. And there can be no question that anti-Semitism, not only in Palestine but throughout the world, will increase more and more as the world, Christian and Moslem, becomes familiar with the situation.

The British politicians in London seem to have little comprehension of the difficulties they are helping to create for their Empire. The Political Zionists will never be satisfied with the country west of the Jordan, and only as far north as the Litany. All kinds of intrigues on the part of their politicians, to secure the territory that will be held by the French and Arabs, can be looked for. They have already claimed that the boundaries of the Solomonian kingdom, which extended to the Euphrates, should be those of their state. Already an outlet on the Gulf of Akaba has been demanded. Since there are 50,000 Jews in Bagdad, what is to prevent

their plutocrats, when Great Britain is again hard pressed, from exacting another declaration from the government, which will embrace this territory?

In *Palestine*, for September 25, the statement is made that the boundary-line set by France would make it impossible to get water for electric power. This would rob them, they claim, of all hope of economic prosperity. There can be no other result but that Britain's difficulties with France and Arabia will be increased, and that the estrangement between these countries will be accentuated.

It is the opinion of nearly every non-Jewish British official in Palestine, not only that Britain's reputation for justice and fair dealing is at stake, and that a great wrong is being done the inhabitants of the land, but that there are serious dangers ahead for the Empire. They believe that, if immigration from Russia, Roumania, and Poland is to be allowed to any great extent, so that the Jews will be in the majority, — will have, as they say, at least fifty-one per cent, — not only racial riots and massacres will result, but there will be a continual menace to the Empire, especially because of the interest of the Moslems of other lands in Jerusalem and in their coreligionists. Moreover, these officials feel keenly the change in the attitude toward the British that has come over the inhabitants since they entered, for they know that they are now hated and despised.

The propagandists endeavor to have the world believe that, since Sir. H. Samuel's appointment, the opposition of the inhabitants is disappearing; and we are told that many have signed petitions asking for Jewish rule. To one familiar with the actual situation, this, to say the least, is ludicrous. Thousands of signatures could easily be obtained at the cost of three or four for a shilling. Order has been maintained the

last few months in this little land with the assistance of 24,000 soldiers. But we are informed that anti-Zionist sentiment has increased since the arrival of Sir H. Samuel, to whom quite recently national associations at Jaffa, Hebron, and Gaza sent the following resolution:—

‘With all due respect to His Britannic Majesty and to your person, we beg to protest against the decision taken at San Remo [that is, the granting of the mandate to Great Britain], and against your appointment.’

The Palestine problem can be easily and effectively disposed of by the British government with dignity and honor, to the satisfaction of the Christians and Moslems in Palestine and throughout the world, as well as of the many Jews who are opposed to this political movement. This can be accomplished by simply carrying out the provisions of the League of Nations and

all the pronouncements that Great Britain has made. The loosely worded and ambiguous Balfour declaration does not prevent this; for if the non-Jewish inhabitants are granted their civic rights, which can mean only that they will have a voice in the government in proportion to their population, then justice will be rendered them, and the problem will be solved. Unless this is done, governing by a mandate, as many British maintain, is simply another phrase for a power's taking possession of a country, and ruling it as it desires. And unless this is done now, before the status of the Christian and the Moslem is compromised, and before the country becomes full of Russian, Roumanian, and Polish Jews, so that they will be in a majority, a grave injustice will be committed, which will be resented more and more by the Christians and Moslems of the world as they become familiar with the situation in their Holy Land.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON BEING A LANDLORD

ON my consciousness are impressed the names of fourteen married women and one (so far as I know) unmarried man: Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Cawkins, Mrs. Trolley, Mrs. Karsen, Mrs. Le Maire, Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Sibley, Mrs. Carrot, Mrs. Mahoney, Mrs. Hopp, Mrs. Ranee, Mrs. Button, and Charlie Wah Loo. Their husbands I hardly know at all: indeed, if Mrs. Carrot should introduce Mr. Hopp to me by that dear title, — as, for example, ‘my husband, Mr. Hopp,’ — I should hastily readjust my

ideas and decide that Mrs. Carrot was really Mrs. Hopp, and Mrs. Hopp really Mrs. Carrot. Charlie Wah Loo *may* be married; he devotes his days to the wash-tub and ironing-board, and his nights (I like to think) to what Mr. Sax Rohmer, author of *The Yellow Claw*, mysteriously mentions as ‘ancient, unnamable evils.’ In feudal times, however, I should have known them all better. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! that brave little company —

Button Ranee
Hopp Mahoney Carrot Sibley
Barber Le Maire Karsen Trolley
Cawkins Brown Smith Murphy

— would have marched sturdily under my banner, each in his stout leathern jerkin, manfully carrying his trusty pike, halbert, long bow, short bow, or arbalist; and with them Charlie Wah Loo would have trotted along by himself as an interesting human curiosity — or, perhaps, in a cage. Each in his time would have done me fealty, saying, 'Know ye this, my lord, that I will be faithful and true unto you, and faith to you will bear for the tenements which I claim to hold of you, and that I will lawfully do to you the customs and services which I ought to do at the terms assigned. So help me God and his saints.'

Those, in retrospect, were pleasant days for the landlord, when rent was paid in loyal service and a few dozen eggs, or what not. But all that now remains of the ancient custom is that they continue, vicariously, through the agency of their beloved helpmates, to pay me rent. In this sense Charlie Wah Loo, with his washtub and irons, is his own beloved helpmate.

Briefly, I am a landlord. But do not hate me, gentle reader, for I am of that mild, reticent, and reluctant kind to whom even collecting the rent, to say nothing of raising it, is more a pain than a pleasure. There are such landlords, products of evolution, inheritance, and a civilization necessarily based on barter. Our anxious desire is to exact no more than a 'fair rent'; at our weakest, when a tenant gets in arrears and, evidently enough, cannot catch up, our line of least resistance would be to go quietly away and leave that tenement to the tenant, his heirs and assigns forever. It is unpleasant, and becomes more so every time, to remind him that he owes us money. Only the inexorable harshness of our own overlords compels us, hating ourselves the while, to be strict.

I have seen it stated as a scientific

deduction that 'in the beginning man probably dwelt in trees after the fashion of his ape-like ancestors. He lived on nuts, fruits, roots, wild honey, and perhaps even bird's eggs, grubs from rotten wood, and insects.' And my own experience leads me to feel that there was much to be said for this way of life, though I draw the line at birds' eggs, grubs from rotten wood, and insects, at which items of an earlier menu even the scientific mind seems to balk. But it may well have happened that some strong fellow presently got possession of an especially desirable tree, and allowed others to share its branches only if they kept him supplied with provisions. Thus may landlordry have been established.

Millions of years have passed since then, — a mere flicker in the great movie of eternity, — and we are still, many of us, living in trees; but the trees have been cut down and made into houses, of which at present there are not enough to go round. We have outgrown our simple arboreal diet, developed and perfected the hen (no small achievement in itself), invented underwear, and in countless other cunning ways have created a complex civilization. Century by century, generation by generation, we have acquired tastes and conventions that prevent us from returning to the simple, happy, uncomplicated life of our ape-like ancestors. And in this civilization that we have made, the figure of the landlord bulks large and overshadowing, and might, indeed, be likened to Rodin's Thinker, thinking in this instance about how much more he shall raise the rent. One must assume, of course, that he is thinking about it just before taking his morning bath.

It is not my purpose to dwell upon those disgraceful landlords who profiteer. I am concerned rather with the character of the Perfect Landlord, a

just man, respected, if not loved (within reason), by fourteen married women and a Charlie Wah Loo. But this admirable ideal seems impracticable. I know a landlord who speaks with pleasure of the social aspect of collecting his rents; but his is a selected tenantry, for he lets apartments only to what he calls 'nice people,' whose society he feels reasonably certain he will enjoy on rent-day, and whose financial status, he also feels reasonably certain, is and will remain such that no painful embarrassment on this sordid but necessary side of their relations will ever cast a gloom over his visit. Yet even so, I gather that there are occasional breaks in the golden chain, when the nice tenant chats with a too feverish interest about life and things in general, and the sordid aspect cannot be glossed over by a casual 'Ah, yes, the rent.' Such breaks in the golden chain are the test of landlordry.

I am reminded of a little one-act play which I have just written entitled

THE RENT

CHARACTERS: Mrs. Button, a tenant.
I, a landlord.

SCENE: *A tenement, owned by I, but referred to as Mrs. Button's, which is perhaps more correct.*

MRS. BUTTON *is washing dishes. The room steams. Slow creaks outside as of a reluctant man coming upstairs.*
MRS. BUTTON *smiles enigmatically. A knocking at the door, as in 'Macbeth.'*

MRS. BUTTON. — Come in. (*I enters.*)
I (*laughing with affected lightness*). — Ah, good-morning, Mrs. Button. I've come for the rent.

MRS. BUTTON (*weeping*). — It's not me, as ye know, sir, that likes to be behind with th' rint. I'm proud.

I (*touched in spite of himself by the*

sight of a strong woman in tears). — I know *that*. But you've been here seven months, Mrs. Button, without —

MRS. BUTTON (*wiping her eyes*). — Yis, I'm an old tenant, and 't would break me heart to go. An' me goin' to begin payin' reg'lar only nixt week, sir. It's th' only home I've got, an' it's cruel hard to leave it.

I (*sternly*). — Very well. Very well. I shall *expect* the money next week. Good-day, Mrs. Button.

MRS. BUTTON. — Good-day, sir.

I *exits. MRS. BUTTON resumes washing dishes, smiling enigmatically. The room steams, and steps are heard going hastily downstairs, fainter and fainter.*

(CURTAIN)

It is a grave responsibility — this power to dispossess other human beings of their little home — to say nothing of the recurrent task of making them behave themselves in it. Perhaps, on some other and happier plane of being, all landlords will be just and all tenants reasonable of disposition and stable of income. Then, indeed, the landlord need have nothing in common with a well-known walrus, of whom it is told that, in dealing with certain oysters, 'with sobs and tears he sorted out those of the largest size.' But something might even now be done by compulsory psychopathic — I had nearly said psychopathic — treatment; for thus the effort to solve the rent problem would go to the soil in which it is rooted, and no complicated laws would be needed. Landlords and tenants — in fact, everybody — would have to take the treatment, including, of course, the psychopathic practitioners, — who would treat each other, — but it would be a fine thing for the world if it worked.

One sees in imagination the profiteering landlord, after looking long and intently at a bright object, say a five-

dollar gold-piece, dropping peacefully asleep; one hears the voice of the scientist repeating, firmly and monotonously, 'When you wake up you will never want anything more than a just rent — a just rent — a just rent — a just rent.'

One sees this profiteering landlord, once more wide awake, busy at his desk with pencil and paper, scowling conscientiously as he endeavors to figure out exactly what a just rent will be. Investment, so much; taxes; insurance; repairs; laths and plaster here, wall-paper there; water, light, putty, paint, janitor, Policeman's Annual Ball, postman at Christmas, wear and tear on landlord's shoes, etc., etc., etc., etc. — now, if ever, there is a tired business man.

Or, — to take another aspect of this great reform, — there is the sad case of Mrs. Murphy, who can no longer endure the children of Mrs. Trolley, who lives in the flat above her. They run and play, run and play; they produce in Mrs. Murphy a conviction that presently the floor will give way, and the children, still running and playing, will come right through on her poor head. Yet it is the nature of children to run and play, run and play: the landlord cannot, try as he may, persuade Mrs. Trolley to chain her offspring. So away, away to the Public Psychopathic Ward with poor Mrs. Murphy. 'Madam, when you awake, the sound of running feet over your poor head will suggest the joys of innocent childhood, and you will be very happy when they run and play, run and play — happy all day — run and play — run and play — happy all day — run and play.'

But alas, so far even psychopathic treatment cannot promise to stabilize incomes. There must still be times when the just landlord must say to his tenant, 'All is over between us; we must part forever — and at once.' To which,

judging by the tenor of some of the laws that have lately been suggested, the tenant may presently answer, 'All right, all right, you Old Devil. This is the tenth of the month, and I'll shake the dust of your disgraceful premises off my feet two years and six months from to-morrow.'

It's a puzzling time for us landlords. Not long ago I felt compelled to raise the rent of fourteen married women and one (so far as I know) unmarried Chinaman. And then, overcome by conscience I sat down and figured out a just rent. And when I had finished I came upon a distressing discovery. I had raised the rent of neither Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Cawkins, Mrs. Trolley, Mrs. Karsen, Mrs. Le Maire, Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Sibley, Mrs. Carrot, Mrs. Mahoney, Mrs. Hopp, Mrs. Rancee, Mrs. Button, nor Charlie Wah Loo, anything like enough.

ANIMAL SPIRITS

Animals know when you are afraid of them. You may have your fear under perfect control, — no running, no screaming, no climbing fences, — but the animals find out about you. Large dogs step silently out of shrubbery toward you; and all kinds of bats, cows, wasps, and mice go out of their way to meet you.

I myself am not afraid of animals, but my sister Barbara is. It has been my duty all my life to act, now as her protectress, now as decoy. I have chased mice with slippers and dry-mops. I have caught bumble-bees and June-bugs. I have herded cows. Whenever hunting-dogs appear on the horizon, I have to run away, trailing one wing. There is no telling when I may have a chance to be of service, for Barbara encounters danger everywhere, in the most unlikely circumstances.

You might think, might you not, that the shopping district of a manufacturing town would be comparatively free from cows? Yet it was in this kind of place that Barbara had her most notable adventure.

We were rounding the corner by the fish-market one day, when the only herd of prize cattle ever marketed in our district struck the town. The beautiful animals were moving along in orderly procession. Street-cars were stopped for them, and small boys trotted at their heels.

'If you stand here quietly by the corner,' said I to Barbara, 'they will never notice you.'

Barbara, white to the lips, obeyed. She would have stepped inside the door at the corner, except that it chanced to be the entrance to the bar-room of a saloon — this in the days before the Amendment. On came the cattle, glancing pleasantly from side to side. And the leader glanced at Barbara. Instantly a glint of malice kindled the eye of that cow. She braced her black-and-white legs, drew a deep breath, and then, with that peculiar upward curve of the tail like the curve of the lion's tail on a coat-of-arms, she charged. Not at me, of course. At Barbara. Barbara hesitated for one moment, and then vanished through the green door, into the saloon.

Barbara says that, until you have actually been in a saloon, you do not realize that the company there can be so reassuring. Bar-keeper and patrons alike rushed to her defense. But the cow, pausing wistfully outside the door, drew in her horns, gave me one disappointed confidential glance, and went off down the street.

Horned cattle, of course, are easily the most terrible of all animals; but dogs, being more numerous and lighter on their feet, are harder to escape. Fear of dogs, I understand, is not neces-

sarily a fear of their bites. If you really fear dogs, you fear the whole dog. You are afraid of his jumps, his rough feet, his bark, his cold nose, his sniffing at your ankles, and his way of looking at you over the whites of his eyes. But Barbara says that the most terrifying thing about dogs is the way in which they sometimes walk toward a person whom they suspect of fear. They assume a gait like what used to be called the 'high-school step' — a noiseless walk in which each foot in turn is lifted very high, suspended loosely for a moment from the knee, and brought down perpendicularly on the toes. It is a walk at once stealthy and purposeful. All dogs can do it. The sweetest old loafer of a Saint Bernard in town will do this step when he sees Barbara coming, and the fox-terrier next door goes around that way for an hour after she has passed his house. When dogs come toward Barbara at this half-prancing, half-furtive pace, it seems to her that she simply cannot bear it. Far rather a sudden bite, direct, soon over.

The person who fears dogs is not particularly worried about their going mad. During a mad-dog scare, however, when all dogs are required by law to wear muzzles, the absence of a muzzle is something to be looked into. Barbara and I were on a cross-country walk with friends one day, just after such muzzle-legislation had gone into effect, when we heard a great baying and yelping behind us in the woods.

'A dog after a rabbit,' said we, placing Barbara in our midst and hurrying a little toward the ferry where we were to cross the river.

But at that moment, out rushed the dog, a vast black-and-tan hound, head down, eyes straight ahead. His muzzle had come off and was hanging over his shoulder like the side-car of a motor-cycle. He came straight to heel — Barbara's heel.

Now, as everybody knows, mad dogs always run in a straight line. No bee could have made a straighter line than this dog described after Barbara. Mad dogs do not drink water. This dog drank none. Mad dogs pay no attention when you speak to them. We told this dog to go home, and he paid no attention. It did look like rabies.

‘Do you suppose that he would eat sandwiches?’ said I, opening the lunch.

He accepted chicken sandwiches to the number of five. We left him lunching, and took the ferry in haste. Half-way across the stream we looked back, and there he was, watching us mournfully from the shore. Even at that distance, we could see that he was watching Barbara.

I should be sorry to have Mr. John Burroughs catch me nature-faking. Therefore, on the subject of the mentality of animals I draw no inferences. But I confess that I did once try a little experiment. I dressed entirely in my sister’s everyday apparel, shoes and all. I adopted her unobtrusive manner, and her most accustomed hat, and I made a tour of all the best watchdogs in town. I went first past her worst persecutor, the fox-terrier next door. Instead of exchanging a friendly smile with him, as is my custom when alone, I went flitting quietly past, holding my breath, feeling as much like Barbara as

I could. When I was well beyond his house, I looked back, and there sat Victor the terrier on his front doorstep, his head cocked indulgently at me, one ear standing straight up in the air, the other folded back on itself like a kid glove turned wrong side out; his bright, beady eyes perfectly round with inquiry. He did not bark or move. When he saw that I was lingering by the hedge, he came trotting down the drive, wagging his short little tail and asking if there was anything that he could do for me. If I had been Barbara, he would have left his doorstep before I had made three paces along his sidewalk, and his barks would have been exceeded only by his leaps and bounds.

I tried this same thing on Hiram the Airedale, on Kells the Irish setter, and on Miss Wide-Awake, a frightful Belgian police-dog who rushes at Barbara with pointed jaws. In spite of my manner, in spite of my costume, these dogs all received me with uniform courtesy and well-bred assurances of esteem.

Beyond this point I am not competent to investigate. I do not know what to make of it at all. But, like all other ignorant persons, I know what I think. I *think* that it is nothing you do or leave undone that tells animals whether or not you are afraid of them. They know.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

George W. Alger is a well-known New York attorney, with an insistent interest in public questions. Added emphasis is given to his paper by the fact that there is now pending in Congress a bill whose purpose is to enlarge the exemption from the Anti-trust laws of certain associations of fruit-growers and others by allowing them to combine to fix the prices of their products and, if deemed essential, to hold them from the market, 'any law to the contrary notwithstanding.' Everybody knows **Agnes Repplier** of Philadelphia. **Charles M. Sheldon**, of Topeka, Kansas, is editor-in-chief of the *Christian Herald*. He will be remembered as the much-discussed author of *In His Steps*, who, as a sequel to the astonishing success of that vigorous tract, conducted a daily newspaper, the *Topeka Capital*, for one week, in strict conformity with the precepts of the New Testament. **Howard Snyder** went from Montana some years ago, to become a planter in a remote district of Mississippi. All that he says is born of deeply felt personal experience.

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H. C. Porter is a newcomer to the *Atlantic*, whom we hereby recommend to employers everywhere as the perfect book-clerk. The Elderly Spinster will be remembered by readers of the *Atlantic* as the author of the unique and poignant 'Tales of a Polygamous City,' which we printed in 1917 and 1918. **Richard Le Gallienne**, a versatile writer, distinguished both in verse and in prose, is an Englishman long resident in New York. **Arthur D. Little** is a chemical engineer, whose professional work has been extraordinarily wide and varied. During the war he was in charge of certain special researches for the Signal Corps and Chemical Warfare Service.

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Eugene S. Bagger, once a Hungarian, but for many years an American, is now foreign editor of the *New York Tribune*. The paper that stirred Mr. Bagger to this discussion appeared in the *Atlantic* for February, 1920.

W. Carby's Zimmerman is a Chicago architect, of the firm of Zimmerman, Saxe and Zimmerman. He was State Architect of Illinois for a number of years. **Julian Kilman**, a writer new to the *Atlantic*, is connected with the Naturalization Service of the U.S. Department of Labor, at Buffalo, New York. **Ralph Philip Boas**, head of the English Department of the Central High School, Springfield, Massachusetts, was formerly connected with the English Department of Reed College, Oregon. From a letter written by President Coleman of the 4LL, we quote this pertinent paragraph.

We are, of course, suffering from the depression in the lumber industry. A good many camps and mills are shut down, and our locals, therefore, scattered. On the other hand, it is pretty certain that the cargo shipping mills will continue running through the winter, and that a fair amount of logging will be continued, to supply their needs. The 4LL organization is holding wages and hours steadily, and is the only force that is doing so. Mills and camps outside of the 4LL have cut wages and have talked of return to ten-hour day. 4LL operators generally have further shown their loyalty by showing preference in this time of curtailment for American citizens and 4LL members. The result has been that, while we have lost in general membership, we have gained in numbers and confidence at the cargo shipping points. A few operators, who have given us half-hearted support in the past, have withdrawn their membership now; but in spite of much uneasiness as to the immediate future of the industry, the leading operators are standing firm with us.

As we go to press, the newspapers state that the Loyal Legion has reached a friendly adjustment of all questions of wages, hours, etc., to govern the relations of its members during the coming season.

* * *

Stanwood Cobb is Secretary of the Progressive Educational Association. **John Finley**, who has, between times, been teacher, writer, poet, professor, college president, and Commissioner of Education of the great State of New York, and has been all the time friend and counselor to thousands, perhaps to tens of thousands, of young men, now joins the management of the *New York Times*. Such a progression gives new em-

phasis to the old truth, that all sound journalism is educational, but that the public knows too much to go to school to a journalist who is not, in large measure, an educator. **Grace E. Polk**, as any reader might know, is a professional probation officer. She is attached to the Juvenile Court at Minneapolis. **Francis Edward Clark** founded the Society of Christian Endeavor in 1881, and since 1887 has devoted his life to Christian Endeavor work throughout the world, as President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor and of the World's Christian Endeavor Union, and as editor of the *Christian Endeavor World*.

* * *

G. Lowes Dickinson, for many years a don at Cambridge, England, came into wide popular notice ten years and more ago, when he acknowledged the authorship of those letters of a Chinese official which presented so sardonic a commentary on Western Civilization. Subsequently, a series of books — among them *The Greek View of Life* and *A Modern Symposium* — revealed Mr. Dickinson as an artist in English prose. In more recent years, he has devoted his life to the cause of peace. To persons of every political and social faith the present paper should make its separate appeal as the desperate cry of the heart and mind of the Old World to the New, now inseparable through a common experience. **Mary Van Kleeck** is Director of the Division of Industrial Studies of the Russell Sage Foundation. To all interested persons we would recommend a careful perusal of Bulletin No. 12 of the Women's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor. **Hugh Black**, a Scotsman by birth, has been Professor of Practical Theology at the Union Theological Seminary ever since he came to the United States in 1906. **Albert T. Clay**, an Oriental scholar, has been since 1910 Laffan Professor of Assyriology and Babylonian Literature at Yale. During the past year he has been serving as professor at the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem.

* * *

Edward Townsend Booth's paper on 'The Wild West,' in the December number, published by us as the simple and vigorous reaction of an educated young Easterner

to the rougher experiences of life, seems to have been taken as an economic or social treatise, and even as an attack upon a well-known community in the State of Washington. Among the letters it has called forth, the following seems particularly worth printing as the analysis of a type.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Deductions to be inferred from statements in Edward Townsend Booth's 'The Wild West,' in the December *Atlantic*, appear to be that society is chiefly responsible for the radicalism and unrest of the 'working stiff.' As an employer on a small scale, for six years, of agricultural workers in the West, I beg to disagree.

Let me give an illustration. I employed a ranch-hand at \$100 a month and board for eight months of this year. He came to me penniless, explaining that he had left his former job because of its too easy accessibility to cards and moonshine whiskey, which had taken his earnings, and he wanted to save enough to lease a place for himself. He wore an eleven-dollar hat, twelve-dollar pair of shoes, and sixty-dollar suit. A few days later he told me to buy him a suit of underwear.

'Size forty-six!' exclaimed the merchant. 'Then it is not for you?'

'No, for the man who is working for me.'

'For Brown, is it? This grade won't do for him; he wears good stuff.'

So the dollar-and-a-half grade, which was all that Brown's employer felt he could afford to wear himself, went back on the shelves, and a two-dollar-and-a-half grade came down, which was just what Brown wanted.

Brown could have saved ninety dollars a month without denying himself; but in November he had only \$115 to show for his season's work.

Except for the fact that he was exceedingly competent and never shirked, Brown had all the peculiarities of the 'working stiff,' as I have known him. There was a note of pride in his voice as he iterated to me during the summer that he was a 'working stiff' and a 'boomer,' and that three months was about as long as he could remain on a job without itching to roam. He had worked for me two months the previous summer, and knowing his statement to be true, I did my best to hold him. He had home-brew, to which he could help himself; I took him to town in the jitney every Saturday night and waited three or four hours until he was ready to return; if he wanted a day off, it was his for the asking, on pay.

Like most of the 'working stiffs,' he was moody. Five and six days at a stretch there was not a word out of him — just a snarl. Conversation between us during those periods was limited to outlining the day's work. One day, while he was indulging in one of his cranky fits, we turned the pigs loose and drove to the stubble-field where there was considerable grain on the ground. I went to town that day, and in the evening Brown remarked, —

'The pigs didn't stay long in the stubble.'

It was the first civil word out of him in six days.

'No?' I replied; and waited.

'A pig reminds me of a "working stiff,"' he slowly resumed.

'How's that?' I asked.

'He's never satisfied.'

I am inclined to believe there is more truth in Brown's diagnosis of the matter with the 'working stiff,' than in Mr. Booth's statement that his only hope of rehabilitation is in the I.W.W.

Brown contracted no worries and no responsibilities to draw one hundred dollars a month. He had an opportunity to save easily not less than one thousand dollars this year; I had the responsibility of a \$12,000 investment, and my receipts or the season were \$125 above expenditures. This is the working capital on which I must carry on my next year's operations and support a family. Really, don't you think, Mr. Editor, it is the armer, and not the 'working stiff' whose plight is in need of rehabilitation? C. D. G.

As to other statements in Mr. Booth's paper, we shall have more to say after digesting a mass of material now before us.

* * *

Respecting the flight of birds and its discussion in the *Atlantic*, Mr. Richard Williams sends us a very interesting cutting from the *London Times*.

At the scientific meeting of the Zoological Society on Tuesday evening Colonel Hankin, of the Indian Medical Service, described observations he had made on the flight of flying fishes and the soaring flight of vultures. He said that the two kinds of flight were much alike in their mechanical nature and in the rates of speed attained under different conditions of temperature and weather. He thought that the secret of soaring flight might be penetrated by observations of flying fish. Experiments made in France suggested that eddies formed under the wings were the cause of propulsion, but he admitted that the explanation was still unsatisfactory.

Mr. Handley-Page said that there was a close parallel between the development of the bird and the development of the aeroplane. In a primitive bird, like the fossil archæopteryx, the expanse of wing was relatively small and the tail enormous, the function of the tail being to secure stability. In early aeroplanes, also, the tail was relatively very large. The single curvature of the wings was such that, in the absence of a large tail, any tendency of the nose to rise or fall out of the horizontal position increased, unless it were corrected by the tail. In the more modern double-curved aeroplane wings, and especially in those with flexible tips, the tendency was toward the automatic correction of deviations from stability, and the tail became less important. Nature had improved bird-models in the same way. But, as an aeronautical engineer, he believed that soaring flight was due to upward currents of warmer air, and that the birds had to flap, or to gain forward motion by descending, when they passed from one upward current area to another.

The papers on Zionism that the *Atlantic* has printed from time to time are greeted by outbursts of commendation and condemnation. Whether the Ayes or the Noes have it, is difficult for the chairman to tell; but he wishes to be fair, and has asked a well-equipped believer in the movement to comment briefly on Professor Clay's vigorous paper. We print his reply herewith.

The editor of the *Atlantic* restricts my comment to three hundred words on Professor Clay's paper of 6500 words.

I should like to remind Professor Clay that the reestablishment of the Jewish home-land in Palestine was one of the few war-aims publicly proclaimed by the Allies. The promise of Great Britain, concurred in by the Entente and this country, was a public undertaking made during the war, and by England, France, and Italy written into the public law of the world, pursuant to such undertaking, and not, as Professor Clay suggests, 'interpolated' at San Remo. I do not know what he means by 'interpolated,' but by the use of the word he suggests methods not direct and above-board. This suggestion reveals the bias of his mind on this subject. There is no space for the reasons of the Allied undertaking. I am, therefore, compelled to refer the disinterested reader to Mr. Balfour's justification of 'political Zionism' in his introduction to M. Sokolow's *History of Zionism*.

Professor Clay deals with specific items of alleged British administration and Jewish conduct in Palestine. Obviously, the truth as to the issues which he raises calls for detailed discussion. This cannot be done in three hundred words. I can only say that Professor Clay's exposition is marred by interpretations which, I believe, are unwarranted by the facts, and by omissions which seem to me vital, and is colored by beliefs which seem to me prejudiced.

For a comprehensive statement of the facts, I beg to refer the reader to a noted Christian theologian, Professor William Worrell of the Hartford Theological Seminary, who was also on the post and had full opportunity for knowledge.

One large consideration the reader of Professor Clay's paper should bear in mind: the whole Near East is in ferment, and whatever order there is rests on armed force — the whole Near East, that is, except Palestine, which has been a peaceful and progressing community ever since racial and religious mischief-makers were supplanted by the wise and just administration of Sir Herbert Samuel.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

* * *

The poet's mind is a territory we love dearly to explore. Let us pause for a moment, then, on this upland of the imagination.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Permit me to respectfully submit to you the enclosed essay in verse, under the title 'NOT IN AVIATION LIES MAN'S SALVATION.'

I am well aware that the critics who put technique above ideas will declare these verses as lacking in the essentials of poetry-architecture, and I am willing to admit that with technique of architecture I have little to do. My thoughts come to me on waves of emotion; and as they emerge from the surging surf, they rush through the faculty of speech and appear ready clothed in forms of language, prose or verse, in accord with the mood of the moment. My main and first concern is, how high the plane of these thoughts? How pure the atmosphere they breathe? How deep the mainspring and how worthy the aim and object? If satisfactory in these respects, then I know them to be the children of my living soul, and that is justification enough for me to set them free and send them out into the world to stir the soul-life of Man. . . .

Very respectfully, J. P.

* * *

In our youthful games we were always 'it,' and the habit it seems, is still strong upon us. Witness the following: —

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is so pleasant to know your appreciation of jokes on yourself that I am sending a companion story to your November anecdote of the light-house keeper.

We had been reading *The Autocrat* in class, and I had asked this question in a test: Name another occupation besides the production of literature, in which Holmes engaged.

Here is one answer: 'Oliver Wendell Holmes produced literature, and also wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly*.'

A SCHOOLMISTRESS.

* * *

Who knows a joke knows Sam Blythe. He knows Chicago, too, and has this to say.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, Dec. 3, 1920.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The little stories in the *Atlantic* about the culture of Boston are interesting — and familiar. Let me cite you Chicago, the real home of Culture.

It came off very hot during the last days of the Republican National Convention in June. A friend and I set out to buy straw hats. We found nothing suitable at two or three hat-places we visited, and asked a mounted policeman, who was sitting with great dignity on his horse at the corner of Madison and State Streets, if he could direct us to a hat-shop.

'Right up the street half a block is a very good one,' the policeman said. 'Ask for Mr. Ibsen, and he will take care of you. Remember the name — Ibsen — same as that of the great writer.'

Mr. Ibsen took care of us; and I submit that, for culture, Boston has nothing on Chicago.

Faithfully, SAMUEL G. BLYTHE.

Occasionally Boston must cease to talk about itself. The chapter of the humor that circles round the Hub must end with the following anecdote.

In the Boston Girls' Latin School a class in Greek History was reciting about the culture tone of general society in Periclean Athens. There were thirty girls in the class, all preparing for college, and the average was sixteen.

'What city is called "the Athens of America"?' the teacher asked.

Nobody knew!

What did the teacher say?

She said, 'Girls, girls, girls!'

M. U. L.

* * *

The capable head of our circulation department reports that the rate of *Atlantic* progress in Texas promises widespread and intimate association with that imperia state. This is good news for the *Atlantic* we hope it is not bad for Texas. One correspondent sends this suggestive note from San Antonio as we go to press.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, December 24, 1920.

GENTLEMEN, —

The article 'What is the Reason?' in your January number seems to me to indicate nothing more than would a gust of wind swirling around the corner. A quite sufficient answer is the flood of emigration threatening us from Europe.

The seventeen instanced by Mr. S. Miles Bouton have been in the United States long enough to have experienced its awakening from the awkward, overgrown schoolboy stage of its existence and if they run away from its 'growing pains,' they will, in all probability, run into worse economic and political conditions in Europe — and wish they were back in the good old U.S.A.

We cannot hope, and should not desire, to hold all those that may come to our shores. Those that go back after having been with us so long will be able to explain, with understanding, the happenings in the U.S., to their neighbors and friends, and will cement, and increase, the goodwill of the nations.

Mr. Bouton points out the need for a better understanding of our foreign-born and native born of foreign parents, and with this I agree fully.

Very truly yours, A. J. P.

But to our thinking that is not all. Distinctively American opinion is insular, we think, rather than continental; and therein a vast difference lies.

* * *

With this issue the editor welcomes thirteen new contributors to the *Atlantic* — a lucky number, he hopes.